

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

ALL my young friends have heard the name of Agassiz, and not a few have had the pleasure of seeing the great man ; but there are not many grown folks even, who know anything of his history, and why he has so great a reputation. His life has been a most remarkable one, and I doubt not that the readers of the " Young Folks " will be glad to know something about it.

Professor Louis Agassiz is of French descent, though he, was born in Switzerland ; French is, therefore, his native language, but he speaks German and English almost equally well.

When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, in 1685, Agassiz's ancestors, who were Huguenot Protestants, were obliged to fly to Switzerland.

He was born on the 28th of May, 1807, in the Parish of Mottier, in the Canton of Fribourg. Next May he will be sixty-three years of age.

His father was a Protestant clergyman, as were many of his ancestors.

His mother was a good and intelligent woman, who brought him up with care and prudence. Agassiz has shown himself an excellent son; his love for his mother is well known.

When eleven years old he was sent to school at Bienne, in the Canton of Berne, and his brother, who was younger than he, went with him. He studied Latin, Greek, the modern languages, and fitted himself for college. He was very fond of Nature, and delighted in excursions on holidays for the purpose of fishing or of collecting insects. His father moved to Orbe, near the celebrated Jura Mountains, soon after Louis went to school. There was a clergyman in that town who was very fond of the study of Nature. Young Agassiz used to meet him when he was at home on his vacations, and this clergyman talked to him so enthusiastically about natural history, that the boy soon became interested in the study of plants.

When Agassiz came to make the choice of a profession, instead of choosing the ministry, as so many of his family before him had done, he determined to be a physician, and, after he had spent two years in the college of Lausanne, he entered the medical school at Zurich. There he studied diligently for two years, when he went to Heidelberg in Germany, and soon after to Munich, and entered the celebrated university of that city.

Some of the greatest naturalists and philosophers of the time were professors in that university. Young Agassiz was so bright and so diligent a student that they became very fond of him, and gave him important aid in his studies. The students, too, were much pleased with the enthusiastic young Swiss. They had formed a scientific society called "The Little Academy," and Agassiz took an active part in its discussions. We are told that even the professors used to attend the meetings.

But Agassiz was becoming interested in the study of animals and their structure, and something happened which turned him aside from the study of medicine. Von Martius, one of his professors, had recently returned from Brazil, where he had been travelling with Spix, another distinguished naturalist. Spix and Martius were busy in writing descriptions of the animals and plants they had collected, but Spix died suddenly, before he had described the fishes of Brazil. Agassiz had shown so much ability that Von Martius engaged him to do the work. Agassiz was pleased with the task, and undertook it. In a short time he had written in Latin a large volume describing the collection. His work was so well done that it immediately gained for him a reputation as a naturalist of great promise. He was now so much interested in fishes that he determined to devote himself to their study, and he set himself about collecting the materials for a great work on the fresh-water fishes of Europe.

Up to this time he had received a small allowance from his father, to enable him to go on with his medical studies. Now that he had determined to give up medicine, the allowance was stopped, and he found himself in difficulty. Fortunately, a publisher by the name of Cotta kindly stepped forward and furnished him with what money he needed to complete the work, and by 1840 it was published.

Agassiz did not entirely drop his medical studies, but kept them up until he was prepared to graduate. His examination was a severe one, but he went through it in triumph, and in the same year passed a second difficult examination at Erlangen, which earned for him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Almost all rocks were once mud or sand in the bottom of the sea, and, there are often found buried in them the remains of animals, such as shells, corals, &c., &c., which inhabited the sea when the rocks were formed. Animals so buried are called fossils. Their number is immense. Even fishes are sometimes found as fossils. When Agassiz was studying the living fishes, his attention was attracted to these also, and, as a very large proportion of them were very ancient, and entirely different from the fishes that live to-day, he determined to study and describe them. Fishes, with their flesh and bones and scales and colors perfect, are perplexing enough to study, but the fossil fishes, all broken up, often shapeless, and buried in the solid rock, and frequently belonging to groups that do not live to-day, were exceedingly difficult. For seventeen years did Agassiz labor on this gigantic undertaking, travelling about with his artist, from museum to museum, all over Europe, examining the collections of fossil fishes. Everywhere he was received with honor, and museums and societies lent him their collections for study.

In travelling he met many of the most distinguished men of the day. Baron Humboldt took him under his especial protection, and the great Cuvier became his warm friend and helper, furnishing him with a part of the materials for his work on Fossil Fishes. This work consists of five volumes, and contains descriptions of seventeen hundred different species. It is Agassiz's greatest work, and it gained for him the reputation of being one of the very first naturalists in the world.

Before the work was published he was elected professor of natural history in the college of Neuchatel in Switzerland, and ever since that time he has been known as Professor Agassiz. Here, through his brilliant lectures and his excursions with the students, he waked up an immense enthusiasm in the study of nature, and many of his pupils are now celebrated as naturalists.

He enjoyed always the best of health, and he worked unceasingly. He did not confine himself to fishes, but studied other classes, and published from time to time extensive works on fossil and living animals, and on other scientific subjects.

I wonder if any of my young friends know what becomes of the snow that falls on the tops of high mountains, where it is so cold that it cannot melt, as it does lower down on the hillsides. In the Alps and other high mountains it slides off from the steep slopes and finds its way into the valleys, which it fills up to a depth sometimes of many hundred feet. This snow, frozen and packed together, turns to ice, which forms a stream like a great frozen river, filling up the valley. Strange to say, this ice-river moves downward, — exceedingly slow, it is true, — until the summer's heat will not allow it to progress any farther, just as an icicle is melted when you push

it against a hot stove. It melts away as fast as it descends, and is thus transformed into a tumbling mountain brook or river. These ice-rivers are called glaciers, and they stretch themselves down from the Alps sometimes into the region of the vineyards.

The glaciers carry on their backs immense quantities of rocks and stones that fall upon them from the precipices. These are dumped over the end of the glacier in a heap called a moraine. Some of the stones fall into holes and cracks in the glacier, and get between it and the rock below, and are moved along, scraping and scratching the rock.

Now, away down the valleys — in the upper part of which the glaciers of the Alps are now found — the solid rock is ground down and scratched and covered by loose stones, showing that the glaciers once extended much farther downward than at present. This could only have happened when the climate of Switzerland was far colder than it is now. North of the Alps is the beautiful plain of Switzerland, on the other side of which are the Jura Mountains. Ancient moraines, composed of rocks brought down from the Alps, are found on the plain, and even at a height of over two thousand feet on the sides of the Jura : and there is no doubt that the climate of Switzerland was once so very cold that the plain was covered by the glaciers from the Alps with a sheet of ice more than two thousand feet thick, which moved northward across the plain ! Just think of it !

But Agassiz saw that if it was so cold as that in Switzerland, this same winter must have extended all over the northern hemisphere. In the north of Europe and America the rocks were found to be everywhere scratched, and the ground strewn with boulders, that were usually found to have come from some point to the northward. Agassiz stated his belief that there had been an immensely long winter, which had lasted hundreds of years, during which the northern countries had been buried in a great sheet of ice,—an immense glacier,—that moved over the land, grinding down the rocks, and carrying loose fragments or boulders from one country to another ; and this great winter he called the ice or glacial period. Most scientific men laughed at his great glacier ; but he was not to be laughed down. He spent eight summers on the glaciers, studying their structure, the laws of their motion, and the effects they produced, and he published two large books on the subject, beside a large number of papers in scientific magazines. Now his theory is held by many eminent scientific men of the day, and it is constantly gaining new believers.

Professor Agassiz became every day more celebrated, and he was soon esteemed as one of the princes in science. He became a member of every scientific society in the world that was worth belonging to. He received many medals and prizes, and sovereigns honored him with orders of distinction.

In 1846 Agassiz came to this country on a scientific mission for the King of Prussia, and America received him with the highest honor. He was invited to lecture at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and thousands went to hear his beautiful discourses on natural history and the glaciers. Professor

Bache, one of America's most distinguished scientific men, and chief of the Coast Survey, offered the Professor the use of vessels in which he could travel, free of expense, along the whole coast of the United States. Agassiz was so much pleased with this offer, and the kind reception he had met with, that he determined to remain the rest of his days in America. He asked an honorable dismissal of the King of Prussia, which was granted, and ever since then he has been with us, laboring for American science. During the war he made himself an American citizen.

I have no space in this little article to describe in detail the events of his life in America. It has been one of constant and severe toil. After spending some time in studying the marine animals of the coast in the Coast Survey vessels, he became Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in Harvard University, where he is at present. Many years ago he accepted a professorship in the medical college of Charleston, South Carolina; but his health suffered from the climate, and he soon returned to Cambridge. At Harvard he has been engaged during term time in teaching, delivering public lectures, in arranging his enormous collections, and in studying the animals of America. During his vacation he has travelled all over the country east of the Rocky Mountains, from Canada to Florida. On one of his excursions he took a class with him to Lake Superior, and the story of the trip forms a large book, entitled "Lake Superior."

He also has made an expedition to Brazil. Indeed, ever since Agassiz had written the work on the fishes of Brazil, he had desired to explore that empire, and this desire grew stronger after receiving an invitation from the Emperor to visit the country. In 1865 he was beginning to feel the effects of his great labors, and the need of rest; but there was no such thing as rest for him, except in a change of work. He determined, therefore, to visit Brazil. Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, generously furnished him with a large sum of money, to fit out a regular expedition. Agassiz went, taking with him an artist, several assistants, and his wife, his most efficient aid, who accompanied him during his whole journey, and who, on their return, wrote a charming book entitled a "Journey in Brazil." I must refer my young readers to that work for the description of the kind reception which the Emperor gave his illustrious guest, for the assistance he offered him, for the story of the travels of the Professor and his little party, and the wonderful results which he reached. The Professor collected an almost incredible number of species of fishes on the Amazons, but the most interesting result of the expedition was the discovery of tokens which revealed the former existence of glaciers within the tropics!

During Professor Agassiz's residence in America he has published several volumes relating to natural history. A grand work on the Natural History of the United States, to comprise ten volumes, was begun several years ago. Four volumes have appeared, and he is busy with others. This summer, in less than two months, the Professor wrote, on Radiate Animals, a volume of several hundred pages!

If I were to give a list of the writings of Agassiz, comprising, be-

sides his books, only the more important of the articles he has contributed to the various scientific journals and magazines, I should need more space than this article has occupied; but, much as he has written, this is only a small part of the work he has actually done. Agassiz organized, about fifteen years ago, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in connection with Harvard University,—a Museum which has few equals anywhere. It consists of a large four-story brick building, which is so packed with specimens of animals of all kinds, fossil and recent, that only a small part of the collections can be placed on exhibition. The building, we are happy to say, is soon to be enlarged. This Museum is, of course, open to everybody, free. It is not for show, but for instruction. Here the Professor and his assistants are engaged in arranging and classifying collections, and in making investigations which, from time to time, are published. The Professor receives into the Museum, without charge, students who wish to study geology and natural history thoroughly. Some of them are ladies, and he delivers courses of lectures before them. A considerable number of the young naturalists of America have been educated in this Museum, and they all feel that they owe to their illustrious teacher much of their success in life.

Agassiz is one of the best teachers in America. He does not pour information into his student; he shows him how to get it for himself;—and that is the true way to teach.

A student presents himself to Professor Agassiz, wishing to acquaint himself with natural history. Agassiz gives him half a dozen shells, and tells him to look at them. The student turns them over and over, hardly knowing what he is about. Next day Agassiz makes his appearance and says, "Well, sir, what have you seen?" The student has very little to say; he has *seen* the shells, but he has *observed* little or nothing. Now there is a great difference between *seeing* and *observing*. Every one knows that gentlemen *see* bonnets, and perhaps admire some of them, but, for the life of them, they could not describe one, simply because they have not *observed* how it is made. Ladies observe them and can describe them. To teach the student how to observe, he is kept, perhaps a fortnight, over his specimens, making drawings of them, and examining them with the greatest care; then he compares them to see in what they agree and disagree. The Professor tells him next to nothing, but every day he comes round with his question, "Well, sir, what have you seen to-day?" and all the time he keeps suggesting points that he should look for. So the student learns how to compare specimens, and how to observe correctly. Then the Professor gives him a larger collection of animals of some one group to study. No matter how well they may have been described, the student treats them as if no one had ever seen them before, and examines everything for himself as carefully as possible, comparing his own observations with those made by others, and he is always rewarded by discovering something new.

Agassiz himself sees everything about an animal at a glance, and while another naturalist is beginning to suspect that a certain investigation will

lead to discovery, Agassiz has worked it all out. He seems to remember everything he has seen or read. He thinks of everything, and there is not a group in the animal kingdom that he does not know something about. He thinks rapidly and accurately, and he can do more thinking in a week than most men do in a year.

Some of my readers will want to know how Professor Agassiz looks. Well, he is rather short, but heavily built and very broad-shouldered. His head is large, with long dark hair falling down over his neck. His forehead is high and broad, his face large, with well-chiselled features and a brilliant eye. His face varies with his feelings in the most remarkable manner. Sometimes it wears a tired, troubled expression. But when he speaks, or is engaged in conversation, his eyes flash, and his face is exceedingly handsome. You cannot help loving him, — you give him your heart at once.

He has been twice married. His first wife died before he came to America. He brought with him a son and two daughters. The son, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, is an excellent naturalist, and has a wide reputation. He is now in Europe.

My young readers are already acquainted with the present Mrs. Agassiz, who is just the modest, motherly woman that one would take her to be from her charming articles in "Our Young Folks." These are always read and corrected for the press by Professor Agassiz.

Mrs. Agassiz is a very great aid to her husband; and she has a reputation of her own as an author.

AMERICAN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth."—*Shakespeare.*

THE traveller from foreign lands, whom a steamer belonging to the Cunard or the French line has brought in a week to the city of New York, finds that the noble ship was a worthy introduction to the new country, where all he sees is as grand as he expected. The beautiful bay with its smiling banks and countless villas, though not as magnificent as that of Rio, nor as gorgeous in coloring and rich in associations as that of Naples, inferior even, in many respects, to the Golden Horn in its eastern splendor, or to the grimly imposing harbor of Stockholm, still fills him with delight, and the low, busy hum of the great city rising from beyond the forest of masts, tells him that he approaches one of the centres of the world's commerce. He finds in Broadway a street abounding in all the signs of enormous wealth and boundless activity, and far surpassing in both the busiest thoroughfares of Paris or London. Like Eastern bazaars, devoted in certain parts to money institutions, in others to wholesale houses, and again to fashionable retail trade, it impresses him both forcibly and favorably by its splendor and its vast surging life, in spite of its distressing narrowness and the capricious mixture of marble palaces with wretched old brick houses, and of elegant equipages, fit for Hyde Park or the Prater, with unsightly hacks and old-fashioned drays. He looks with wonder at the upper part of the city, which has widened and regulated itself with no Hausmann to direct and to demolish, and though he may smile at finding the pal-

atial mansions of "merchant princes," presenting their narrow fronts with wearisome uniformity close to the street, unconscious of *perron* or *porte cochère*, and lacking even the little elbow-room eked out by humbler dwellings in a tiny lawn or modest flower-garden, he is naturally struck by the miles and miles of wealth-bespeaking Rows and Terraces, interspersed with costly edifices of larger dimensions and almost overwhelming splendor. He finds in the Park a signal evidence of the munificence of a republican community, well directed and eminently useful, with a prospect of future increase proportionate to that of the city, to which it is at once an ornament, an honor and a health-giving delight. In fine, without referring to the higher, intellectual enjoyments which he meets in this the genuine capital of the Union, he cannot fail being impressed with the material grandeur of this portion of the New World, and he begins to understand practically the marvellous accounts of American wealth or American energy, with which all Europe is ringing. A visit to the gold-room, makes him think less of the Exchange or the Bourse than he did before, and at the American Institute Fair in the colossal rink, he finds proofs of inventive genius such as no nation on earth has yet displayed. He is fully satisfied that the statements he has heard at home were not, as he feared, exaggerated by patriotism or colored by partiality, and he is naturally desirous to see more of this wonderful country, and full of expectation of what he will see

on his way to the political capital, and a little beyond, to the famous Old Dominion renowned in English history, and as grand in her tragic humiliation now as she was in her full power, when she gave statesmen and presidents to the Union.

His anticipations are to be sadly disappointed. He finds that the American, the Nomad of civilization, is like his brother Nomad, the Arab, satisfied if he is but in motion, but treats all other things, including comfort, health, and life itself, as matters of comparative indifference.

His hack carries him after dinner down an indescribable, dirty, ill-paved street, to a wooden shanty near the wharf. The driver jumps down, roughly demanding his fare, before he deigns to open the door, jerks his portmanteau from the foot-board behind, throws it down in the black mud and vanishes. The traveller looks instinctively for the Station. He is on his way from New York, the Empire city, as he has heard it called daily, to Washington the capital of the United States of America. This is the great thoroughfare from the North to the South; the one great line on which the immense travel of the whole people carries daily tens of thousands in one or the other direction. He recalls the superb stations of great European cities, from the magnificent *débarcadère* of the Northern Railway of France to the tiny wood-carved cottage on the Bergstrasse; he sees in his mind the vast halls, adorned with statues and frescoes, through which he passed in Vienna before he entered the train going East, and thinks, perchance, of the quaint but spacious houses by the side of the railway in Egypt with their airy rooms and rich ornamentations.

He has to learn that travelling means in America rushing from one place to another, and next to rushing, pushing. The lesson is at hand, for as he stands in the deep mud, looking disconsolately around for the station, or an obliging official in his uniform to direct his steps, he is rudely jostled on all sides, his luggage is kicked about, his umbrella knocked

over, and boys yell at him, Evening papers? and, Black y'r boots? At last he sees a stream of people entering a little wooden shed; he follows them and finds himself in a dirty, crowded room, with a little window on one side, which he finds out is the ticket office. He purchases his, if kind friends have not saved him the trouble, by procuring one for him at a hotel, and luckily finds a porter by his side, whom the prospect of a handsome gratuity inclines to be gracious. By his aid, he makes his way through an almost furious crowd, into another shed, still dirtier and meaner than the first, where he is literally pelted with huge iron-bound trunks; they pass between his legs threatening to upset him; they knock against his arms and his sides, they are lifted over his head and endanger his life. Then they are thrown pell-mell on a platform, and in the midst of this infernal din, bewildered and confused, he is rudely summoned by an Irishman on the other side: Now then, your ticket! Then comes the only drop of comfort he is likely to have on his journey; he receives his check and is relieved of all care for his luggage till he arrives at his hotel. But what must he do next? How he wishes for one of those cozy waiting-rooms for first class passengers, with their easy chairs and sofas, their gay decorations and bright windows, their pleasant companions and obliging officials! He is out again on the street, in imminent danger of being run over by street cars and huge vans, by hacks dashing up and drays turning suddenly round; at last he asks a civil-looking person, who answers with a stare and an apparent doubt of his right to be travelling alone: There's the ferry! He enters a huge wooden building, into which men and women, drays and wagons, wheel-barrow and luggage-crates are shoved promiscuously, till he is stopped at a stile, through which only one person can pass, and where of course is the inevitable rush and the unfailing jam. He has to unbutton his coat and to show his ticket, or else to pay a few cents. He follows the crowd, and seeing the chains of a ferry-boat before

him, he goes toward them, when he is met by a stream of eager people rushing out and fairly overwhelming him. And again, there is no one to direct him, no sign-board to guide him, no official to be consulted. A new wave rushing up from the ticket-office at last seizes him, and he drifts helplessly along, across a hanging bridge, into a long narrow passage, which he sees marked, Ladies' Cabin, and nearly out again at the other end, on to the bow of the vessel.

Heaven be thanked! He is on the ferry-boat, and for a few minutes enjoys the bracing salt-air, the glorious view down the bay and up the river, and above all, the certainty of not having a host of elbows stuck into his side and people pressing him behind till he nearly suffocates those before him. But he has not much time to recover; he hears a clanking of chains, a winding of wheels, and firmly grasping his umbrella, and his dressing case, he is once more lifted off his feet and carried helplessly in a fearful rush over the boat, across a yawning gulf between its bow and its floating bridge on shore, and into a somewhat cleaner and airier building, half-filled with counters offering fruits and refreshments. He looks around, but here also no sign, no help; he must follow the crowd, and to his intense disgust, he is once more stopped in a narrow, crammed passage, to obey the fiercely-uttered summons: Tickets! At last he finds himself in what he may take for a station, if he chooses—an immense structure, filled with trains, and O wonder! placards are hanging on some of the cars, with the name of their destination printed in large letters. Devoutly grateful for the first item of information vouchsafed him, he hurries—for he has already learned to rush like others—but is met by a stern: Next car, this car for ladies! Oh, the bitter lesson he has to learn, that whatever his birth, rank, and station in life may be, he is here but a man, and as a man an inferior animal, who is not safely to be trusted with ladies! Like a good traveler, he does not grumble, but takes things as he finds them, and is on the

point of entering a car, when he hears a stentorian voice from the farthest end of the train cry out: Sleeping car, gentlemen!

He has heard much of this great American invention, and has been advised to spare his strength and avoid unnecessary fatigue by taking a berth and sleeping all night. He walks down, therefore, into the utter darkness, from whence the voice proceeds, and finds a man, lantern in hand, selling tickets for berths and staterooms. He obtains a ticket, but not the information where to find his berth, and at hap-hazard mounts a platform leading to a peculiar-looking car. It is locked. He starts to try the other end, and after having waded through a long mud-puddle, which he could not see in the deep night which reigns in this part of the building, he finds a colored servant who tells him to walk in. Here also utter darkness! A man with a lantern comes and enables him to read the letter and number of his berth—but it turns out that he must go to another car. At last he has found the place and admires the ingenuity with which the seats give up a mattress, pillows, blankets, and coverlets, as if by magic, and a very comfortable-looking bed is improvised in a few minutes. His watchful eye, however, discovers here also the sad disproportion between outward splendor and real comfort. The woodwork of the car is superb in its variety of material and excellence of finish; heavy damask curtains hang from rich gilt cornices and the seats are covered with costly plush or velvety. But before he has become well at home in the berths, which remind him uncomfortably of his state-room on the steamer, he is once more imperatively ordered to show his ticket, a lantern is thrust in his eye and a second guard—perhaps a detective?—inspects him as if he were a criminal. His neighbor is a lady, and he hears how she pleads in a low tone. But the conductor opens the curtains unceremoniously, and tells her he must see his passengers, telling her as a half excuse for his rudeness, with a grim smile of delight at the trick and his own

sagacity, that he has but just before discovered a man, who had "doubled" in on another passenger and tried to hide behind him under the blankets in order to escape paying his passage-money! After a few moments' silence, an unlucky baby lifts up its voice and has to be very audibly persuaded to be a "good child" by an offer of refreshment; then a couple of politicians enter into a loud and warm discussion on the approaching election in their State; a poor boy with a whooping-cough starts from his couch crying in his sleep: I am dying! and then breaks forth in vehement spasms of coughing, and thus it keeps on, hour after hour, in the huge barrack, where some forty or fifty people are packed away, with nothing but thin partitions, opened at the top, and half-drawn curtains, to separate them from each other.

The traveller, weary of having so much more company in the car and in his little berth than he is accustomed to, hails the rising of the sun, as he approaches the ineffably mean surroundings of the great city. Sterile fields alternate with small woods of scrub pines; huge gullies rend the red soil in all directions and wretched hovels with half-clad negroes meet his eye everywhere. Afar off he sees the magnificent cupola of the Capitol rise pure and white above the low mists, and his heart beats high at the sight of the palace, from which as from the heart of a great nation, its life's blood pulsates through this colossal empire. But he looks in vain for smiling kitchen gardens, for rows of pretty cottages and stately country mansions, and for the low but cozy houses of far-stretching suburbs to which his eye had been used at home. A few wooden sheds, a row of black men and boys perched on a rail fence and a herd of pigs wandering in perfect happiness through heaps of garbage, are all the indications of a great city he beholds, before his train is shoved into a dark shed, stops, and leaves him once more to his own inspirations. He follows the inevitable rush down a long narrow passage, beset on all sides by hand-trucks, wheelbarrows and dogs, to say

nothing of impatient elbows and unwieldy baskets, that leave their mark in his side, till he is pushed, he hardly knows how, into a vast building, handsome enough in its large proportions and solid structure; but utterly bare and deserted. In vain does he inquire of several persons, what he must do; every body seems to be in a desperate state of hurry and, though civil enough in look and word, to have no time for answering questions. In vain does he look for the book-stall and the refreshment room, which he has come to consider an indispensable comfort of every railway-station on earth; in vain for the uniformed official or even a porter with his badge, to whom he might turn for information. It need not be said with what feelings of admiration for the independent American, who needs no guidance and no help, but is "ever enough in himself," and with what pity for his own "foreign helplessness" he approaches the doors; but all his thoughts and feelings are drowned in an instant by a score of powerful whips thrust literally into his face, while a Babel of voices shouts in his ears a perfect torrent of unintelligible names.

Happy the man who can here take a cab and drive at once to his hotel, to make his morning ablutions and enjoy a breakfast such as he is not likely to remember having found outside of Scotland! He will feel as if he had indeed reached the desired haven, and will, for some time, remain in happy ignorance of the strange fact that Washington, a large, opulent city and the capital of the Great Republic, the residence of a numerous diplomatic corps and the political *élite* of the whole nation, cannot yet boast of a first-class hotel!

But woe is him, if his fate carries him farther on the great high-road from the North to the South! After having run the gauntlet of intolerable rudeness through a crowd of black and white coachmen, he finds himself in the middle of a muddy street, cut up with railway tracks, in constant danger of being run over by express-wagons and luggage-vans, and surrounded by a number of

low drinking-shops, crowded even at that hour with thirsty laborers and loafers. He has heard, however, and learned by experience that the American is invariably civil and ready to give information; he inquires, therefore, of a passer-by, where the train for the South is, and receives a willing answer, accompanied by a dramatic gesture of the hand. Can it really be, that he is expected to run after that little horse-car, which is just moving off through slush and mud, and seems to be filled to its utmost capacity with passengers of every rank, age, and color? He remembers where he is, grasps his impediments and hurries after the fast retreating car. No helping hand is stretched out to him; not a word of information is vouchsafed, and as he jumps on the platform behind, he cannot help smiling grimly at his unwonted agility, and wondering, with a keen sense of enjoyment at the anomalous position in which he finds himself, what will become of him next? He is, of course, duly asked for his ticket, a ceremony which he has gone through so often that he has long ceased to grumble at it, and marvels again to see how this, the great train to the South, moves leisurely through the wide streets of the city and condescendingly picks up or sets down stray passengers all along the road. At last he reaches a wharf on the river, if a sand hole, half filled with stagnant water, and a few rickety, rotten beams and planks, covered with mud and garbage, deserve that name, and sees a crowd rush once more, as if their lives were in danger, on board a little dirty steamboat, where he is expected to make his way through piles of baggage, under horses' heads and over boxes, babies, and bleating sheep to the cleanest and quietest place he may find.

After a while, a colored man will come and ringing a huge bell before his face, summon him to breakfast; but with this meal and the landing on Virginia's soil begins a sad period in his travels, which is better omitted here, for the same reason which makes us turn aside when we meet a lady whom we have once known, when she was great and rich in

children and in honor, and who now appears before us in sad weeds, alone and with downcast eye, but still so grand and so noble in her solitude and sorrow, that we feel pity would be out of place and sympathy superfluous.

Is American travelling really a penance? Far from it. The railways of the republic have undeniable advantages over those of the Old World, which no experienced traveller will fail to appreciate fully. The manner in which the cars are built, the system of checking luggage for thousands of miles, the control exercised by the conductor, and even the supply of ice-water, and the boy with papers and books, are points of great excellence. But American railways lack as yet two important features, which are somewhat valued abroad: comfort for the traveller and responsibility of the company's officials.

The idea of comfort is, of course, a relative one, and can, therefore, only cautiously be applied to a general judgment of so important a feature in the life of a great nation. The foreigner is apt to imagine comfort to mean that he may find on the train which he chooses for a pleasure excursion, a snug though not very large salon, handsomely but not gorgeously furnished; with an abundance of lounges and easy-chairs, tables, and mirrors, and no draught and no dust. He shows his ticket when he enters the car, and surrenders it when he arrives at his destination; he only sees the guard when he wants him to render him a service, and although it is done for a consideration, he never asks in vain for information, for refreshments, or for special favors. His wife sits down with her children on the floor around her; his sister takes her embroidery or her novel, and he ensconces himself in an arm-chair near the large window to enjoy the scenery. Other groups occupy other parts of the little salon, and enter into a friendly chat or remain as far apart as if they were in another train, as their tastes make it preferable. Thus they spend a few hours pleasantly and quietly, and when they arrive at the end of their journey, they are fresh and fit to enter

any room, having encountered no cinders and no dust.

The American, gregarious by nature and by education, would dislike such exclusiveness, and seeks his comfort in the greatest number with whom he can associate. He must have a wandering caravansera, in which eighty or a hundred persons of all classes and colors and ages are assembled together, and where he can move about in his nervous restlessness to meet friends, to make acquaintances, and to see new faces and new phases of life. He loves to hear a roar of voices around him, with people constantly moving from seat to seat, or up and down the long, narrow passage in the middle. He would not like to sit alone, but presses down into a narrow, double seat, where every movement brings him in personal contact with his neighbor and makes him master of his ease and comfort for the journey. The book of Job comes into prominence once more, for the American—even the fragile, delicate lady—submits with admirable patience to the tyranny which such close proximity must needs produce; the open window, admitting with the cold draught almost invariably a current of cinders and dust, the half-filled spittoon with its nauseous contents, the restless activity and the easy familiarity of the neighbor are all borne in silence and cheerful submission. The American delights in the length of his train and the variety of its contents: he pays a visit to the luggage-room to inspect trunks and boxes; he chats with the express agent and looks at the countless parcels he has under his charge, from the small box filled with precious gold to the Newfoundland dog on his chain, from the bridal bouquet he carries to one station to the long, narrow box which he has to deliver at the next cemetery. He spends an hour in the smoking-room, where "black and white do congregate," and then passes from car to car, disregarding the danger and enjoying the intercourse with several hundred of his fellow-travellers.

It is an amusing feature in the history of American railways, that while Austria

and other foreign countries have imitated the long, double-seated car—which in southern regions and the tropics, with its cane seats and backs, and large gauze-covered windows, is the perfection of comfort—America, on the other hand, begins slowly in this point also to imitate the Old World and to introduce cars with private compartments. The tenderness of American pride forbids the calling them by their right names, and hence there are no first-class and second-class cars, but virtually the same is accomplished under the somewhat ludicrous title of drawing-room cars and silver-palace cars. Aside from the enormous price, these new cars are well-arranged and offer every comfort which is attainable on American railways; they are well hung and go easily; the little compartments are cozy and snugly fitted up with easy seats, large windows, tables, and mirrors, and privacy is secured, if not absolutely, at least to a great degree. Perhaps the only drawback is the utter disregard paid here also to the unfortunate single gentleman, who does not choose to engage four seats at once. There is no axiom truer than that, in travelling in America, money is a matter of little consequence, but a wife so indispensable, that a well-known poet could give his trans-Atlantic friend the candid advice: If you really want to travel for six months in the United States, you had better marry, steal, or borrow a wife, than go alone.

On the subject of responsibility there can, of course, be no such difference of opinion as on that of comfort. Nothing can exceed the thorough defectiveness of the American railway system in this respect, and the consequences are overwhelming in their fatality. From the humblest brakeman to the president of the road, the officers utterly and disdainfully disclaim being responsible for any thing to any body. If the switchman has forgotten his duty and hastens a number of souls unprepared into eternity; if the engineer is drunk and runs into another train, producing a calamity that sends misery to a thousand homes; if a cashier runs away and ruins all the

stockholders, or a president speculates in gold and robs his friends of millions—there is no one responsible for all these disasters and crimes. A ludicrous instance, illustrative of this happy exemption of railway officials, occurred a few years ago in a Southern State. An unusually heavy snowfall had obstructed the trains in such a manner, that at one place a party of travellers was kept for a week in a state which approached starvation, and made even the man who was then reputed the richest man in the States aware that money is not omnipotent. Another train was blocked up before an impassable deep lane, a few miles from a large city, the capital of the State, where thousands were anxiously awaiting news from the North. For days the passengers suffered with that unsurpassed patience which is one of the national virtues, cheered by the merry sallies of a gentleman, whose convivial charms are well remembered in Liverpool and now fully appreciated at a watering-place in Canada, and the genius of a great actress, now no more. But at last they began to suffer in good earnest, and one of the passengers, born in the high north of Europe, determined to make an effort to establish communications between the train and the city. He started on foot, and in the course of a few hours reached the town with comparative ease, greatly indignant at the shameful neglect which alone could explain why a wealthy railroad corporation should have left a number of passengers buried in snow and suffering from hunger for two days and three nights at a distance of only five or six miles. One of the first persons he met was the Superintendent of the road; he made the situation of the unlucky travellers known to him, and was promised that an extra train with provisions and fuel should be started as soon as possible. But when he urged dispatch and, his patience giving way, expressed himself somewhat strongly on the sufferings to which they had been exposed, and of which his increasing faintness made him sensibly conscious, the official became abusive and informed him that he was a gentleman and would ask satisfaction for

such language! There the matter ended for the present. When the train had been rescued, which was the work of a few hours, an indignation meeting was proposed in the concert-room of the leading hotel at that place. The poor foreigner was too much exhausted to attend, but when he inquired after the result on the following day, he was informed that resolutions had been passed, praising the officers of the road for the prompt and efficient aid rendered under such difficult circumstances. How far this was the result of a jolly dinner, where the champagne flowed in streams, given by the Superintendent to the actress and her friends, was never fully ascertained.

The subject of irresponsibility in cases of great disasters is too serious for a mere gossip on American railways. Suffice it to say, that nothing can explain the recklessness of railway managers and the want of condign punishment for gross and culpable negligence, than the marvellous indifference to human life, which is perhaps the natural effect of republican institutions and a nomadic life. It is well known that the mortality of children from natural causes and from others, is enormous in America, and yet in spite of the efforts of physicians, the admonitions of bishops and great divines, and the horror every now and then expressed by the press, the newspapers teem with advertisements tending to increase the evil, and mothers are as careless as ever in the management of children. Accidents by which young men and women lose their lives, are seen in every journal; now it is reckless shooting by pistol or sporting gun, and now a coal-oil explosion; theatres burn, engines explode, steamboats blow up, and trains collide; the world shudders—but there is no Rachel to weep because they are not. The strange people, so noble in its loftier traits, so grand in its public and private benevolence, are in too great a hurry to stop the perpetual rush for the sake of one who drops by the way-side, and a week, a day after, not a soul thinks of the “accident” but the hundreds whom it has reduced to misery and wretchedness. The same applies to minor evils. If a train

is delayed by negligence or rushes by before its time to suit the engineer; if a connection is not made, and the detention involves a delay of twenty-four hours with all its attendant expenses and losses, or a conductor fails to stop at your station, and carries you on for many a mile—all complaints are met with unmoved face, and your lawyer will tell you that a lawsuit would be long, expensive, and very uncertain. This utter disregard of the responsibility to the public is probably most marked in the case of over-crowded trains. Elsewhere the payment made for a ticket is held to insure an equivalent, a seat and transportation to the desired point; the obligation is believed to arise from a contract entered into between the company and the possessor, and in England at least the latter is entitled, if the company fail to convey him as stipulated to the end of his journey, to hire a conveyance at their expense and to recover in court. Not so in America. No binding obligation is acknowledged. If there are no seats you can stand up, and at the North as at the South, on the most frequented routes, numbers of passengers may daily be seen patiently standing up in the middle aisle of cars, holding on as best they may to counteract the violent jostling and rocking peculiar to American railways, and hardly venturing to grumble at the abuse. A few gentlemen living on one of the great lines leading into New York not long since presented the company that owned the line with sufficient ground and a considerable sum of money to erect a station near their country-houses. The first time after its completion, one of the donors purchased his ticket and entered the train to go to town; but it was full to overflowing, and instead of adding another car or making room somewhere, he, an elderly gentleman of high social standing, and entitled to the utmost consideration, was compelled to stand for several hours and thus to expose himself to an amount of fatigue, annoyance, and serious injury to his health, which in a less vigorous constitution might have proved fatal.

The fact is, that most American rail-

ways are built on speculation, and for profit. A few large landowners, who wish their lands to be brought into market, appeal to some capitalists, who seek an investment for their funds; they enter into a compact and the railway is built. If Congress can be made to believe that some public benefit may be derived from the enterprise, so much the better; in that case a grant of public lands is made and the undertaking is secure, and enormous profits certain. The road is then located on the cheapest lands; the sections are given out to the lowest bidder, who lets out his contract to subcontractors; the engineer and all the officials form one great association for earning large sums, and hence the cheapest and meanest material is furnished and duly accepted as satisfactory. The whole is done in the greatest possible haste and in the most imperfect manner; a great celebration is held, dinners are given, the enterprise, energy, and spirit of the projectors is praised in fulsome terms, and ere the first year is gone, not a few lives have been sacrificed to the great speculation. Railway committees of the British Parliament and coteries at the Paris Bourse have only child's play before them in comparison with the gigantic "rings" of American railway enterprises. It was during the last session of the Congress that a famous speculator who was also a member of the Senate, approached a privileged visitor with the words: I have taken a good contract, Governor.—How much? —Forty millions!—You don't say so? well, I think I can tell you how that will work.—Well, how?—You will sublet it to somebody else and pocket ten millions by the transaction.—Well, you are about right, I think that will be the sum.

Hence only a small number of the leading railways, mainly at the North, a few in the Northwest and one or two in Georgia, are really well built, having powerful engines, well ballasted roads, and steel rails. Most of the others would be considered abroad as mere make-shifts, dangerous in the extreme and a horror to paternal governments like

those of Germany. Hence the many inconveniences connected with American railway travelling: the fearful jolting over defective and worn-out rails, badly coupled and imperfectly secured; the still more exhausting constant shaking which tries the nerves to their utmost and makes a hundred miles on American roads equal to four hundred on foreign roads, in point of fatigue; the frequent stoppages to take in water and wood, now utterly unknown on the great express trains of Europe, and the frequent accidents arising from imperfections of the running material. The wonder is only how they can be so patiently endured. The American boasts, and boasts justly, of the marvellous inventive genius of his race, and points with legitimate pride to the number of patents issued daily! And yet he submits to seeing his health impaired by breathing the impure, dust-filled air of the cars for hours and hours, till his person is covered from head to foot with more uncleanness than a month's journey elsewhere would have accumulated; he bears being rocked and shaken and jolted till he feels every bone in his body with sore consciousness, nay, he even risks his life behind a crazy engine, in a mere wreck of a car and on a track of worn-out rails laid on loose sleepers. He must be moving, moving, and has no time, in his rush through the world and this life, to weigh the chances and to think of his safety.

Where so much indifference to life is manifested, culminating in unparalleled bravery on the battle-field and unhesitating exposure while saving others, it is naturally not to be expected that much care would be bestowed upon the minor comforts in travelling. The seats, even aside from the forced intimacy which they produce, are not often really comfortable, too much attention being given to bright color and costly ornamentation, and too little to the ease of the traveller. The ventilation, on the other hand, is admirable and far superior to any thing attempted abroad; the same, unfortunately, cannot be said for the heating apparatus commonly in use. Where Continental trains employ hot-

water compartments under foot, which send the warm air upward and keep the most sensitive part of the human body, the feet, comfortable, American railways prefer two huge iron stoves, which diffuse an intolerable heat in their immediate neighborhood, but leave the more remote parts cold and admit under the seats a constant current of icy air. The intense heat leads impatient traveller with robust health to open the window, and the less vigorous neighbor has, at best, to choose between being roasted on one side or chilled through on the other side. Nor can much praise be bestowed upon the refreshment-rooms met with on railways generally, though great improvements have of late been made on some roads, where they equal, if they do not surpass, the best establishments of the kind in Europe—always excepting the French buffet, which in quality, savor, and price of eatables is unmatched. But on the generality of roads the provision made for feeding the hungry traveller is simply execrable, and well-deserving that a Dickens should arise with a pen powerful enough to arouse the patient American to a full sense of the absurdity of the prevailing system. As the train reaches a stopping-place, chosen by no means for its suitableness or the merits of the landlord, but generally in the interests of certain members of the Ring, a number of large bells is instantly set in motion and a dozen powerful voices are heard shouting: Dinner, gentlemen, dinner! Then follows the customary rush to a table, on which a lot of dishes have been standing ready so long that they are cold; the eager traveller draws up as many as he can reach, heaps them on his plate and works away with a vigor and a haste as if it was a wager who could eat most in the shortest time. Often before he has finished, and always before he is allowed to leave the room, he is summoned to pay the extortionate dollar or more, which is the usual price of every meal, however scant it may have been and however little the guest may have been able to consume. Hence the practical American has fallen upon the evident device of

travelling with his lunch-basket, and many hundred meals are thus taken daily on every train, which travels over a long distance. How far cold dishes are injurious to health, when they form the only food for several days, is an open question; but there can be no doubt that what may be the loss of the inn-keeper, is the gain of the traveller; and even a series of cold lunches, eaten comfortably and leisurely in the cars, must be vastly superior to hot dishes, snatched hastily and undigested. The perfection of American railway travelling in this respect is found on that greatest of roads known to the world, the Pacific Railroad. The lucky holder of a through ticket in one of the so-called Pullman cars, who finds within the same coach his seat by day and his couch by night, and a restaurant where he may either pay a sum of money for all his meals during the journey, or order each time what he chooses, has a rare opportunity of enjoying the luxury of travelling in its fullest extent. As the train carries him swiftly along, he sees every place of civilization unrolled as in a vast panorama before his eye; here in the East, the large city with all the evidences of highest culture and greatest wealth; then the border-land, where the new settler and the squatter bring their cheerful sacrifice of a hard life's work for the benefit of the coming generation; next the primeval forest and the boundless prairie, with an abundance of animal life, while the emigrant's slow oxen and the Indian's shaggy pony eye each other suspiciously and their masters represent in striking contrast the dying race of the owner of the soil and the undaunted energy of the usurper. Then he catches a glimpse at the strange prophet's home, who rules like Mohammed over a host of deluded beings, which he has drawn to him across the vast ocean and the great prairies of the New World from the very centres of civilization and the remotest corners of Europe. He rises from his comfortable dinner and smokes his cigar as he climbs the Rocky Mountains with their weird cañons and their snow-covered heights, and when he

awakes again, he finds himself on the Pacific slope, soon to see the Golden Gate opening before him upon the still waters of another ocean!

This is, however, almost the only route on which the novelty of the ever-varying sights, the freshness of the scenes on which the Redskin and the Mormon enact their strange dramas, and the excitement of crossing a vast continent from ocean to ocean, make railway travelling a real pleasure. Everywhere else it has become a mere mechanical contrivance to devour space and to reach a given place in the shortest possible time. The country abounds in beautiful scenery, unsurpassed in loveliness and richness of coloring by any thing known abroad. But how few travellers race up the Hudson, the Connecticut, the Mohawk, or the Susquehanna, with any purpose of enjoying the beauties of nature? The West and the South have again their peculiar charms, surprising to the unprepared eye of the foreigner, who marvels at the beauty of a city like Madison, or the picturesque scenery in Western Georgia; but who ever thinks of travelling there for enjoyment? How many even take the trouble to look out and regale themselves with the rich feast spread out before their eyes? The American, whose homesteads are generally chosen with a careful regard to fine views and handsome surroundings, and whose excellence in landscape painting is well established, has yet but little eye for scenery; he is too much hurried, too sedulously bent upon business, too full of care and speculation, to enjoy in happy leisure the rich treasures which his country holds up before him in matchless exuberance. Nor does railway travelling seem to have made him more communicative and courteous to his neighbors. The stereotyped Yankee with his indefatigable questioning is no longer to be found, but as little can the social gentleman often be met who in the old stage-coach would kindly render some small service or throw out some trifling remarks in order to establish friendly relations and show his benevolent sympathy with the welfare of his

fellow-travellers. The courtesy, which formerly respected a cloak, an umbrella, or a book as a sign that a seat was occupied, is no longer observed by all, and the weary traveller, who may have been sitting by his friend's side for days and nights, is unceremoniously ousted by a market-woman, who enters at some way-station, and finding him absent for a moment, takes his seat and pleads a lady's privilege in refusing to give way to the rightful owner. But even this homage paid to the sex, and hence, one might imagine, of as little value as the attachment of the elder Biron, who was always constant in his love—to the sex, is slowly passing away, and ladies may be seen standing, especially in the street-

cars of large cities, while men sit coolly around them, and think not of rising. Is this the effect of the large influx of foreigners, whose views of the respect due to the fair are less exaggerated than those of the American? Or has the war, as some will have it, among other demoralising effects, caused this sad loss of former courtesy also? It is certainly desirable that some simple code of rules for railway-travelling should be agreed upon, by which such matters could easily be regulated, and the eminent good sense and practical tact of the American hold out a fair promise that this, like many other delicate points, will soon be arranged by a silent understanding and mutual concession.

From Temple Bar.

COUNT FERSEN.

READERS of Sir Walter Scott's delightful novel of "The Abbot" will recollect how Mary Stuart, imprisoned in the island of Loch Leven, found her consolation in the knowledge that a band of trusty friends were plotting her deliverance; how lights were seen flitting on the mainland, signalling that the fiery Seyton and the devoted Douglas were on the eve of accomplishing their design. As with Mary Stuart, so with Marie Antoinette. The unfortunate queen of France, surrounded by gaolers in comparison with whom the savage Scotch of the sixteenth century were miracles of kindness and mercy, yet knew this, that there was one friend whose only thought in life was to free her from the toils with which she was encompassed, a man of unbounded daring, and possessed of that much rarer quality, infinite discretion, without the least thought of self, except to keep himself free from the slightest taint of dishonor. Everybody who peruses his "Memoirs"* must agree that the age of chivalry was not dead that produced a hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, like the gallant Fersen.

The count Jean Axel de Fersen, of an illustrious Swedish family, was born on the 4th of September 1755. His father, Field-Marshal de Fersen, took an active part in politics during the reign of Gustavus. The young count, at the age of fifteen, was sent with a tutor on a Continental tour of long duration. He visited Italy and Switzerland, where he had the honor of an interview with Voltaire.

It was not till his nineteenth year that he first appeared at the court of Versailles. He early attracted the attention of the dauphiness, and it is evident that Marie Antoinette became very much interested in the handsome young Swede. Count Fersen mentions in his journal that he was present at the ball of "Madame la Dauphine," which commenced at the sensible hour of five, and finished at half past nine. And the count relates how at a masked ball at the Opera House the dauphiness engaged him a long time in conversation without his at first recognizing her. On Count Fersen's leaving Paris for London, the Swedish ambassador thus writes to the king of Sweden:—

The young count Fersen is about to leave Paris for London. He is (of all the Swedes who have been here in my time) the one who has been the best received in the great world. The royal family have shown him much attention. He could not possibly have conducted himself with more discretion and good sense than he has shown. With his handsome person and his talent (*Pesprit*), he could not fail to succeed in society, and that he has done so completely your Majesty will be pleased to hear. That which above all makes M. de Fersen worthy of the distinction shown him is the nobility and elevation of his character.

The count on his arrival in England was presented at court, visited Ranelagh and other sights of London. His account of Almack's is as follows:—

Thursday, 19th May, 1774.—I have been presented to the queen, who is very gracious and amiable, but not at all pretty. In the evening I was taken by Comte — to "Almack's," a subscription ball which is held during the winter. The room in which they dance is well arranged and brilliantly lighted. The ball is supposed to begin at ten o'clock, but the men remain at their clubs until half past eleven. During this time the women are kept waiting, seated on sofas on either side of the great gallery in great formality; one would fancy oneself in a church, they look so serious and quiet, not even talking amongst themselves. The supper, which is at twelve o'clock, is very well served, and somewhat less dull than the rest of the entertainment. I was placed by the side of Lady Carpenter,* one of the handsomest girls in London; she was very agreeable, and conversed a great deal. I had occasion to meet her again some days later, when, to some civil remark I addressed her with, she did not even reply. It surprises one to see young girls talking unreservedly with men, and going about by themselves; I am reminded of Lausanne in this, where also they enjoy complete liberty.

* Published at Paris from papers in possession of Count Fersen's nephew, Baron Klinckowström.

* Probably Lady Almeria Carpenter, daughter of Lord Tyrconnel.

The count returned to Sweden in the beginning of 1775. He had already entered the French service in the regiment Royal Barrière. In Sweden he became an officer in a cavalry regiment, and soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He remained in Sweden some time, joining in the pursuits and amusements of the young nobility at the gay court of Gustavus III. In 1778 he proceeded on another voyage, and passed three months in London, from whence he proceeded to Paris, arriving there in the dead season. Afterwards he went on a visit to the camp of the Count de Broglie in Normandy, and inspected the monastery of La Trappe, of which he gives some interesting details.

In the winter he again appeared at the French court. He writes to his father:—

Last Tuesday I went to Versailles to be presented to the royal family. The queen, who is charming, exclaimed, "Ah! an old acquaintance!" The rest of the royal family did not say a word.

The count writes again:—

The queen, who is the handsomest and the most amiable princess, has often had the kindness to inquire after me. She asked Creutz why I did not come to her *jeu** on Sundays, and on hearing that I had been one day when it did not take place, she made a kind of apology.

The queen treats me always with great courtesy. I often go to pay my respects (*au jeu*), and on every occasion she addresses me with some words of kindness. As they had spoken to her about my Swedish uniform, she expressed a great wish to see me in it, and I am to go full dressed, not to court, but to see the queen. She is the most amiable princess that I know.

In society as well as at court, Count Fersen's success was complete. In M. Gefroy's "*Gustave III. et la Cour de France*" there are many anecdotes respecting it. But of course triumph begets envy, and the favorites of Marie Antoinette, whose relations with her were quite as innocent as those of Count Fersen, began spreading malicious reports about their new rival.

M. Gefroy in his work thus describes the state of affairs:—

On Fersen's return to France, his favor at court was so great that it could not fail to be much remarked. It was in the year 1779, and we know that the wicked suspicions raised against Marie Antoinette had not waited for the fatal affair of the necklace before attack-

ing her as sovereign and woman. Fersen was received in the queen's intimate circle; the admission extended to Stedingk* was supposed to be a blind, to conceal the much-desired presence of his friend. They brought up against the queen the small parties given by Mesdames de Lamballe and de Polignac, in their apartments, to which Fersen was admitted; they spoke of meetings and prolonged interviews at the masked balls (*bals de l'opéra*), of looks interchanged when other intercourse was wanting at the *soirées intimes* at Trianon. They declared that the queen had been seen to look expressively at Fersen, whilst singing the impassioned lines from the opera of "Didou,"

Ah! que je fus bien inspirée
Quand je vous reçus dans ma cour,

to seek his eyes and ill conceal her feelings towards him. Nothing more was wanting than to add publicly the name of the young count to those with which calumny hoped henceforth to arm herself against Marie Antoinette.

Again, in a secret despatch addressed to Gustavus III. by the Count de Creutz,† we find an account of Fersen's attitude in the situation that was made so difficult for him.

10th April, 1779.—I must confide to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the queen, as to give umbrage to many persons; I must own to thinking that she has a great preference for him; I have seen indications of it too strong to be doubted. The modesty and reserve of young Fersen's conduct have been admirable, and above all, the step he has taken in going to America is to be commended; in absenting himself he escapes all danger, but it evidently required a power of self-command beyond his years, to overcome such an attraction. The queen has followed him with her eyes (full of tears) during the last days preceding his going away. I implore your Majesty to keep this secret on her account, and on that of "Sena-teur" Fersen. When the news of the Count's departure was known, all the favorites were delighted. The Duchess of Fitz-James said to him, "What! monsieur, you abandon your conquest?" "If I had made one," he replied, "I should not have abandoned it. I go away free, and unfortunately without leaving any regrets." Your Majesty will agree that this was said with a wisdom and prudence marvelous in one so young. But the queen is more reserved and cautious than formerly. The king not only consults all her wishes, but takes part in her pursuits and amusements.

Count Fersen accompanied the French army to America as aide-de-camp to General Rochambeau, and, owing to his talents and his knowledge of the English language, he was made the intermediary of commu-

* The games played at the *jeu de la reine* were quinzé, billiards, and trictrac.

* Count Fersen's friend and travelling companion.

† The Swedish ambassador.

nation between Washington and the French commander. His letters from America do not show much appreciation of the people he assisted to free. But then allies always speak ill of one another. The count writes : —

Money is in all their actions the first object, and their only thought is how to gain it. Every one is for himself, no one for the public good. The inhabitants of the coast, even the best Whigs, supply the English fleet, anchored in Gardner's Bay, with provisions of all kinds, because they pay them well ; they fleece us without compunction ; everything is an exorbitant price ; in all the dealings we have had with them they have treated us more like enemies than friends. Their covetousness is unequalled, money is their god ; virtue, honor, all that is nothing to them in comparison with this precious metal. Not but what there are some estimable people among them, there are many who are noble and generous, but I speak of the nation in general, which seems to me to be more Dutch than English.

The count was present at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which virtually ended the war, and returned to France after the conclusion of the peace of 1783. He still remained in the Swedish service, although at the request of Gustavus III. he received the appointment of colonel proprietor of the regiment Royal Suédois in the service of France. The count henceforth passed his time between the two countries.

In 1787 he again visited England, and there is a curious account of a fracas that took place between Lady Clermont, the friend of Marie Antoinette, and the Prince of Wales at a London assembly, respecting Count Fersen. The prince's conduct with respect to the count does not tend to the credit of the "first gentleman of Europe." The insinuations against the queen of France concerning her relations with the high-minded Swedish nobleman we believe are utterly groundless. There is not a particle of trustworthy evidence that the queen ever infringed upon the duties of a wife and a mother. Count Fersen was only her friend and servant, more devoted in the dark winter of adversity than in the sunny days of regal grandeur and prosperity. The Duke de Levis, in his "Mémoires," describes him as one "who had more judgment than wit, who was cautious with men, reserved towards women, whose air and figure were those of a hero of romance, but not of a French romance, for he was not sufficiently light and brilliant."

In Wraxall there is the following graphic account of the scene we have mentioned.

As Lady Clermont enjoyed so distinguished a place in Marie Antoinette's esteem, it was natural that she should endeavor to transfuse into the prince's mind feelings of attachment and respect for the French queen similar to those with which she was herself imbued. Making allowance for the difference of sexes, there seemed to be indeed no inconsiderable degree of resemblance between their dispositions. Both were indiscreet, unguarded, and ardent devotees of pleasure. But the Duke of Orleans, irritated at her successful opposition to the marriage of his daughter with the Count d'Artois' eldest son, had already prepossessed the Prince of Wales in her disfavor. He was accustomed to speak of her, on the duke's report, as a woman of licentious life, who changed her lovers according to her caprice. She, indignant at such imputations, which soon reached her, expressed herself in terms the most contemptuous, respecting the heir-apparent, whom she characterized as a voluptuary enslaved by his appetites, incapable of any energetic or elevated sentiments. About this time Count Fersen, who was well known to be highly acceptable to Marie Antoinette, visited London ; bringing letters of introduction from the Duchesse de Polignac to many persons of distinction here, and in particular for Lady Clermont. Desirous to show him the utmost attention, and to present him in the best company, soon after his arrival she conducted him in her own carriage to Lady William Gordon's assembly, in Piccadilly, one of the most distinguished in the metropolis. She had scarcely entered the room, and made Count Fersen known to the principal individuals of both sexes, when the Prince of Wales was announced. I shall recount the sequel in Lady Clermont's own words to me, only a short time subsequent to the fact:

"His Royal Highness took no notice of me on his first arrival ; but in a few minutes afterwards, coming up to me, 'Pray, Lady Clermont,' said he, 'is that man whom I see here Count Fersen, the queen's favorite?' 'The gentleman to whom your Royal Highness alludes is Count Fersen ; but, so far from being a favorite of the queen, he has not yet been presented at court.' — 'G—d d—n me !' exclaimed he, 'you don't imagine I mean *my* mother?' — 'Sir,' I replied, 'whenever you are pleased to use the word *queen* without any addition, I shall always understand it to mean *my* queen. If you speak of any other queen I must entreat that you will be good enough to say the queen of France, or of Spain.' The prince made no reply, but, after having walked once or twice round Count Fersen, returning to me, 'He's certainly a very handsome fellow,' observed he. 'Shall I have the honor, sir,' said I, 'to present him to you?' He instantly turned on his heel, without giving me any answer ;* and I soon afterwards quitted Lady William Gordon's house, bringing Count Fersen with me."

* The prince afterwards made a most graceful apology to Lady Clermont for his conduct to *her*.

In 1788 Count Fersen returned to Sweden and accompanied his sovereign on his campaign against Russia, which ended so unfortunately, owing to the disaffection of the Finnish troops. He also was with Gustavus at Gothenburg when besieged by the Danes. The king was only saved from destruction by the conduct of Hugh Elliot, then minister at Copenhagen, who crossed the water and prevailed on the Danish commander to accept a truce. Count Fersen then returned to France, and we are now approaching the most interesting part of his career. He was now appointed the secret envoy of Gustavus, to watch over his interests at the court of Versailles. The opening scenes of the French Revolution naturally filled his mind with dismay. Talleyrand used to say that those who were not in society before 1789 could not realize "*la douceur de vivre*." Its utter destruction must have been appalling to one of its brightest ornaments. The count was present at the dreadful scenes of the 5th and 6th of October at Versailles, and accompanied the king and queen when they were dragged in triumph to Paris by the victorious populace.

It is a great misfortune that the whole of the journal of the Count Fersen from 1780 until June 1791 was destroyed by the friend to whom it was confided on the eve of the flight to Varennes. Fortunately there is in the "Auckland Memoirs" an account of this eventful enterprise, which we believe we can state was drawn up by Lord Auckland himself, when ambassador in Holland, from information derived from Count Fersen and his confederate, Mr. Quintin Craufurd, who was Lord Auckland's friend and correspondent.

The following is the account given in the Auckland papers : —

From intelligence communicated to the queen, on the 7th of October 1789, the day after the royal family had been brought from Versailles to Paris, she thought some attempt on her life was still intended. That evening, after she had retired to her apartment, she called Madame de Tourzel to her, and said, "If you should hear any noise in my room in the night, do not lose any time in coming to see what it is, but carry the dauphin immediately to the arms of his father." Madame de Tourzel, bathed in tears, told this circumstance, two days afterwards, to the Spanish ambassador, from whom I learnt it.

The Count de Fersen was the only person at Paris to whom the king at this time gave his entire confidence. He went privately to the palace by means of one of those passports that were given to some of the household and others who were supposed to have business

there, and had therefore liberty to enter at all hours. He saw their Majesties in the king's closet, and by his means their correspondence was carried on, and the king's intentions communicated.

For a long time the king had determined to escape from Paris, and Count Fersen arranged with the most consummate skill all the details of this enterprise. He had two friends in whom he trusted implicitly : Mr. Quintin Craufurd, an English gentleman well known in Parisian society, and Mrs. Sullivan, who resided in Mr. Craufurd's house, and was afterwards known as Mrs. Craufurd. Fersen had the greatest contempt for the levity of the French character, and seems to think that the moment a Frenchman is in possession of a secret he writes about it or confides it to his mistress. Three of the garde-de-corps, however, were called in to assist in the final arrangements. The count had procured a passport in the name of a "Baroness de Korff," and had ordered a travelling-coach in her name. Madame de Tourzel* was to personate Madame de Korff travelling with her family to Frankfort. Count Fersen assumed the whole responsibility of the safe conduct of the royal party as far as Châlons. After that the Marquis de Bouillé, who commanded the troops on the eastern frontier, was charged to protect the travellers by escorts of cavalry.

The night of the 20th of June was finally selected for the attempt at escape, and the travelling-carriage was placed at Mr. Quintin Craufurd's house, and a little before midnight Fersen's coachman, a Swede, who did not talk French, and one of the garde-de-corps, mounted as postilions, took the coach with its four Norman horses, and a saddle-horse, and halted on the road near the Barrière St. Martin, with orders, in case of seeing any one, to move forwards and return again to their station. Count Fersen went to see the king on the evening of the 20th, and the king determined to depart, although he thought some suspicions were entertained. Count Fersen departed, and at the appointed time arrived with a job coach and horses which he had purchased.

The following is the account of the escape as related by Lord Auckland : —

The dauphin was put to bed at the usual hour, but about half past eleven o'clock* Madame de Tourzel woke him and dressed him

* Governess of the children of France.

† Madame Royale gives the time as half past ten, and we think this was the real time.

in girl's clothes. About the same time Fersen, dressed and acting as a coachman, came with the other coach to the court at the Tuileries called La Cour des Princes, as if to wait for some one who was in the palace. He stopped at the apartment of the Duc de Villiquier, that had a communication with the one above it. Soon after he arrived, Madame de Tourzel came out with the two children. Fersen put them into the carriage. Neither of the children spoke a word, but he observed that Madame Royale was bathed in tears. She had all along shown great sensibility, and a degree of prudence and understanding beyond what might be expected from her years. Fersen drove at a common pace to the Petit Carroussel, and stopped near the house that was formerly inhabited by the Duchesse de la Vallière. Neither that house nor the houses near it have a court to admit carriages, and it is common to see them waiting in the street there. Madame Elizabeth came, attended by one of her gentlemen, who, as soon as he put her in the coach, left her. The king came next; he had a round brown wig over his hair, a greatcoat on, and a stick in his hand. He was followed at some distance by one of the garde-de-corps. They waited for the queen a full quarter of an hour. The king began to be apprehensive, and wanted to go back to look for her, but Fersen dissuaded him. While they waited for the queen, Lafayette passed twice in his carriage, followed by two dragoons, once in going to the Rue de Honoré, and again in returning from it. On seeing him the king showed some emotion, but not of fear, and said, loud enough for Fersen to hear him, "*Le scélérat!*"

• The queen at last arrived, followed by the other garde-de-corps. She had been detained by unexpectedly finding a sentinel at the top of the stair she was to descend by. He was walking negligently backwards and forwards, and singing. The queen at last observed that as he went forward from the stair, the pier of an arch must prevent him from seeing her. She took that opportunity quickly to descend without noise, and made signs to the garde-de-corps to do the same. As soon as the queen was in the carriage, the two garde-de-corps got up behind it, and Fersen drove away.

Mr. Croker, in his "Essays on the French Revolution," originally published in the *Quarterly Review*, observes "that the journey to Varennes is an extraordinary instance of the difficulty of ascertaining historical truth. There have been published twelve narratives by eye-witnesses of, and partakers in, these transactions, and all these narratives contradict each other on trivial, and some on more essential, points, but always in a wonderful and inexplicable manner." In the account by Madame Royale, it is positively stated that the queen conducted the children to the carriage. This assertion very

much exercised the mind of Mr. Croker, and it now appears it was incorrect, for the journal of Count Fersen of the 20th gives the same account of the order in which the royal family escaped as Lord Auckland.

In one of the accounts it is stated that Count Fersen did not know the streets of Paris, which seems very unlikely; but it appears that such was the count's caution that he first drove to Mr. Craufurd's house, to see if the travelling-carriage had started, and then drove rapidly to the Barrière St. Martin. In the statement by Madame Royale, it is averred that Count Fersen took leave of the royal family there, and this account is adopted by Mr. Croker; but it is an error, for both Count Fersen and Lord Auckland agree that it was at or near Bondy that the parting took place. It will be seen that the king refused to allow Fersen to accompany the royal family in their flight. We think that if he had consented, the escape might have been effected. All that was wanted was a cool head in danger, and that was lamentably wanting.

This is from the Auckland MSS.:—

When they came to the other coach, the one that brought the royal family from Paris was driven to some distance and overturned into a ditch. They got into the travelling coach. Fersen rode before and ordered post-horses at Bondy. It is common for persons who live at Paris to come the first stage with their own horses. The post-horses, on showing the passport, were therefore given without any hesitation. Two of the garde-de-corps mounted on the seat of the coach, the other went before as a courier. The coachman was sent on with the coach-horses towards Brussels, and Fersen accompanied the royal family about three miles beyond Bondy, when he quitted them to go to Mons, and from thence to Montmédy. Though he pressed the king very much to permit him to go along with him, he positively refused it, saying, "If you should be taken it will be impossible for me to save you; besides, you have papers of importance. I therefore conjure you to get out of France as fast as you can." He joined his own carriage that was waiting for him near Bourgette, and arrived at Mons at two in the morning of the 22nd, without meeting with any sort of interruption.

The following account from the journal of Count Fersen was written in pencil on scraps of paper, but it will be seen that with the exception of some difference in time it agrees substantially with Lord Auckland's paper.

20 (1).

Conversation with the king on what he wished to do. Both told me to proceed without delay. We agreed upon the house, etc.,

etc., so that if they were stopped I should go to Brussels and act from there, etc., etc. At parting the king said to me, "M. de Fersen, whatever happens to me I shall never forget all that you have done for me." The queen wept bitterly. At six o'clock I left her; she went out to walk with the children. No extraordinary precautions. I returned home to finish my affairs. At seven o'clock went to Sullivan to see if the carriage had been sent; returned home again at eight o'clock. I wrote to the queen to change the "rendezvous" with the waiting-woman, and to instruct them to let me know the exact hour by the garde-de-corps; take the letter nothing moving. At a quarter to nine o'clock the gardes join me; they give me the letter for Mercy.* I give them instructions, return home, send off my horses and coachman. Go to fetch the carriage. Thought I had lost Mercy's letter. At quarter past ten o'clock in the Cour des Princes. At quarter past eleven the children taken out without difficulty. Lafayette passed twice. At a quarter to twelve Madame Elisabeth came, then the king, then the queen. Start at twelve o'clock, meet the carriage at the Barrière St. Martin. At half past one o'clock reach Bondy, take post; at three o'clock I leave them, taking the by-road to Bourgette.†

On arriving at Mons the count wrote to his father a letter acquainting him with the triumphant success of his attempt.

All had gone well when the directions were in the hands of the brave and cautious Swedish officer, but the moment the French commanders took the affair into their own hands at Châlons, everything was lost through their levity and want of common sense. Baron de Goguelat, an engineer officer who superintended the details of the expedition from Châlons, already had given offence to the inhabitants of St. Meneshould, and had quarrelled with Drouet, the postmaster there, through employing another man's horses which were cheaper to take his own carriage back. The Duc de Choiseul, who commanded the first detachment at Somme-Velle, near Châlons, because the travelling-carriage was late, retreated not by the main road, where the royal family could have overtaken him, but across a country he did not know, and he did not arrive at Varennes till after the arrest of the royal family, having previously sent a message to the other commander that the "treasure"‡ would not arrive that evening. On the carriage arriving at St. Meneshould, the commanding officer of the hussars there foolishly

went to speak to the king, who put his head out of the window and was instantly recognized by Drouet, who immediately after the departure of the king rode off to Varennes and procured his arrest. Everything there was in confusion. The young Count de Bouillé was in bed; his hussars with their horses unsaddled. The Duc de Choiseul, the Count de Damas, arrived with men enough to rescue the prisoners, but nothing was done. The king would give no orders, and the officers were afraid of responsibility. Count de Damas told Mr. Charles Ross, the editor of the "Cornwallis Correspondence," "that he asked leave of the king to charge with the men the mob who interrupted him. The queen urged him to do it, but Louis would take no responsibility, and would give no order till it was too late. M. de Damas added he had ever since regretted not acting without orders." The Count de Bouillé fled from Varennes to acquaint his father, who was at the next station, Dun, with the misfortune that had befallen the king. The marquis hastened with the Royal Allemand regiment to rescue the royal family, but he arrived too late. They had already left for Paris, escorted by the National Guard.

It was at Arlon, on his journey to Montmédy, the fortress on the French frontier where the king intended to set up his standard if successful in his attempt at escape, that Count Fersen heard the news of the failure.

The count writes in his journal:—

Le 23. — Fine weather, cold. Arrived at Arlon at eleven o'clock in the evening. Found Bouillé, learnt that the king was taken; the detachments not done their duty. The king wanting in resolution and head.

The count now took up his residence at Brussels, where he was joined by his friend Craufurd, and henceforth employed his whole time until the execution of the queen in attempting to save her. Although well knowing the fate that would await him if discovered, he wished to return to Paris. His correspondence with Marie Antoinette was constant.

Here is a letter from her, written on the 29th of June:—

I exist. . . . How anxious I have been about you, and how I grieve to think of all you must have suffered from not hearing of us! Heaven grant that this letter may reach you! Don't write to me, it would only endanger us, and above all, don't return here under any pretext. It is known that you attempted our escape, and all would be lost if you were to

* Formerly Austrian ambassador at the court of Versailles.

† A village on the high road to Mons.

‡ The pretext for presence of the troops was that they were to escort treasure to the army.

appear. We are guarded day and night. No matter. . . . Keep your mind at ease. Nothing will happen to me. The Assembly wishes to deal gently with us. Adieu. . . . I cannot write more. . . .

The Field-Marshal de Fersen was very anxious that his son should now return to his own country, where a great career awaited him, but the count refused to entertain the idea. Count Fersen writes from Vienna,* August 1791:—

20th August.—The confidence with which the king and queen of France have honored me impose upon me the duty of not abandoning them on this occasion, and of serving them whenever in future it is possible for me to be of use to them. I should deserve all censure were I to do otherwise. I alone have been admitted into their confidence, and I may still, from the knowledge I have of their position, their sentiments, and the affairs of France, be of service to them. I should reproach myself eternally as having helped to bring them into their present disastrous position without having used every means in my power to release them from it. Such conduct would be unworthy of your son, and you, my dear father, whatever it may cost you, would not you yourself disapprove of it? It would be inconsistent and fickle, and is far from my way of thinking. As I have mixed myself up in the cause, I will go on to the end. I shall then have nothing to reproach myself with, and if I do not succeed—if this unhappy prince finds himself forsaken, I shall, at least, have the consolation of having done my duty, and of having never betrayed the confidence with which he has honored me.

Baron de Staël, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, who through his wife was suspected of intriguing in favor of the new order of things, seems to have endeavored on all occasions to counteract the efforts of his former friend. It is singular that Gustavus, a fanatical adherent of the French royal family, should have allowed him to remain in his service.

Count Fersen writes to Marie Antoinette:—

Staël says dreadful things of me. He has corrupted my coachman and taken him into his service, which has annoyed me very much. He has prejudiced many persons against me, who blame my conduct, and say that in what I have done I have been guided solely by ambition, and that I have lost you and the king. The Spanish ambassador and others are of this opinion; he is at Louvain, and has not seen any one here.—They are right; I had the ambition to serve you, and I shall all my life lament my not having succeeded; I wished

to repay in some part the benefits which it has been so delightful for me to receive from you, and I hoped to prove that it is possible to be attached to persons like yourself without interested motives. The rest of my conduct should have shown that this was my sole ambition, and that the honor of having served you was my best recompense.

Count Fersen remained at Brussels, and numerous plans for the relief of the royal family were engaged in by his advice. In February 1792 he determined, in spite of the extreme danger, to proceed to Paris to see again the king and queen. He departed from Brussels on Sunday the 12th, and arrived in Paris on Monday evening.

There is the following entry in his journal:—

Went to the queen. Passed in my usual way, afraid of the National Guard. Did not see the king.

Le 14, Tuesday.—Saw the king at six o'clock in the evening, he does not wish to escape, and cannot on account of the extreme watchfulness; but in reality he has scruples, having so often promised to remain, for he is an "honest man."

Count Fersen had a long conversation with the queen on the same evening, in which they talked about the details of the journey from Varennes, and the queen related what insults they had received: how the Marquis de Dampierre, having approached the carriage at St Meneshould, was murdered in their sight, and his head brought to the carriage; how insolently Pétion behaved, who asked her for, pretending not to know, the name of the Swede who drove them from the palace, to whom Marie Antoinette answered "that she was not in the habit of knowing the names of hackney coachmen."

Count Fersen remained in Paris till the 21st, when with his companion he left for Brussels, where he arrived on the 23rd. They were arrested several times, but got through by informing the guards that they were Swedish couriers. On the subject of the flight to Varennes we give one more extract. Just before the execution of the queen, Drouet, commissary of the Convention, was arrested by the Austrians in attempting to escape from Maubeuge. He was brought to Brussels, and Count Fersen went to see him.

Sunday, 6th October.—Drouet* arrived at eleven o'clock. I went with Colonel Harvey to see him in the prison of St. Elizabeth. He

* The count went to Vienna to induce the emperor Leopold to assist his sister.

* Drouet was the postmaster at St. Meneshould, not the postmaster's son, as is generally believed. He was afterwards exchanged.

is a man of from thirty-three to thirty-four years of age, six feet high, and good-looking enough if he were not so great a scoundrel. He had irons on his hands and feet. We asked him if he were the postmaster of Saint Menehould who had stopped the king at Varennes; he said that he had been at Varennes, but that it was not he who had arrested the king. We asked him if he had left Maubeuge from fear of being taken. He said no, but to execute a commission with which he was charged. He kept his coat closed to prevent the chain, which led from his right foot to his left hand, being seen. The sight of this infamous villain incensed me, and the effort that I made to refrain from speaking to him (in consideration for the Abbé de Limon and Count Fitz-James) affected me painfully. Another officer who was taken with him maintained that the queen was in no danger, that she was very well treated, and had everything she could wish. The scoundrels, how they lie! — An Englishman arrived in Switzerland, said he had paid twenty-five louis to be allowed to enter the prison where the queen was; he carried in a jug of water — the room is underground, and contains only a poor bed, a table, and one chair. He found the queen seated with her face buried in her hands — her head was covered with two handkerchiefs, and she was extremely ill-dressed; she did not even look up at him, and of course it was understood that he should not speak to her. What a horrible story! I am going to inquire into the truth of it.

The count never saw Marie Antoinette again, but he still contrived to correspond with her until her removal to the Conciergerie. Then all hope seemed over.

Count Fersen's sufferings were extreme during the period of apprehension before the queen's execution. He attempted in vain, through Count Mercy, to prevail on the allies to march on Paris. But the Austrians were more intent on seizing the French fortresses, and the English on the siege of Dunkirk, than in making a desperate campaign on behalf of the royal family. These are the last accounts in Count Fersen's journal respecting the queen: —

Here are some particulars about the queen. Her room was the third door to the right, on entering, opposite to that of Custine; it was on the ground floor, and looked into a court which was filled all day with prisoners, who through the window looked at and insulted the queen. Her room was small, dark, and fetid; there was neither stove nor fireplace; in it there were three beds: one for the queen, another for the woman who served her, and a third for the two gendarmes, who never left the room. The queen's bed was, like the others, made of wood; it had a pailleasse, a mattress, and one dirty, torn blanket, which had long

been used by other prisoners; the sheets were coarse, unbleached linen; there were no curtains, only an old screen. The queen wore a kind of black spencer (*caraco*), her hair, cut short, was quite grey. She had become so thin as to be hardly recognizable, and so weak she could scarcely stand. She wore three rings on her fingers, but not jewelled ones. The woman who waited on her was a kind of fishwife, of whom she made great complaints. The soldiers told Michonis that she did not eat enough to keep her alive; they said that her food was very bad, and they showed him a stale, skinny chicken, saying, "This chicken has been served to madame for four days, and she has not eaten it." The gendarmes complained of their bed, though it was just the same as the queen's. The queen always slept dressed, and in black, expecting every moment to be murdered or to be led to torture, and wishing to be prepared for either in mourning. Michonis wept as he spoke of the weak state of the queen's health, and he said that he had only been able to get the black spencer and some necessary linen for the queen from the Temple, after a deliberation in Council. These are the sad details he gave me.

Marie Antoinette was executed on the 16th of October, 1793. It was not till four days afterwards, on the 20th, that the news arrived at Brussels.

The following are extracts from Count Fersen's journal: —

Sunday, October 20th. — Grandmaison tells me that Ackerman, a banker, received a letter from his correspondent in Paris, telling him that the sentence against the queen had been passed the evening before; that it was to have been carried into execution directly, but that circumstances had retarded it; that the people (that is, the paid people) were murmuring that it was "*ce matin que Marie Antoinette doit paraître à la fenêtre nationale*." Although I have been prepared for this, and have in fact expected it ever since the removal from the Conciergerie, yet the certainty has quite prostrated me. I went to talk of this misfortune with my friends Madame Fitz-James and the Baron de Breteuil; they wept with me, above all Madame Fitz-James. The *Gazette* of the 17th speaks of it. It was on the 16th at half past eleven that this execrable crime was committed, and divine vengeance has not burst upon these monsters!

Monday, 21st. — I can think of nothing but my loss; it is dreadful to have no actual details, to think of her alone in her last moments without consolation, without a creature to speak to, to whom to express her last wishes; it is horrible. Those hellish monsters! No, without revenge on them my heart will never be satisfied.

Gustavus III. had fallen by the hands of an assassin at a masked ball. The king of France had already been beheaded,

the Princesse de Lamballe murdered by the mob of Paris in a manner too horrible to relate, and now the queen, who trusted him and him alone, had been dragged in a cart with her hands tied behind her to the place of execution and subjected to the insults of a brutal populace. What alleviation could there be to a blow like this? Count Fersen was soon recalled to Sweden by the regent, and henceforth he interested himself mainly in the affairs of his country. He was much in the confidence of the young king Gustavus IV., and on that unfortunate monarch's expulsion from the throne, Count Fersen, then the chief of the nobility and grand marshal, still remained an adherent of the house of Vasa. This was the cause of his disastrous end. Count Fersen, whilst assisting at the funeral of Prince Charles of Holstein, who had been selected to succeed to the throne of Sweden, was murdered in the most cowardly and cruel manner by the mob of Stockholm. His last words were an appeal to God, before whom he was about to appear, to spare his assassins, and this happened in 1810, on the *twentieth* of June, the anniversary of his daring enterprise.

EASTER EGGS.

CHAPTER I.

THEY come to you of all sizes and of all colors: purple, and yellow, crimson, orange and puce. The children bring them, beggars bring them, your friends send them. Some come in china-bowls, some in baskets arranged with moss and flowers, and some are simply presented on plates. You are not bound to eat them—that is one comfort, else the inconvenience might decidedly be very great, since every egg is boiled to the consistence of a bullet, and is, of course, cold. Nevertheless, the custom is pretty, and the eggs themselves are pretty, the bright hues given them by the dye with which they are boiled enduing them with a most picturesque look as they lie piled among moss and flowers. Sometimes they are presented in company with *galettes* and *goffres*—two kinds of cake very popular in Belgium—the latter being a species of pancake, while the other is the identical cake which in foreign pictures of Little Red Ridinghood we see depicted in that hapless damsel's basket, side by side with the traditional butter.

During my first Easter in the Ardennes, a whole love story came to my ears through an Easter egg and a little basket of *galettes*. I will not tell the tale; it shall tell itself.

"I hear monsieur is going to Liège," said a sweet voice.

I lowered my gun with its muzzle to the ground, and looked at the speaker. She was the brightest, neatest little figure I had ever seen; a brunette, with sparkling hazel eyes, and blue-black hair, and cheeks of a brownish ruddy hue—a very picture of health and comely strength. Not very delicate or refined-looking, perhaps; yet, nevertheless, having the happier beauty of a sound mind in a sound body, with all that cheerful readiness about her which is one of the best gifts of robust health.

"Mademoiselle, it is true. I go to Liège on Easter-even. Can I do anything for you there?"

The brown cheek grew ruddier, with just a tiny tinge of crimson, which was gone in a moment, for these brunettes do not show upon their faces every shade of thought and feeling as the sensitive blondes are fain to do.

"Monsieur is very good; if only I might venture to ask a favor?"

"Ask," I responded, smiling. "I will execute your commission with pleasure."

"First, if monsieur would let me explain who I am. I am Fifi, grand-niece to Madame Rodière."

Madame Rodière was the old lady who did me the honor to be my housekeeper, and I had heard her speak often of Josephine as a good, honest girl, who did much of the work on the little farm which her father rented.

"Mademoiselle Josephine, pray enter and seat yourself: then you shall tell me what you want at Liège."

This little conversation had taken place in my

garden, just as I was going out in the hope of shooting some hoopoes* which I had seen in a meadow close by. The April wind was cutting and keen, and I was glad, therefore, to get the pretty Josephine into a warm seat by the kitchen fire. She did not use much circumlocution in coming at her request.

"Monsieur, I have a friend at Liège; will you charge yourself with a little basket for him?"

She drew it from beneath her shawl as she spoke—a pretty little covered basket of colored straw.

"It is only a few *galettes* and an Easter egg; but Félix always expects them from me at Easter, and I should be so sorry to disappoint him."

"And is this all?" said I, taking the basket from her hand. "Is there no message, no letter?"

"Alas! monsieur, I cannot write, neither can Félix; but we do not forget each other."

Again the tinge of crimson deepened her brown cheek, yet she gazed at me with steadfast, unshrinking eyes, as she continued in a firmer tone: "We are betrothed, Félix and I. And we have not seen each other for two years. He was home on furlough, then, for a little while."

"So Félix is a soldier," I rejoined, doubtfully. "Is it a wise thing for an industrious girl like you to marry a soldier?"

"He was 'drawn,'" she answered, sighing; "he could not help being a soldier. His family was too poor to buy a substitute for him, so he is obliged to serve. He has served five years now, so in two more he will be free."

"And will it be prudent," I reiterated, "to expect a man, who has been seven years a soldier, to return home and take up industrious pursuits again? Félix will like soldiering too well for that; at the expiration of his seven years' service he will enlist and get his bounty."

Fifi opened her clear hazel eyes wide, and looked at me wonderingly.

"Monsieur has not seen Félix; when he has seen him he will not say that. He will not ask, either, whether it will be wise to marry him. I have known him and loved him all my life long," she added, innocently, as she arose and made me a little curtsy by way of leave-taking.

"Stay, Mademoiselle Fifi; you have not told me where to find your friend."

"At the barracks, if monsieur will not mind going."

"And whom must I ask for at the barracks?"

"Félix Roussel. And if monsieur would kindly put the basket in his hand and say: 'From Fifi Rodière, with a thousand kind thoughts,' there will be no need of more."

"But if Félix asks questions, what shall I say?"

"Please then tell him La Mère Vigneron's rheumatism is better, and my father has bought a new cow—we have called her Blanchette—and we have ten lambs this Easter. Oh, and tell him, too, that his father can walk quite well now with a stick, and

* These beautiful birds are seen at times in the Ardennes in going or returning from their migrations.

on Sundays, coming home from Mass, he leans on my arm."

She made me another little curtsey, and ran away, as if she thought she had already detained me too long.

"What an absurd commission!" I said within myself, as I eyed the basket with some discontent. "The idea of making me a messenger to carry love tokens! But these Ardennais peasants trouble themselves little about the fitness of things."

CHAPTER II

AT Liège I hired a fly, and drove up to the barracks with my galettes and the variegated Easter egg reposing on the cushion beside me. At the gateway I found an old sergeant, gray-headed and grim, smoking a surreptitious pipe with an air of fierce satisfaction.

"Can I see a young soldier named Félix Roussel, of the Fourth Company?" I asked, putting my head from the window.

The old sergeant withdrew his pipe from his lips slowly, and shook his head.

"The poor garçon is in hospital," he said. "You cannot see him without an order from the colonel. And as this is not visiting-day, you won't get one."

Deliberately as he had withdrawn the pipe from his lips he restored it, and smoked on stolidly, with a Flemish phlegm sorely aggravating to a quick temperament. Now, while it appeared to me perfectly easy to see Félix Roussel, I had not cared much about my mission; in fact, the affair had presented itself to me in a ridiculous light, and I had once or twice felt tempted to give the fair Fifine's galettes to some hungry street dog, and pelt him afterwards with the Easter egg. But lo! a difficulty springs up; a piece of military routine and a stolid Flemish sergeant stand in my way, and immediately my spirit is roused, and I feel bound in honor to overcome all obstacles, and deposit Mademoiselle Josephine's offering in the hands of her expectant lover.

"Where does the colonel live, my friend?"

The sergeant did not trouble himself to answer. Lifting one heavy hand, he pointed to a house near, and then, with extreme slowness, he permitted his hand to sink again into the pocket of his baggy trousers.

"You are Flemish, I think?"

An almost imperceptible nod was the only reply I received. His first speech, being a long one, had evidently exhausted him. Nevertheless, I was resolved to make him talk.

"What part of Flanders do you come from, friend?"

He looked aggravated, yet with the pipe between his teeth, he condescended to say: "Jabakkuk."

"Ah! a delightful village!" I cried, cheerfully. "I know it well. Smooth and flat as a table. No nonsensical trees and rocks there to hinder tillage. No hills to tire men and horses. Not a tree to be seen, except a stray pollard willow, or here and

there a straight line of poplars, standing like soldiers at drill. And plenty of fine wholesome water in the ditches."

Was I mistaken, or did a gleam of satisfaction shoot from those small, boiled, blue eyes? Yes, and the pipe comes out of the mouth now.

"Ja! ja! Jabakkuk is a fine place!"

"What corn?" I exclaimed.

"What grass?" said the sergeant.

"What horses!—thick as elephants!" I continued.

"What tobacco! Ah!"

"You are right. What splendid land for tobacco!"

"And himmel! what beer!" said the sergeant.

"Petermann! and Faro!" * I cried. "Come and have a glass now."

The sergeant was won. He came, he drank, he thawed, he condescended to initiate me into certain military rules and ceremonies, which satisfactorily fulfilled, I might pierce the sealed doors of the hospital, and see Félix Roussel.

Enough that I got safely through them all, and was conducted by the sergeant himself into a long and exquisitely clean ward, lined on either side by white beds. To my surprise, he passed silently through this; as I glanced at each sickly face, thinking first this, then that was Félix Roussel, and coming at last to a small door at the end, he opened it softly, laying at the same time his finger on his lips, and whispering, in a strange voice, "Hush!"

The door was shut again immediately, and to my intense astonishment I found myself in darkness.

"This is the blind ward," whispered the sergeant, as I stood silent, groping with my hands, and wondering where I was.

The stillness of the room was so intense that the sound of his voice seemed unnatural, and the echo of our own steps grated harshly on my ear.

In a moment or two my eyes got accustomed to the obscurity, and I perceived the darkness was not so great as I had imagined. And I now saw dimly many a weary figure lying or sitting listless, with drooping head, and hands clasped idly on the knees. Some were in bed with faces hidden on the pillow, as though even the scanty light admitted here was too great a pain for the vexed eyes to bear. It struck me at first as cruel to place these melancholy patients together in their dismal darkness; but then, if their affliction obliged them to shut out the sunshine, it was easy to comprehend why the hospital authorities had assembled them in one ward.

Scarcely a figure stirred at our entrance; the pitiful patience of blindness seemed to weigh down every head in hopeless apathy. Through the long length of the dismal room, the Flemish sergeant led me silently, till we reached a bed on which a young man sat in an attitude of patient weariness. His eyes were bandaged by a thick handkerchief, leaving visible only his pale, haggard cheeks and bearded mouth. One hand, white and thin with long sickness and unrest, lay on the quilt, the other pressed his

* The names of two celebrated Belgian brews.

forehead. No words can paint upon the mind the picture of lonely, bitter dejection presented by this pale and woeful figure.

"Félix, lad," said the sergeant, "here is a friend come to see thee."

Mechanically at the sergeant's voice the hand upon his brow formed the military salute, then fell down helpless, and no change, no hope, no smile passed over the wan face.

"A friend from the Ardennes," said I—"a friend from Saint Hilaire."

Then I saw his lips quiver, and his thin hand clutched the quilt, as with a sudden spasm.

"I cannot see you," he said, wearily, stretching his other hand toward me; "and the voice is a stranger's."

"A stranger's, yes; but I bring you a message from friends. Josephine Rodière sends you this."

And into the thin hand held so helplessly toward me, I put the little basket that I had so foolishly despised. Heavens! what a treasure it was here! What a light of hope and joy it brought upon that woe-worn face! What a smile played upon the pale lips, as his hand passed over it caressingly!

"Josephine!" he said. "Then she has not forgotten me!"

Word for word, I repeated her message, while he listened with head bent forward, and a life and hope upon his face that, a moment ago, I should have said it could never wear again.

"Your parents, your friends and Josephine know nothing of your illness," I continued. "Why have you kept them in ignorance of this misfortune?"

"How could I tell them?" he cried, as his hand pressed painfully on his darkened eyes. "It is too dreadful to tell."

I was silent. I felt such evil tidings were indeed terrible, and I already dreaded to be the messenger of such woe.

"Cheer up, lad!" said the sergeant. "You will get your discharge at any rate."

The young man raised his patient face with a weary sigh.

"I am a log now upon the earth," he said. "I was a help at home once—a prop—a comfort; but in the weary days to come I must eat bread that I have never earned, and be a burden to those I love best. O sergeant! they should take me out and shoot me now."

His head fell forward on his hands, and he groaned in anguish of spirit. I could think of no words to comfort him, neither could the sergeant, for he stole silently away, and left me with him alone. But the young man himself cast aside his misery for a moment, as he spoke again of his love.

"Ah! Fifiue was always a famous hand at galettes," he said; "and here is an Easter-egg. Will monsieur tell me its color?"

"Violet," I answered.

"Ah! a sad color. She must have guessed I was sorrowful."

"No she did not guess it; but I think you should

write to her and tell her. Reflect what a shock your misfortune will be to her, to your mother, to all, if you do not let them hear of it before you return home. The sergeant tells me you will get your discharge very shortly. I will write a letter willingly for you, if you like."

He consented to my proposition with a wistful smile, and, writing materials being procured, he dictated as follows. I put down word for word what he said, altering nothing. At our end of the long, obscure room we were quite alone, the other patients, with kindly tact, keeping away from us. Here is the letter of the poor blind soldier:

"MY DEAR FIFINE: I thank you with my whole heart for your Easter gift; it came to me as the leaves come in May,* when the sun makes a sudden summer, and winter and frost vanish. For, my dear Fifiue, I am very sad; a great misfortune has befallen me. I was at work here on the new fortifications, when a mine we had made to blow up a great rock exploded too soon, and I and six other men were badly hurt. Fifiue, dear friend, the hurt fell upon my eyes, and I am blind. The doctors say that, with care and rest, I may see again one day; but the good God knows; I have no hope of that myself. I am useless now as a soldier, so my colonel has sent to Brussels for my discharge, and it is expected every day. Fifiue, I shall come home with a sad heart, because my father is a poor man, and I fear I shall be a burden to him all my life long. I sit through the weary day upon my bed, thinking and wondering what I shall do, not to be a burden. My poor mother is getting old and feeble. I thought to help her—I thought to work for her; but all that is over now, and I can only say, may the good God's will be done!

"Fifiue, my dear, because I write this to you, do not think I make any claim on you, or wish to hold you to that promise you gave me so long ago. No; I hope I am not so wicked. I shall never see your dear face again; but when you give yourself to some happier man, he will let me take your hand and kiss your cheek, and bless you with my whole heart. And, until I die, you will be my sole and only love upon the earth. There, I will not say any more of this, because you have a kind heart, and I should wring it if I told you all my heavy thoughts as I brood in darkness over my happiness gone. Fifiue, when I took your pretty present in my hand, and heard your message, I felt you still loved me; but that does not hinder that we must part, my dearest; I am only a blind burden, a helpless drag, not a man who can work for a wife, and bring a blessing to his home. If Henri Lefèvre still cares for you, I will try to take him by the hand, and wish him and you joy. I will, indeed, Fifiue.

"My dear love, will you go to my poor mother,

* There is no spring in the Ardennes. The weather changes from frost and snow to intense heat, and the trees in a few days are full of leaves.

and break to her the news of my blindness as gently as you can? Do not tell mother the news all at once; relate it to her little by little, and try chiefly to make her think of the joy I shall have in coming home. But do not expect me, dear friend, for a fortnight yet, because you know I must walk home, and, being blind, I scarcely know yet how I shall manage to accomplish the journey. Perhaps I shall find a comrade going my way who will charge himself for a little time with the care of a poor blind man.

"I am glad Mère Vigneron's rheumatism is better. Give my respects to her, and to all friends. Present my duty to father and mother, and embrace my mother for me on both cheeks. I am pleased Farmer Rodière has a new cow. I send my respectful homage to all at your home, and subscribe myself, my dear Fifine, your devoted servant and friend,

"FELIX ROUSSEL.

"P. S.—Stroke Blanchette for me. Is the rye coming up finely this spring? Ah, Fifine! I shall not help your father to reap it, as I did two years ago. Do not grieve about me; doubtless things will go happily for me, when I am once more among you all. Always thine,

"FELIX."

On finishing this, I bade the poor soldier adieu, and, after posting his letter, I went straight to call on the colonel of his regiment. From him I ascertained that Félix Roussel's discharge was not expected from the authorities at Brussels for another week. I was glad to hear this, as it would give me time to go on to Louvain and conclude the business I had in hand there, and on my return I would hire a vehicle and drive the poor blind soldier home to Saint Hilaire myself.

CHAPTER III.

MY business detained me a day or two longer than I expected; but still I had no thought of being disappointed in seeing Félix Roussel when I drove up to the hospital and asked for him.

"He is gone, sir; he left two days ago."

"With whom?—how?"

"On foot. A young woman, apparently a relative, was with him."

This was all they knew. And I drove on to the barracks, trusting my friend, the Flemish sergeant, would be able to enlighten me further. But he was away on a long march, and I was fain to leave Liège in ignorance of all details respecting the poor soldier's departure. And now, having no longer the hope of his company, I renounced my intention of driving home by the hilly road between Liège and Marche, but chose the pleasanter way of going to Namur by railroad, and thence up the Meuse by steamer to Dinant. At this picturesque town I hired a species of tilbury, with a stout Ardennais pony, and drove steadily on through the lovely scenery which lies between the Meuse and the Ardennes.

From hill to hill, over long, straight roads, poplar-

lined, I went but slowly, half-wearing of my loneliness, till on a bridge, at the foot of a steep ascent, I drew up to rest awhile. The bridge was, more properly speaking, a viaduct, and I looked down upon a noble valley, beautifully wooded, and watered by a clear stream which dashed along rapidly over rocks and boulders. Suddenly, amid the deep stillness surrounding me, I heard the murmur of voices, and glancing toward the sunnier side of the vale, I saw two figures seated on a bank by the water's edge. One was a young woman, stout, strong, firmly made; the other was a poor creature attenuated by sickness, and worn out by pain and weariness.

Almost at the first glance I recognized them. They were Félix Roussel and Josephine Rodière. Wondering at the girl's strength and constancy, I stood awhile, listening to their talk.

"Fifine, *ma chère amie*, I am exhausted," said the soldier, in a feeble voice. "Thou seest I can go no farther. Leave me here, and go on to the nearest village and seek a shelter for thyself for the night."

Fifine paid no attention to this counsel. "See here, Félix," she replied, "I will sit here with thee on this bank and rest as long as thou wilt; but say no more to me of leaving thee on the road, because that cuts me to the heart."

"O Fifine! I am weary unto death," moaned the blind man, as he fell back heavily on the grass. "Why should I deceive you? I can walk no more, my poor friend."

"When you have rested, Félix, you will feel stronger. Lean on me, and try to sleep."

"I cannot sleep, Fifine. My eyes smart, and ache, and sting so cruelly, that my courage is fast ebbing away, and I feel I can bear the pain no longer."

The girl laid his head gently on the grass, and, rising, she went to the bank and steeped her handkerchief in the clear water, then, first removing the bandage that bound them, she laid it softly on his eyes.

"That does you good, Félix, I know."

"O Fifine, what a weary burden I am to you," he answered, as she went to and fro to the brook, continually renewing the cooling bandage till he felt relieved.

"There now, Félix, you talk like a child again. Why vex me with such words?"

"Because they are true. I have leaned on you the whole way from Liège—it is your arm that has supported me, your strength that has borne me up. But for you, I should have fallen on the road a hundred times. And if I can reach home, Fifine, it will be your courage, your constancy, that will accomplish the task. As for me, left alone, I would lie down, and only pray to die. O my dear, dear love, you have been very good to the poor, blind, helpless creature who clings to you so wearily."

Fifine did not answer him; she turned her face away, though he could not see her, and shed tears silently. I had long understood that the letter I had written had brought the brave girl to her lover's aid, and I thought the richest lady in the land might envy her those tears.

"Fifine," said the soldier, anxiously, as though the silence terrified him, "are you there?"

"I am here, Félix," she answered, in a cheerful voice, stifling her tears.

"You are very patient with me," he said, softly. "Are you tired?"

"Tired! a great strong girl like me! No, indeed, Félix."

"I mean, are you weary of my complaints?" he continued, searching gropingly for her hand. "Fifine, I will never forget your kindness; whether I live or whether I die, I will never forget it. I try to think that I may accept it now, on this weary journey, because it is the last time I will give you trouble. Once at home, I will pray the burgomaster to get me into an asylum for the blind."

"You will do no such thing," answered Fifine, quickly. "What! may I not work for you? Do you want to break my heart, Félix?"

The young man was silent. I saw that pride and sorrow chained his lips. To him it seemed impossible to accept this devotion; but he would not say so now, since it pained her to hear it.

"Fifine, if I vex you, forgive me; it is not Félix who speaks, it is the blind, sick soldier, who has wearied for a sight of your face these two years, and now that it is near him he cannot see it."

She stooped forward and kissed him.

"But it will always be near you, Félix. Do you hear me? All your life long my hand will be close by to help you, as it is now."

She put her arm around him, and lifted him gently, as she would a child; and as his head fell upon her shoulder, I thought that if his poor scarred eyes could weep they would weep now.

"Fifine," he said, after a moment's silence, "the sun is getting low; I will try to go on. I feel better now I have rested."

"Then let me replace the bandage on your poor eyes, Félix."

As she spoke, she removed the damp and folded handkerchief resting on them, and he, seizing her hand, instantly exclaimed: "Fifine, I see bars!"

She fell on her knees, gazing at him wildly.

"Félix! Félix! You will not be blind! Oh, thank God! You will not be blind! It is my hand you see—my great clumsy fingers. Oh, how glad I am!—how glad I am!"

The sight of his joy touched me strangely, and I was forced to look away for a moment, lest my own eyes should fill with foolish tears. I would have gone down into the vale to help them long ago, but the pony was restless, and I dared not leave him. So, knowing they must come on by this road, I strove to wait patiently till they should join me. When I turned my head toward them again, Fifine, with trembling hands, was adjusting the bandage which covered the eyes of the soldier. As she aided him to rise, I saw he was wearied and worn to the last stage of weakness, and I perceived by his listless attitude of patience that the hope of recovering sight was far fainter in him than in her.

Up the steep bank, and on between the poplars into the road, she supported him with her firm arm, bearing him along as he leaned on her, in his weakness, heavily. Intent only on aiding him, seeing only him, she did not perceive me, till, with the long reins in one hand, I held the other toward her.

"Fifine, I am here to help you. This carriage is for you and Félix, and I will lead the pony."

She burst into tears of joy; she could not utter a word to thank me, and when at last speech came she could only talk of Félix.

"Ah, now, thank Heaven, he will be home to-night—he will be weary no more! And, monsieur, a minute ago he could see—think of that, he could see!"

"It was only for a moment," said Félix, with a wistful smile. "It is all dark again now, monsieur."

I would say nothing in reply, but in my own heart I had great hope from that momentary flash of sight.

It did me good to see the relief, the thankfulness, with which the poor invalid sank down upon the cushions of that uncouth tilbury. I believe, but for this help, Fifine, with all her courage and her strength, would never have brought him to Saint Hilaire. As it was, we made quite a triumphal procession as we entered the village about eight in the evening, I still leading the pony, and Josephine waving the handkerchief from beneath the hood of the queer little carriage.

I cannot describe the meeting between father, mother and son. To English readers, it might appear strange, extravagant, an exaggeration of feeling. It is not all who know how far stronger and more sacred, abroad than at home, is that pure love which we call filial and parental.

The poor soldier fainted as his mother put her arms around him. This mingling of joy and sorrow, added to his pain and weakness, overcame him. When he recovered sense and speech, he placed Josephine's hand in his mother's.

"Thank her, mother," he said; "I cannot."

In looking on the old couple, I saw in their age and feebleness the girl's reason for walking to Liège to fetch her lover. Their arms would have been of no use to him, their feeble steps could not have aided his. All were so poor that a vehicle was never thought of.

My story is nearly told. In a day or two, when Félix was rested, and seemed stronger, I fetched the good doctor from Saint Elmo to examine his eyes. The result was, as I had supposed, hopeful. Yet, for many weeks it was only an anxious, uncertain hope; for if sight came back for a moment, it flitted away again like a shadow, leaving his darkness more depressing. But as strength and health returned, sight came gradually—not sight, perhaps, as he had once possessed it, but enough to make him happy and to earn his living.

Henri Lefèvre danced merrily at the wedding; love could scarcely touch so careless a heart, and it was he who claimed the first kiss of the bride's cheek, and wished her long life and happiness.

EASTERN SPAIN--THE GARDEN-REGION OF THE PENINSULA.

FRESH and very vivid interest in Spain has been revived by the events of the last year, following immediately upon the most sweeping, yet at the same time, in its conduct, the most moderate revolution of our day. Americans, particularly, feel their curiosity keenly excited through their sympathies with the cause of Cuban independence, even while they regard the efforts of the Spanish people to establish a liberal constitutional government at home with the most friendly concern.

Spain has, indeed, become for the time being the region to which the gaze of the diplomatists and politicians in both hemispheres is mainly directed. The quarrels of Germany; the rivalry of France and Prussia; the Eastern question; and the tribulations of the Established Church in Ireland, have all been overshadowed by the strikingly dramatic incidents preceding and accompanying the regency of Serrano and Prim, and the contending intrigues now at work for the restoration of Don Carlos on the one hand, and the union of the Iberian Peninsula under the sceptre of the reigning King of Portugal, on the other. The spectacle of a nation great in historic renown and in practical achievement, possessing one of the finest territories on earth, and composed of several spirited, energetic, and chivalric races, striving to lift itself from social and

material decadence, and to resume its rank among the leading powers, is well calculated to engage the attention of mankind.

But apart from the special interest attached to her present position, "with all that pertains to Spain," says Mr. Borrow, the eloquent author of many works descriptive of the peculiar life of that romantic country, "vastness and sublimity are associated: grand are its mountains, and no less grand are its plains, which seem of boundless extent, but which are not tame, unbroken flats, like the steppes of Russia."

And what companion would be more likely to aid us in appreciating the savage as well as the gentler beauties of this peculiar land than the modern *Salvator Rosa*—the dashing, eccentric Gustave Doré, whose illustrations of *Don Quixote* have shown how thoroughly he has studied Spanish scenery and character, and identified his imagination with them in executing the remarkable drawings to which we refer?

It is with Doré, then; that we set out to-day for a rapid jaunt through the Peninsula, and we trust that our kind readers may not regret the association. Our literary chronicler is Doré's friend, who has already made the tour of Spain nine times, and is persuaded by the great artist to repeat it for the tenth. M. Charles Davillier is a delightful companion, and he is the bet-



THE COL DE PERTUS, OR PASS OVER THE PYRENEES.

er content with Doré as a fellow-traveller because the latter, as he remarks, in his prefatory chapter, would through his pencil make the world acquainted with *real Spain*—"not that of the keepsakes and comic operas, but Spain as it is, with its rustic Arragonese, its robust Catalans, its half-naked Valencians as swarthy as Kabyles, its Andalusians clad in tawny leather, and its haughty Castilians so skillful in draping themselves in impossible rags."

From Paris to Lyons, and thence to Perpignan by rail, and from the last-named place by diligence, our travellers reached the frontiers of Spain in less than forty-eight hours. Just as Bayonne is half Basque, so Perpignan is half a Catalan town; the dialect is very nearly the same that is spoken in Catalonia, and, for that matter, only about two centuries have elapsed since Roussillon became a French province, for it was in 1042 that Louis XIII. snatched that jewel from the diadem of Spain.

The diligence that was to convey the party over the mountains that form the southern French and the northern Spanish frontier, was still exclusively French, from the uniformed conductor to the six stout horses that drew it. The first passage of prominent interest that was reached was the famous *Col de Pertus*, which from time immemorial has been the natural pass over the eastern part of the Pyrenean chain; Pompey and Cæsar crossed it, and Iberia became a Roman province; many centuries later the Goths made their way through it to take the place of the Romans there; and, if we are to credit the speculations of some recent etymologists, the name of *Catalonia* is but a corruption of the word *Gothalunia*. In the eighth century the Goths were, in their turn, driven out by the Saracens, who, rushing over the *Col de Pertus*, poured down into France, and were arrested only by the prowess of Charles Martel on the plains between Poitiers and Tours. Our travellers found the mountain-slopes covered with huge cork-trees, the trunks of which, when not despoiled of their bark, are as rugged as the rock itself. In the other case they assume a streaky reddish tinge, as though blood flowed from the wounds inflicted on them. The branches of these trees are gnarled and twisted into the most grotesque shapes, and their singular appearance, combined with the picturesque color and form of the frequent ruins that skirt the winding road, makes this mountain pathway of conquest and adventure a befitting object for Doré's skill.

Junquera is the first village beyond the Catalonian frontier, where

baggage is ruthlessly overhauled, passports are *viséd*, and the stranger is made acquainted with the first amenities of Spanish life. However, it must be remembered that the Catalans do not consider themselves Spaniards, for they have a language of their own, with special grammars and dictionaries, and poets who write the dialect exclusively. It greatly resembles the Limousin tongue of the middle ages. The Catalans are very industrious and proverbially hard-workers. In many Spanish provinces the expression *Vamos al Catalan*—let us go to the Catalan's—is synonymous with saying, "Let us go to the store or shop." Another

popular proverb is:

"Dicen que los Catalanes
De las piedras sacan panes."

"They say that Catalans
from stones
Can make bread good as
any one's."

It is at Gerona, a quaint old fortified town of the middle ages, with heavy, massive buildings, and narrow, crooked streets, overhung by a grand old cathedral seated on a hill, and commanding a view of the dense olive-groves in the adjacent plains, that, for the first time, Doré heard the melancholy voices of the *serenos* at midnight. "These guardians of the sombre streets, with their stone-colored mantle, their heavy lantern, and their pike, carry one back to mediæval times. Their duty is not confined to watching over the slumbers of the citizens; they are likewise required to announce to them in a particular manner the time of night and condition of the weather; and, as the latter is usually serene during the darker hours, in Spain, the title of *serenos* is naturally derived from the chant of the watchman, whose cries are usually full of originality. They commence, sometimes, with a sentence in praise of God or the Holy Virgin, such as *Alabado sea Dios!*—God be praised!—or *Ave Maria purissima*. The latter formula is the favorite one in

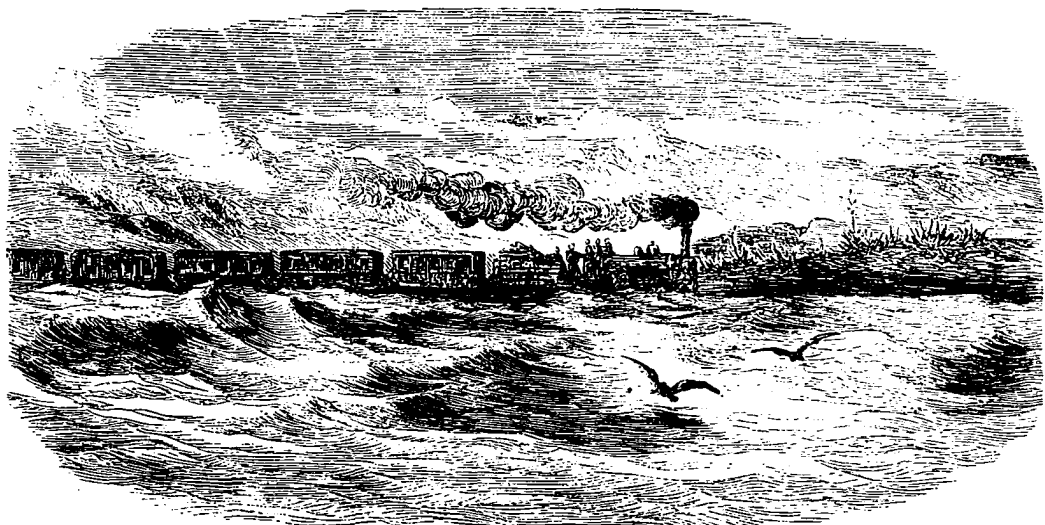


THE SERENOS, OR WATCHMEN.

Andalusia, where the Mother of God is the object of special worship, with the title *Santissima* or Most Holy. The particular cry has been the same for many ages and runs thus: "A-la-ba-dó; sea Di-os; las do-ce y cuar-to; sereno."

The attentive tourist may hear something in the same vein still in the streets of more than one Western borough in the United States, where "Charlie," that venerable man, "hired by the corporation to sleep in the open air," sings out: "*Pa-ast two o-o'clock, and a clou-u-udy mo-o-orning!*"—inflecting his raucous notes at every other syllable.

Proceeding farther into Catalonia, the stranger is delighted with



TRAIN APPROACHING BARCELONA.

the rich and varied vegetation that covers the environs of the towns. This is in a great measure due to the diligent use of the *noria*, a primitive irrigating-machine, set in motion by donkey-power. It consists of a wheel and endless chain, to which are attached earthen buckets that raise water from ponds and rivers to the conduits that distribute it over the fields.

It was not long before Doré and his companion had an opportunity to admire the freedom of the parish priesthood of the country they were visiting. They were first struck by the sight of one calmly promenading on Sunday, just after mass, while smoking a *puro* and chatting with an associate. No person else saw any thing to remark in this, even when they subsequently saw another ecclesiastic light his cigar at the *brasero* in the church sacristy. The Frenchmen were particularly delighted with the clerical hat, which they declare is exactly

like that of Don Basilio in the *Barber of Seville*. While thus attentive to the little oddities of the priesthood, the travellers tell us, not without a smack of irony, that every town in Spain has a Constitution Square—a *Plaza de la Constitucion*.

A railroad in Spain is decidedly an anomaly, although great exertion has been made of late years to repair the lack of this improvement by running venturesome lines in all directions. At Tordera, on the line of railroad from Barcelona to Perpignan, the station was crowded with peasants, going to the capital to sell their fruit and vegetables; and when the hour for departure came, the third-class cars, which these good people chiefly occupied, offered some amusing scenes. Here were Catalan peasants, with broad velveten pantaloons, held up at the waist by striped girdles or sashes, their short jackets, their *gorros* of long caps of red woollen stuff, grouped pell-mell among moun-



THE RAMBLA, BARCELONA.

tains of melons and all kinds of fruit; some, huddled up in their mantles, were sound asleep, while others smoked their *papelito*—too good a sketch for Doré to lose!

Taking the train at this point for Barcelona, the route next traversed lies near the coast of the Mediterranean, and commands scenery as soft and beautiful as the shores of the Neapolitan Bay, alternating with others as smoky and dusky looking as that of England, near the many manufacturing towns through which the road passes.

The road is bordered, on each side, with hedges of cactus, and, as it follows the sinuosities of the shore, and is almost on a level with the sea, when the tide is high, or the waters are agitated, the rails look as though they would be submerged. The train, represented below, approaching Barcelona, seems to be moving upon the water, and, as in Holland, close to the coast the land disappears from the view of the passenger, and the trees seem to start up directly out of the waves.

Cervantes calls Barcelona "the seat of courtesy, the asylum of the stranger, the hospital of the poor, the home of valiant men, the refuge of the outcast and forlorn, the common centre of all sincere attachments—a city unique in situation and in beauty." It stands at the foot of Mount Juich, or the Mountain of the Jews, an immense rock, whose summit, bristling with fortifications, rises above numerous Gothic spires. In the middle ages, and even down to the days when Cervantes wrote of it so warmly, it was one of the most flourishing cities, one of the most frequented ports of the Mediterranean, like Genoa and Leghorn, with which, as well as with Venice, it had repeated commercial relations. It was celebrated also for its school of sculptors, and its *herreros*, or workers in iron, who cast and carved those wonderful railings and screens which adorn her churches and cloisters, and look like pieces of cunning workmanship, from the goldsmith's hands, magnified by the microscope. Barcelona is still the Manchester of the Peninsula, but steamers have replaced the galleys that Don Quixote and his faithful Sancho once mistook for monsters of which the red ours were the feet. What shouts of consternation the sturdy squire would have uttered at the sight of the smoke-puffing, glittering dragons he would see there now! The ways and costumes of Paris and Marseilles are rapidly extinguishing the popular local characteristics of Barcelona, which is a thoroughly modernized commercial and manufacturing city, the seat of French fashions, among the higher, and of determined republicanism among the lower classes.

Its fine old cathedral, with the tomb of Barcelona's patron saint, Eulalie, is a fine relic of the former time: "*Esta es la Eulalia de la Barcelona, de la rica ciudad, la rica joya!*" says the popular refrain—i. e., "It is the Eulalia of Barcelona—rich jewel of a wealthy city." The organ-pipes in this church, instead of being perpendicular, are placed horizontally, and look like the barrels of an infernal machine pointed at the congregation. The platform that supports them terminates in an enormous Saracen's head, with a long, reddish beard, that looks as though it had been dipped in blood. This curious ornament, which is found in many of the cities of Spain, is, undoubtedly, a symbol

of the hatred entertained by the Spaniards for the Moors. There are several other fine churches, of which that of *Santa Maria del Mar* (St. Mary of the Sea) is the most peculiar; and, were it our purpose to furnish an itinerary of the city, we might describe them more in detail.

The *Campos Eliseos*, or Elysian Fields, is the chief promenade, lying at one extremity of Barcelona, and there the airs and graces of the *Boulevard des Italiens* may be seen again in full blossom. Charming gardens; gay-colored dancing-tents, filled with merry couples, in variegated costumes; groups seated amicably in the corners, enjoying the delicious sherbet called *orchata de chufas*, snow flavored with nutty cordial; waltzes, quadrilles, and the schottische, succeeding each other to the music of dashing orchestras, with here and there glimpses, between the awnings and the foliage, of the blue sky and on the distant horizon, the verdant hills dotted with white villas that surround the city, and all bathed in that transparent light which gives such brilliant effect to Southern landscapes, formed an enchanting picture.

The dames and damsels were very charming in their *corpiño*, or Spencer of black velvet, short skirt, and the red kerchief that they wear around their heads. Others wore in their glossy dark tresses only a simple flower, and were equally bewitching. Their cavaliers gallantly sported the *marsilla*, or short Catalan jacket, and a cravat, of some showy color, drawn through a silver ring, and freely floating. Yet, these were mechanics, and petty tradesmen, with their fair ones; and the French traveller was surprised to find their light-hearted gayety more real and striking than the most jovial he had seen at home.

The *Rambla* is the centre and best part of the Barcelonaian promenade, and there may be noticed all types, from the *señora* covered with satin and lace, to the fisherman in his red or brown *gorra*, his jacket slung over his shoulder, elbowing fine gentlemen



SPANISH DELANTEROS, OR POSTILIONS.

who look as though they had just stepped out of the latest fashion-plate.

We might tarry with Doré to gaze, by the aid of his masterly pencil, upon an execution by the garrote, and at the gloomy walls of the prisons used by the Inquisition in other days, but we prefer less sombre and painful contemplations.

An excursion to the famous old convent of Montserrat, so renowned for its miracles, is a pleasanter episode. The word means a *mountain in the form of a saw*, in good Catalan, for it stands upon a peak three thousand feet high, near which are other cone-shaped mountains, whose summits, seen at a distance, do really resemble the teeth of a saw. From the convent terrace there is a superb view, commanding the sea, which is only ten leagues distant, and looks like a vast blue line; while, on the other side, is the majestic panorama of the Pyrenees, whose rose-hued peaks stand out against the deep azure of the sky.

Tarragona, in Roman days the most important city of the Peninsula, and, if ancient records be true, then numbering more than a million of inhabitants, has not only some grand old Christian churches, but is full of pagan antiquities, among others, a fine aqueduct and a tomb in ruins near the sea, known at present as the Tower of the Scipios—*Torre de los Escipiones*.

From Barcelona the trip was made to Valencia, the Paradise of the Arab poets, in a lumbering diligence, drawn by ten mules, which required all the persuasive eloquence of whips and cudgels, wielded by as many sinewy hands, to start them.

In the "good old times," which ceased less than a score of years ago, the route from Barcelona to Valencia was the chosen beat of many celebrated bands of robbers, among others, the *Siete Niños de Ecija*—The Seven Lads of Ecija—who were always seven in number, no matter how many fell. They were commanded by the terrible chief called *Veneno*, or Poison; then there were the famous company of *José María*, and that of Stephen the Brave—*Estévan el Guapo*.

The *civils*, or patrolling police, who are equipped somewhat like French gendarmes, and go in pairs—*parejas*—have completely extirpated these scourges of the mountains. These officers are assisted, when needs be, by the *peones camineros*, or footmen of the road, who wear a copper label in their hats, indicating their business. Along with the spade and pickaxe, they carry the *escopeta*, or short musket, to keep in awe the *rateros*, or isolated highwaymen, who are found in all countries. The Spanish roadster is the devoted friend of cigarettes and an enemy of all needless fatigue. He very leisurely carries along a few small stones in a diminutive cane basket with two handles, and deposits them in the ruts and broken places so considerably as never to fill the latter, but with an eye to another easy job for the next day.

In our time the brigands have disappeared, and, although the traveller frequently sees men of ferocious countenance pass him with the national blunderbuss slung at their shoulder, instead of hearing the hoarse command, *Boca abajo*—Face to the ground!—his ears are saluted with nothing more startling than the traditional compliment, *Vayan Ustedes con Dios*—"Be with God;" or, in our idiom, "God be with you!"

However, if the tourist escape the former despoilments of the road, he has still to bleed a little through the extortionate prices of travel and transportation. The diligences are very dear. As much as two *pesetas*, or about forty cents per league, is often charged, and this is five times the cost of first-class railway passage. As for the rates of transportation, Mr. Barringer, United States minister to Spain in former years, states that he had to pay more than three hundred *duros*, or as many dollars, for the conveyance from Cadiz to Madrid, of a carriage, the freight charge for which had been only fifty dollars from New York to Cadiz.

The crew, if we may so term them, of the diligence always consists of the *mayoral*, the *zagal*, and the *delantero*. The first of these worthies is usually a stout man, with a broad, ruddy face, framed in bushy whiskers of the mutton-chop cut. He wears a kerchief about his head, knotted behind and surmounted by the *sombrero calañés*, or Andalusian hat, with upturned rim, upon which rise two pompons of black silk; he has, also, a *marsilla*, or short jacket, tricked off with tags and embroidery, with pieces of red or green cloth at the elbows, and a vase of flowers worked on the back, with spreading foliage and branches. His pantaloons are of cloth, trimmed with velvet, and descend a little below the knee. Sometimes they are of sheepskin—*Calzon de pellejo*. The shoes are invariably white, covered with *botines*, or leather gaiters, half open at the calf.

The *mayoral* is an important personage. He knows the power, and abuses it; for he rules not only his subordinates, the *zagal* and the *delantero*, with a rod of iron, but tyrannizes over the passenger also. The following dialogue is often heard:

"Mayoral, a word if you please." The *mayoral* moves on without deigning to heed.

"Mayoral, will you have the kindness to listen for a moment?"

"What is it?"

"*Hombre!* I want to go by this diligence; and, should there be no other room, couldn't you let me sit up beside you?"

"Impossible!"

"Come, now, *mayoral*, don't leave me in the lurch. Couldn't I get into the boot?"

"Well, we'll see."

"And how much will it cost me?"

"Same price as inside" (the best place).

This extortion does not prevent the honest functionary from expecting his gratuity, or *propina*, all the same, and this drink-money he does not relinquish, even should there be a *vuelco*, or upset, which only too frequently happens.

On the contrary, if he escapes with his life, and the passenger also survives, he even expects a little more than usual to help him pay the fine of twelve *duros*, imposed upon him for every such mishap.

The *zagal*'s title is derived from an Arab word, meaning *nimble*, or *agile*, and assuredly his functions justify it. These consist in hopping about the road, sometimes in front of the mules, and sometimes behind them, like a jumping-jack, cudgelling the animals soundly, or pelting them with handfuls of pebbles which he gathers for the purpose. The mules, smarting and irritated by this stony application, prance and fling their heels in every direction, and then ensue an entanglement of legs, tails, and traces, which it becomes the *zagal*'s solemn duty to rectify; and then again *da capo*. In Spain, every passer-by seems to have it on his mind, as well as to possess the right, to join in and pummel or pelt any hapless draught-animal that he sees, and this little service is made reciprocal. Hence, the *zagal* has plenty of help. The effect may be faintly imagined. How the poor mules live through it all is a mystery!

The *zagal*'s costume is both light and simple, viz.: a kerchief knotted about his head; a colored shirt; pants of cotton velvet, secured at the waist by a broad *faja*, or striped sash, and *alpargatas*, or shoes of twisted hemp. He always has, stuck behind him in his belt, a thin and flexible stick, like a harlequin's wand, which, curious as it is, appears to be an indispensable implement of his occupation.

The *delantero*, or postilion, is so called because he is always in front, mounted on the left-hand leader-mule. He is nicknamed the *death-doomed*, because of the extreme severity of his service. In old times, he was often in the saddle for thirty-eight hours at a stretch; and the entire trip from the coast to Madrid has been made without changing postilions. Now, the *delantero* is seldom out more than thirty hours. He is usually a lad of from fifteen to twenty years of age, and wears a *montera*, or cap of lambskin, which gives a peculiarly wild look to his face, blackened as the latter is by the sun.

In former times, the diligence crew was not complete without the *escopeteros*, or two musketeers, who were always seated on top of the vehicle, to watch the road, and defend the passengers. With the disappearance of the banditti, they too have disappeared.

Mayoral and *zagal* vie with each other all along the route, in accosting the mules with every species of compliment and abuse, alternately, and with the most surprising varieties of intonation. The animals have their separate names, and seem to comprehend the jargon. Facetiousness becomes grim and bloodthirsty when the mule nature looms up too plainly; then one hears such jokes as this: *Coronela, en llegando a casa me haré una papalia con tu pellejo!*—Coronela, when we get home I'll have a cap made out of your hide!

This delectable conversation continues far into the night, and even as the *mayoral* is dropping asleep, he is heard muttering the usual epithets. When he, at last, snores, the *zagal* takes up the classic strain, until he too can taunt no more.

The diligence runs only on the aristocratic *caminos reales*, or king's highways, which are now regularly marked with milestones. Then there is the *correro*, or post-chaise, which goes a little faster, and takes only two or three passengers. It has rude springs and sometimes none at all. Then there is the *coche de colleras*, a sort of minor diligence, which has only half a dozen mules, and goes less than forty

miles per day. Then, to close the list, is the *galera*, or galley, an instrument of torture richly deserving its name. A brick wagon, bumping over a Western *corduroy* road, would give some faint idea of its elasticity. It will often make twenty-five miles in a day. The *carros* are mere rough goods-carts, such as are seen everywhere, allowing for peculiarities of shape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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HETTY'S CAREER.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"Be sure you don't forget to dry the apples; and don't let the chimbley get a-fire; and don't let Ichabod get into the pantry window," called Mrs. Loomis, shrilly, from the folds of her green-barege veil, as the deacon cracked his whip, and old Dobbin whisked his tail, preparatory to a start.

"And, Hetty, see that 'Zekel sorts the Baldwin apples, and keeps pumpkins a-boilin' steady for the pigs; and don't rub Aunt Ruth's shoulder with kerosene instead of rheumatiz 'iniment."

That was from the deacon himself; and he emphasized it by blowing a tremendous blast within the ample folds of his red bandanna handkerchief, — that was the way in which the deacon always wound up his "few remarks" in prayer-meeting, — and then they were off.

Hetty stood in the doorway, looking after them, with a smile on her lip, but a tear in her eye, — a heightened color on her cheek as well; for there was a reproach conveyed in some of those parting admonitions which touched her to the quick. She had, on several occasions, left the pantry window open, and Ichabod, the cat, entering stealthily, had made dreadful havoc with cream and butter and custard-pie; *and she had once rubbed poor Aunt Ruth's rheumatic shoulder with kerosene oil.*

As for the "chimbley" getting "a-fire," that had never happened; but it was an event of which her mother had always lived in hourly expectation. She evidently believed it to be among the unalterable decrees of Providence that that "chimbley" was to "get a-fire;" and when was such a catastrophe so likely to happen as when Hetty was left mistress of all she surveyed? For Hetty was known to all Greenville as "a dreadful poor housekeeper." It was very sad and strange that "Mis' Deacon Loomis," who had borne off the palm as a notable housekeeper all her days, should have an only daughter who was little better than one of the shiftless, according to the Greenville matrons. But then what could be expected after two years of a fashionable city boarding-school, where all sorts of friv-

olity and nonsense were taught? "Mis' Loomis and the deacon were only reaping what they 'd sown. As if Greenville Academy was n't good enough for any girl!"

The Greenville style of living was very primitive. For each matron to "do her own work" was the prevailing fashion. There was but one "hired girl" in town; and "Mis' Squire Lawton," who indulged in the luxury, was a never-failing theme of gossip on that account. She was in perfect health, and had a very small family; and *whether she kept a girl because she was "lazy," or "stuck up,"* was an unsolvable problem. She was foremost in church and charitable matters, she cut and made all her own and her child's clothing, she had a garden which was the pride of Greenville, and except for this unpardonable sin of "keeping a hired girl" would have been accounted a "very likely woman;" but not the lustre of all her virtues could hide the blackness of that one spot on her fame in the eyes of Greenville housekeepers.

So when Hetty Loomis, just returned from the fashionable boarding-school whither her father's fond pride and ambition had sent her, to "go a leetle ahead of all the other girls," modestly inquired "why they could n't keep a servant," her mother held up her hands in holy horror.

"Land of mercy! When I get so lazy or so shiftless that I can't do my own work, I 'll give up! A pretty talk 't would make for me to have a hired girl, just now, when you 've come home to help do the work. It 's high time you learned to work, against the time you have a house of your own. A hired girl, indeed! What should I do with her? Just set her down in the parlor to be waited upon; for as for having her round in my kitchen, meddling with my things, I would n't!"

Poor Hetty sighed. Life seemed to open before her an endless vista of scrubbing and scouring and baking and brewing; and she made one more effort.

"It seems a pity to live so when father has so much money. If we had to, I would n't say a word. I would try to do the best

I could,—though I do hate such an endless round of drudgery; but when we might!”—

“Sakes alive! what is the child talking about?” cried her mother. “‘Live so,’ indeed! I should like to know where you’ll find such a house as this, with carpets on every floor,—to say nothing of the Brussels in the parlor,—a chany closet full to the brim, and such a lot of feather-beds as would do your eyes good to see! And you with a new piano that cost five hundred dollars!”

“But what is the use of having it if I never have time to play on it?” said Hetty.

“Time? You talk as if I’d lost my faculties! I’a’n’t give up work yet.”

“No; but you are getting bent and worn, mother. You ought to have a rest.”

“Supposin’ I am bent over a little? It was good, honest labor that done it; and what was folks made for but to work? Oh, to think that you should get such discontented, foolish notions into your head, Hetty,—comin’ home to be a thorn in my side, instead of the good, smart girl that I expected to be so proud of! It’s all that good-for-nothing school; and if I’d only set my foot down about that, as I felt that I’d ought to”—

“You don’t understand, mother,” said poor Hetty wearily.

“Understand! I understand that my daughter is a fool, and would like to be Queen Victory, and set on a throne, with a crown on her head!”

Hetty saw that talking would avail nothing, and from that time the subject was never renewed. She had been at home from school for two years now, and had tried conscientiously to do her best to lift burdens from her mother, which, though she would not allow it, were too much for her failing strength; but she had “no faculty for house-work,” the neighbors said. According to her mother, the trouble was that her “wits were always wool-gathering. It was as much as ever that you could trust her to skim a pan of milk.” Truth to say, Hetty’s heart was not in her work, and her thoughts would wander.

Hetty was not indolent, by any means, though she was accounted so. For music she had a passion and unusual talent; and she would have practiced upon her piano from morning until night, regardless of fatigue. She had a wonderful “knack,” too, in the making and trimming of dresses, and

she would have liked to fill the house with tasteful little ornaments of her own making; but all that, according to Mrs. Loomis’s creed, was “fol-de-rol,” and not work. It was right and proper, of course, that a girl make her own gowns; but trimming them was a sheer waste of time.

Hetty had a clear, bird-like voice, which made strangers turn and stare when they heard it in the church choir on Sundays. To have her voice cultivated was her great desire; but had she not had a quarter’s instruction at school,—to say nothing of singing-schools for half a dozen winters,—and could she not sing well enough to sing in the church choir? What more could any well-conducted young woman desire? Mrs. Loomis would like to know.

That worthy woman’s mind dwelt on her grievances as she and the deacon jogged along toward Plainville, bound on their annual visit to the deacon’s sister.

“If Hetty was only like the Perkins girls, now! Why, Mis’ Perkins would laugh at the idea of feelin’ any anxiety about leavin’ Seliny or Semanthy to keep house. They are just as smart and capable as their mother; more so,—for Sarah Rogers was called a lazy girl. And one of them Perkins girls will get the new minister, jest as sure as preachin’!”

“There a’n’t a man ’t would look at ’em when our Hetty was around,” said the deacon, with unwonted decision.

“Favor is deceitful, and beauty vain; and ministers thinks as much of their victuals, and things comfortable, as other folks. And Semanthy Perkins is called handsome, besides takin’ the prize for pickles at the fair; and nobody in town can make such cake as Seliny Perkins; and she’ll do her best for the house-warmin’,—and Mis’ Perkins will take care that the minister knows who made it.”

“Well, I don’t know as I’m in any hurry to get rid of Hetty,” said the deacon.

Hetty was the apple of her father’s eye; and if he had been master of the house,—which, alas! he was far from being,—her life would have been a much happier one.

This speech drew down his wife’s wrath upon the deacon’s head. She supposed he wanted Hetty to be an old maid, or married to some worthless city scamp, who drank and gambled. Was it every day that a smart young minister came around, evidently on the lookout for a wife?

The good deacon subsided, as he always did when his better half had the floor, and she continued her gloomy prophecies that "one of them Perkins girls would get the new minister."

In the mean time, Hetty, after telling over her duties on her fingers,—after the manner of a small boy sent to the store for various articles which he is afraid he will forget,—*"Dry apples, tell 'Zekel to sort apples and boil pigs—no, boil pumpkins, and feed pigs, and rub Aunt Ruth's shoulder with kerosene—no, don't rub Aunt Ruth's shoulder with kerosene,"* flew off to her beloved piano, to forget for a few moments all her woes.

The week's ironing was to be done; dinner must be prepared for 'Zekel, the hired man, and a man who was chopping wood, as well as for Aunt Ruth and herself; there were bread and gingerbread to be baked; there were apples innumerable to peel and slice and string to dry; there was a rent in the sitting-room carpet to be darned; the chamber-work was not yet done; and there sat Hetty solacing her soul with Chopin's waltzes and *"The Sands o' Dee"*! In the midst of it she was startled by a knock at the front door.

In Greenville it was not fashionable to knock at the front door. Unless some high dignitary, like the minister or schoolmaster, called, the old-fashioned knocker that graced the front door remained undisturbed from one year's end to another.

Before Hetty could reach the front door, it was flung open, and Deacon Perkins's rotund figure, and little, gray-fringed, squirrel-like face, presented themselves. He stood aside, with a very consequential air, to allow a young gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, to enter.

"This is Mr. Deering, the new minister, and his sister, and her little girl," announced the deacon; "and—and they've come to stop. You see, there's a kind of a mistake. I expect your father did n't write very plain; and they did n't know that the parsonage was n't ready for them. I should have taken them to my house, and been proud of the honor; but Semanthly, she's down with the measles,—and pretty sick, too. Mis' Perkins—she's dretful put out about it; but Semanthly—she a'n't one to take sick in the nick of time, usually,—so we can't blame her. I expect you'll think it's real lucky for you, Herriet; and you

must take care not to let the minister starve. Mis' Perkins—she'll come over and see how you are getting along."

And, after a formal hand-shaking with the minister, and an invitation to him to come over to his house to dinner when he got very hungry, Deacon Perkins took his departure.

This aroused Hetty's anger, and enabled her to conceal her dismay better than anything else could have done. Her courage "mounted equal to the occasion;" and she resolved that at least her guests should not go hungry.

The minister expressed his regret at his mistake, and hoped that she would not allow them to make any more trouble than was necessary.

It was evident, thought Hetty, that Deacon Perkins had told him what a very poor housekeeper she was; and that thought made her resolve more firmly than ever to do her very best.

She wheeled Aunt Ruth into the parlor in her invalid-chair,—she knew her mother would never forgive her if she asked the minister to sit anywhere but in the parlor,—and, leaving her to entertain the guests, set about her preparations for dinner at once.

Aunt Ruth could be very agreeable when she pleased, and, like most country-bred old ladies, had a great fondness for ministers; so Ruth devoted herself, body and soul, to her preparations for dinner, undisturbed by any feeling that her guests were being neglected. To be sure, when the fancy seized her, Aunt Ruth would ask questions concerning the most personal and delicate matters; as, for instance, when she remarked to old Mr. Peaslee that she should like to know if it was true that one of his relatives had been so unfortunate as to be hung; and asked Mr. Dennison, the schoolmaster,—the most reserved and dignified of men,—if his mother had been divorced from three husbands! Hetty could only trust that a kind Providence would restrain her from indulging in any of these little pleasantries on this occasion.

Happily for Hetty's peace of mind, the dinner was a success. The chicken was done to a turn, and kind-hearted old Miss Peaslee sent in a plum-pudding, just from the oven, with wine-sauce. Only one mishap occurred. As Hetty was seasoning the squash, the cover came off the pepper-box,

and its whole contents went into the squash; and Mrs. Perkins dropped in while they were at dinner, and discovered it on the kitchen-table! Aunt Ruth did make one of her unhappy remarks also. As he entered the dining-room, she suddenly discovered that the young minister was slightly lame. She adjusted her glasses, and surveyed his feet critically.

"Why, you 're pumblie-footed, a'n't you? But don't you mind! Talleyrand was pumblie-footed," she exclaimed.

The minister colored painfully, with that sensitiveness to a physical defect which is universal. Hetty felt a strong desire to sink through the floor, but preserved sufficient self-possession to turn the conversation into another channel,—in which effort she was seconded by the minister's sister, Mrs. Delano.

At dinner, Hetty discovered that the minister was not a young man,—that is, judged from the standpoint of nineteen years. His dark hair was faintly tinged with gray, and he looked fully thirty years old. He seemed to Hetty quite patriarchal, and she grew perfectly at her ease with him. He was homely too, she decided, with a big, Roman nose, and gray eyes. There was nothing she detested like a man with a big, Roman nose, Hetty reflected. The sister was pretty and pale and sad-looking, in her widow's weeds, and Hetty felt drawn toward her at once. The child was a frisky little elf, who required a large share of her uncle's as well as her mother's attention to keep her in order.

"You 'll send for your mother to come home, Hetty, I suppose," said Mrs. Deacon Perkins interrogatively.

Hetty decidedly supposed that she should n't: she was fired with sudden zeal to show herself a notable housekeeper. She counted the list of her duties on her fingers, after she went to bed at night, to be sure that she should forget none. After a few days, now that her heart was in her work, she found it easy to keep her mind on it, and even found leisure to play and sing for the entertainment of her guests. Mr. Deering had a considerable amount of musical knowledge, and a very fine bass voice. They sang duets together, and he praised her voice with an enthusiasm which had evidently nothing of flattery in it.

Mrs. Delano, the minister's sister, was a gentle nonentity, whose feeble health coun-

denned her to almost perpetual lying on the sofa. She and Aunt Ruth found each other congenial spirits, and the same thing seemed gradually to come to pass between Hetty and Mr. Deering. It transpired that there was a similarity about their tastes for books, as well as music, and the minister lightened many of Hetty's household tasks by reading aloud to her while she worked. They took long walks together through the autumn fields and woods, and the Greenville gossips began to shake their heads, and say that the minister was being "taken in by Hetty Loomis's pretty face;" and Mrs. Perkins, in great alarm, took occasion to tell him, several times, that he "needed a good, smart wife, considering his sister was such an invalid."

A fortnight had passed, and the parsonage was not yet ready for its occupants,—though the deacon superintended the work, and hurried the workmen to the verge of insanity; and Semanthy Perkins had not yet begun to recover from the measles.

Deacon Loomis and his wife would not come home for another fortnight; for the deacon's sister was very ill with typhoid fever, and her husband had been thrown from a wagon, and fractured his ankle. Hetty had taken the greatest pains to prevent her mother from knowing that the minister and his sister were domiciled there, and dependent for their daily bread upon the results of her baking, for she knew that her mother would hurry home at once (as if she were a baby!); and fortune so favored her that Mrs. Loomis did not discover it until her sister-in-law was so ill that she could not possibly leave her to return home. Then Mrs. Perkins was so kind as to write her, hinting that the minister had been reduced in those two weeks to the thinness of a scarecrow, and they were grievously afraid that they should lose him altogether; moreover, "people were beginning to talk."

Poor Mrs. Loomis! her thoughts by day, and her dreams by night, were of the minister devouring sour bread and underdone meat, doughnuts without sweetening and pie-crust like lead, and everything—including Hetty's prospect of being a minister's wife—going to wreck and ruin. About people's talking, Mrs. Loomis did not trouble herself so much; for she knew Sarah Perkins, and felt sure that envy and jealousy were at the bottom of that.

If she could only have known how well

Hetty could do when her heart was in it, she would have been much more tranquil. To be sure she made some of her old mistakes, now and then; but her cooking gave nobody the dyspepsia, and in the privacy of her own home Mrs. Perkins declared that "Hetty Loomis never could keep house so well if she was n't determined to get the minister!"

The truth was that Hetty had to keep her mind fixed so resolutely on her housework that she thought very little about the minister. She enjoyed their walking and talking and singing together, and did not long so intensely for the completion of the parsonage repairs as she had when her guests first came.

Hetty was shy and reserved naturally, but one day the minister drew her on to reveal all her musical aspirations to him. They were sitting in the little grove, back of the house, on a balmy Indian-summer afternoon, with golden leaves drifting about them, and ripe chestnuts falling through the stillness. It was the last day of the minister's stay. The parsonage was ready, and the next day would see him installed there.

They had been talking about music, and the great and noble career that was possible to genius of that kind, and all Hetty's longings burst forth. She told him of her mother's obstinate determination that she should stay at home and do housework, of the utter hopelessness of her longing for musical culture, and to do something that was better worth the while than washing dishes and scrubbing floors.

"There are plenty of women who are content with it, and ask nothing different. Why should I do it when I hate it?" demanded Hetty vehemently.

"You should n't! it is absurd!" said the minister. "Hetty, I did n't mean to say this to you, — at least not yet. I am older, graver, altogether different from you; but I love you, Hetty, and I am not a poor man. As my wife, you should have the opportunities you covet. Will you come to me?"

"No, indeed! Why, I don't love you, do I?" said Hetty, looking at him with wide-open, startled eyes.

The young man's face looked suddenly old and worn.

"No; of course not, child. I was a fool to think it could be so. And I ought to have told you that for years — even when I

came here — I have thought I loved another, or at least the memory of another. She deserted me, and married my classmate and friend, six years ago. I loved her so well that I did not think it possible that I could ever forget her. I think there is a witchery about you. I feel now as if the other had been only a fancy. But I ought not to have spoken. Let me be your friend, child, and do all I can to influence your father to let you go away and study, as you wish. To New York first, is it? and then — who knows? — Italy!"

And the minister smiled as brightly as if her intended departure gave him as much pleasure as her.

Hetty walked homeward by his side silent and bewildered. Still she could not be sad with a hope of going away to study music gilding all the future.

"Not father, Mr. Deering, please. I mean don't speak to him about my going away," she said eagerly, as they reached the house. "He would be willing, I know; but, you see, mother is the difficulty."

"Then I will try my powers of persuasion upon her," said Mr. Deering.

But he looked rather disappointed, as he saw how full her mind was of this idea, as if he had hoped, in spite of his acknowledgment that it was folly, that she had been thinking of something else during that silent walk.

On the day of Mrs. Loomis's return, Mr. Deering called upon her; and it was not in her heart to resist the advice and persuasions of a minister. His evident interest in Hetty delighted her, and filled her with hope for the future.

"I suppose she 'll have to go to New York, and take lessons, since the minister is so set upon it. He is so fond of music himself that I suppose he wants a musical wife. Lucky he did n't happen to be the kind of a man that is on the lookout for a good housekeeper! Hetty 'a'n't spoiled her chances, it's plain to see."

And, in her delight, Mrs. Loomis gave a willing consent to Hetty's cherished plans. What she would say if she knew that she had refused to marry the minister, Hetty dared not think.

The teacher to whom she went, acting upon Mr. Deering's advice, was one of the most famous and expensive in New York; and yet Mrs. Loomis said not a word about "throwing money away." The teacher

was quite impressed by her voice, and gave her great encouragement. Her cherished hopes were realized; and yet, for some reason, she was neither as happy nor as enthusiastic as she had expected. Her zeal was fitful and flagging; dreams of the minister, and that last walk she had taken with him, came between her and work. She remembered every word he had ever said to her, each different expression of his face. Was she indolent and dreamy, as her mother had often said? Was she "good for nothing"? or was she in love? That last idea she scouted indignantly, whenever it occurred to her, and tried her best to put her whole heart into her work.

She formed one friendship, in the course of the winter, with a young widow who boarded in the same house. She had been an invalid for years, and seemed almost entirely friendless and alone. All her property was involved in a lawsuit, which had been dragging its slow length along for more than two years, and she was almost penniless. She had evidently been a beauty once, and was still handsome. She had a great deal of vanity, and was never so happy as when relating to Hetty her old society triumphs. It was only occasionally that she seemed to realize her sore strait, and then she would weep, and bewail the unkindness of fate, and the fickleness of friends, for days together.

In spite of her vanity and shallowness, Hetty felt her heart drawn toward her, and wished ardently that she were a man, that she might help her about the lawsuit.

One day, in a gay mood, Mrs. Leighton proposed to show Hetty a collection of pictures of her old lovers.

"I keep them just as Indians keep scalps, you know, child," she said; "not because I have a particle of feeling for any of them. Sentiment was never much in my line, and the little I had once I have quite outgrown."

Hetty found the stories of her conquests a little tiresome sometimes, and looked the package of photographs over rather listlessly until she came to one which made her heart beat quicker. It was a much younger face than Mr. Deering's looked now, but surely there was no mistake!

"He is dreadfully homely, is n't he?" chattered Mrs. Leighton. "But he was just as good as gold. If he knew what a forlorn situation I am in now, he would

come to my aid, I know,—I don't know whether I can say as much for any of the others,—and I treated him the worst of the whole, too, for I promised solemnly to marry him; but how he could have been such a goose as to think I really meant it, I don't know. The idea of my marrying a poor minister!—though he did have quite a fortune left him six months after I married Charlie Leighton. But he was preaching in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, when I heard of him last, with a kind of Quixotic notion of doing good, I suppose,—he was always that sort of a fellow,—and I never could have endured that. I wonder where he is now? and whether he is married? I have no doubt I could twist him around my little finger, even such a wreck as I am now, he loved me so, poor fellow! See where I wrote on the photograph 'Philip, my king,'—his name was Philip Deering,—but that was only for his eyes. I was a horrid little flirt! I never cared a particle for him, and I did like Charlie Leighton,—besides his having money. But poor Charlie is gone,"—wiping away an imaginary tear,— "and I do wish I knew where Philip Deering is!"

Hetty rose and left the room, murmuring a hurried excuse.

She felt disturbed, unhappy, angry, to a degree which she could not understand. Why should the fact that this was Philip Deering's old sweetheart, and that she "knew she could twist him around her little finger again," disturb her, since she did not love him? Was it not her duty to tell her where he was, since she was so forlorn and friendless? Yet the thought of a meeting between those two was unendurable to her. She struggled with herself for weeks, growing pale and thin, and neglecting her music, until at last her teacher exclaimed, in despair,—

"Mees, no person should aspire to be an artist whose mind is not there; who is pre-occupied; that is, you understand, whose heart is given away otherwheres!"

Poor Hetty! she had begun to understand that her heart was indeed "given away otherwheres"!

At length there came a day when Mrs. Leighton's disease assumed an acute form, and the doctors declared her life in danger. She wept piteously at the thought of dying so friendless and alone, and Hetty could hesitate no longer. She wrote a note to Mr. Deering,—the first that had ever pass-

ed between them, — telling him simply that his old love was there, friendless and penniless, and very ill.

He came at once. What passed between them, Hetty did not know; but Mrs. Leighton's health and spirits seemed suddenly to revive. *He staid in the city a week, and before the end of that time she was pronounced out of danger.*

"It arouses my hope and courage to find that I still have a friend in the world. I have a presentiment that I shall get well," she said.

And get well she did.

In the course of a month, Mr. Deering came again to see her. His manner toward Hetty was cold and constrained. He told her the news from home, and inquired about her music, but seemed anxious to get away from her as soon as possible. Mrs. Leighton was in great spirits, because he had been attending to her lawsuit, and had discovered *that she was almost certain to win.*

"I can't bear to marry a minister, but I don't feel that I can refuse poor Philip anything," she said to Hetty.

In a few weeks more, when the case was about to be decided, he came again. He came into the parlor where Hetty sat alone. She had not expected him, and a scarlet flush rose to her brow.

"I am glad to see that color again," he said abruptly. *"You did n't look like yourself the last time I saw you. I am afraid the city air and hard work is n't good for a little country girl."*

"I have n't been working hard," Hetty felt compelled by honesty to say. *"I am*

afraid I am wasting my time. I think perhaps I had better go home."

"Go home! Is it possible that you are tired of it already? What would Professor — say?"

"He says that I don't do well because my heart is 'otherwheres,'" said Hetty.

She could have bitten her tongue out the next moment for making such a very suggestive speech.

"Hetty, where is your heart?"

For answer, Hetty — poor Hetty! she was not the least bit strong-minded — hid her face in her hands, and sobbed.

She did not see the great light that illumined his face; but he took her comfortably into his arms, and kissed the hands that covered her eyes.

"Hetty, is it possible? Is it true that you love me?"

"I — I did n't say so," stammered Hetty. *"I don't know what right you have to think so, when you love and are going to marry Mrs. Leighton."*

"But if I love no one but you, and had not the slightest thought of marrying any one but you, would it be true?"

"I — I suppose so, — yes," said Hetty.

"If being my wife meant house-work, and no more music, would you marry me?"

"Yes," said Hetty unhesitatingly, though a faint little sigh did follow the *"yes."*

Mrs. Deering keeps *"a girl."* She is not a household drudge, but the many cares of a minister's wife have put an end to all prospect of a musical career. Whether she ever regrets it, ever wishes that her heart had not been *"otherwheres,"* I cannot tell.

HOW MOTLEY WROTE HISTORY.

Doubtless the first impression made by Motley's "Dutch Republic" upon its readers is that they are living among the men and scenes which it describes. Few histories give such a "realizing sense," to use an Americanism, of the period they narrate as does this work of the times that tried the souls of the Dutch patriots. This is due not only to the historian's picturesque writing, but to his imagination, which enabled him to enter into sympathy with the men and times he described. He judges the actors as though he was living among them and had access to their secret thoughts, and knew both their policies and the motives which governed them. In a letter written to Dr. Holmes from Brussels, in 1853, Mr. Motley describes how thoroughly he put himself in sympathy with the period of the Dutch republic:

When I say that I knew no soul in Brussels, I am perhaps wrong. With the present generation I am not familiar. The dead men of the place are my familiar friends. I am at home in any cemetery.

With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most intimate terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlight square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name at once.

My habits here for the present year are very regular. I came here having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first Part (something like three or four volumes, 8vo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair.

However, there is nothing for it but to penelope, pull to pieces, and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labor, nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast—but I don't care for the result.

The labor is in itself its own reward, and all I want. I go day after day to the archives here (as I went all summer at the Hague) studying the old letters and documents of the fifteenth century.

Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on these musty mulberry leaves, out of which we are afterwards to spin our silk.

It is, however, not without its amusement, in a mouldy sort of way, this reading of dead letters.

It is something to read the real, bona-fide signs-manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Farnese, Philip II., Cardinal Granvelle, and the rest of them.



Literary and Personal.

THE latest sketch of Mrs. Langtry, the present reigning beauty of London, is in a London letter to the *Boston Advertiser*: "She has a pale, fair complexion, light brown hair curled across her forehead, regular features, and a pretty smile; but the chief charms of her face are her blue eyes, with black lashes and eyebrows. Her dress is simple white muslin, with a good deal of lace about it, and she wears no ornament, not even a bracelet above her long white gloves. At the back of her little white straw bonnet are three white feathers. Her manners are as simple as her dress, and she appears utterly unconscious of the attention she excites."

AT Stewart's store, corner of Broadway and Tenth Street, among other rare curiosities, may be seen a shawl that was made for the Empress Eugénie. It is the most exquisitely fine embroidery of flowers on a ground-work composed of small hand-woven squares set together in the most delicate manner. So fine is the embroidery that to a casual observer it looks almost like appliqué-work. This shawl was bought by Mr. Stewart for sixty thousand dollars at the time the Empress Eugénie's possessions were sold. For a

founce of Brussels point lace he paid one hundred thousand dollars.

ALFRED TENNYSON's two sisters, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Jesse, are extremely cultivated and intellectual women, now past middle age. Mrs. Kerr is tall and stout; Mrs. Jesse short, wiry and dark-haired. Mrs. Jesse is the "Emily" who was engaged to marry poor young Arthur Hallam, the hero of the laureate's "In Memoriam."

POE's "Raven" was originally sold to the *American Quarterly Review* for ten dollars.

LORD DUFFERIN, the late popular Governor-General of Canada, has had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, but, by wearing a glass substitute and an eyeglass, the useless eye appears "as good as new." While traveling through Ireland, his native land, some years ago, Lord Dufferin, to get to his destination, made use of the national jaunting car. The driver was particularly loquacious and communicative, and his flow of conversation was all the more free and easy since he had not the slightest idea of the rank of his passenger. Not to be unsociable, the

future Governor-General asked him what news he had to tell. "As for news, yer honor," replied the unsuspecting driver, "shure I know no news that would interist a gintleman like yerself, unless it is that one-eye Dufferin is goin' to marry Kate Hamilton."

ROSA BONHEUR, according to the *London World*, has retired for some time from the public sight. Caring more for work than for notoriety, she has devoted many years to one immense and most picturesque subject, in which horses in action take the principal part, and which is not yet near completion. The following lively account given by a French lady of a visit the other day may amuse our readers: "I had never seen Rosa Bonheur; but Madame — insisted on driving me down, as any friend of hers was sure of a welcome from the artist. The country was charming, and as we approached the gates I noticed a working-man in a blouse, with short thick gray hair, eagerly on the look-out for the carriage. My friend shook hands with him with effusion,

and I noticed that this curious *ouvrier* wore brilliants at the cuffs and collar of his shirt. I was beginning to meditate on the eccentricity of an artist's household, when the working-man turned to me with the frank and charming manner of Rosa Bonheur herself, and welcomed me to the pleasantest of visits in the pleasantest of country houses."

SAYS Dr. Eggleston, "One peculiar good fortune of our country is that our poets and men of reputation in literature have been, with the single exception of poor Edgar Poe, men of great purity of character. The first race of American authors have left no stain upon American life. Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne have led lives that would be blameless and spotless in a minister or woman. Take twenty of our greatest authors, and you will find men of singular uprightness. It behooves us to stretch out our hands and bless God that nothing they have written will bring a blush to the cheek of coming generations."

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MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER VI.

MADAME DE TRÉMONVILLE'S DANCE.

It was admitted on all hands that Madame de Trémonville's entertainments were invariably brilliant and successful. Her abode was one of the most spacious of the many charming villas which cover the hillside of Mustapha; she never overcrowded her rooms, she paid special attention to the excellence of the refreshments provided; and she even affected a certain exclusiveness, declining to know people who had not something—whether beauty, rank, wealth, or talent—to recommend them. Without much difficulty, she succeeded in becoming a leader of Algerian society, and those whom she invited to her soirées seldom sent her a refusal. The Duchesse de Breuil and a few other Legitimist ladies looked down upon her, it is true; but that was a matter of course. They would have looked down upon anybody whose husband held office under the then existing Government, and this disdain gave Madame de Trémonville very little concern. She rather enjoyed an occasional passage-of-arms with Madame de Vaublanc; and for the rest, she took good care that these ladies should recognize her when they met in any public place, and insisted upon visiting them, whether they liked it or not. "It is *chic* to be upon good terms with the old noblesse," she would sometimes say.

Her reputation was not wholly free from reproach; nor was she well spoken of by the ladies of her acquaintance. As, however, nothing had as yet been proved against her, as she was very hospitable, and as she had a retentive memory and a sharp tongue, she was always able to fill her ball-room with members of the best society Algiers could produce.

Barrington, whom Léon in fulfilment of his promise duly escorted to Madame de Trémonville's next dance, was enchanted with the scene that met his eye as he passed through the doorway, where the mistress of the house stood smiling impartially upon each fresh arrival. The large square room into which he

looked, with its white walls, its polished *parquet* and its multitude of lights, was all ablaze with showy uniforms and jewels. As far as appearance went, Madame de Trémonville's modest salon might have been the reception-room of an ambassadress—so closely do ordinary mortals resemble their more exalted brethren if decked out in sufficiently fine clothes. The ladies were all well dressed—as indeed any community of Frenchwomen would be sure to be, however remote their habitation—and if the Orders which adorned the coats of the gentlemen were not invariably of the first or second class, they did not on that account make a less brave show. To the uninitiated eye one ribbon or star is very much like another.

Barrington, while scrutinising with pleased surprise so refined and civilised a gathering, was a little disappointed at failing to discover Mademoiselle de Mersac among the guests. He watched the dancers from the beginning to the end of a waltz; he sauntered through the ball-room, the card-room beyond it, and out on to the verandah, lit by hanging Moorish lamps of colored glass; but nowhere could he discover the graceful, majestic figure of which he was in search. Léon offered to introduce him to a partner, and in common courtesy he could not decline; but as soon as he had walked through a set of Lancers, he returned to the doorway, and resumed his patient watch. The only entry he witnessed for his pains was that of M. de Saint-Luc, who lounged in very late, and surveyed the assemblage with a look of anxiety gradually deepening into intense annoyance and disgust, which caused the other disappointed watcher to chuckle in his corner.

Madame de Trémonville advanced to meet her guest with marked cordiality. In him she recognised one of the most prominent men of the epoch. Algiers generally knew little of M. de Saint-Luc, except that he had dissipated a large fortune by riotous living; but Madame de Trémonville was not as those barbarians. She knew her Paris; and was proud to welcome the man whom Imperialism had delighted to honor. Thanks

to her sedulous study of certain Parisian journals, as well as to sundry private sources of information, she could have given him a tolerably accurate account of all his escapades in chronological order. Some years back, being at Longchamps, she had seen him leaning on the carriage-door of one of the famous ladies who frequented the Emperor's Court. The great race of the day had just been lost and won, and the crowd was beginning to disperse. A bystander, nudging his companion, had said, "Do you see that man? That is the Vicomte de Saint-Luc who has just lost a hundred thousand francs—there is one who ruins himself gaily"—and Madame de Trémonville, overhearing the remark, had watched the imperturbable loser with increased interest, had seen him slowly make his way through the lines of carriages, bowing to one lady, shaking hands with another, and exchanging a few words with a third, till he reached the equipage of a notorious leader of the demi-monde, into which he had stepped and had been driven away with the eyes of all Paris upon him. Madame de Trémonville, witnessing this little scene, had felt a momentary thrill of noble enthusiasm. "That is my ideal of a man!" she had exclaimed. So strange are the masculine ideals which some ladies have come to set up for themselves in the days in which we live. She donned her most winning smile, therefore, as she held out a tiny white-gloved hand to this hero, and thanked him for honoring her poor *soirée* with his presence.

"You will not find our little society amusing, monsieur," she said, deprecatingly; "but what can you expect? With the best will in the world, it is impossible to transplant the Tuileries to Africa."

Saint-Luc expressed contented acquiescence in this indisputable geographical fact, and took an early opportunity of escaping from his amiable hostess. He leant against the wall, and contemplated the company with a gloomy disapproval for which their provincialism was in no way responsible. There was M. de Trémonville, elderly, smooth-shaven, and dapper, rubbing his hands and beaming through his spectacles—the incarnation of a bureaucrat. (His real name was Bonjean; but, following the

example of many others of the Emperor's servants he had tacked the name of his native place on to his own plebeian patronymic, and now signed himself Bonjean de Trémonville, when he did not forget the Bonjean altogether. "After all," as Madame de Vaublanc was wont to say in her good-natured way, "the man must have been born somewhere, and why not at Trémonville—if there be such a place. Let us at least be thankful that he did not first see the light at Condé or Montmorency.") Then there was Madame Waranief, a fat Russian lady, who was at Algiers for her health, with her two fuzzy-haired marriageable daughters on either side of her; there was little M. de Fontvieille, with his nose in the air, conversing with Monsigneur the Archbishop, who had condescended to show himself for a few minutes at the house of so devout a member of his flock as Madame de Trémonville; there were the Sous-Gouverneur, the Préfet, the Sous-Préfet, the Mayor, half-a-dozen generals, and their wives, their daughters, their aides-de-camp, and their secretaries.

"Parbleu! they are *all* here," growled Saint-Luc under his breath—"all except the one person whom I came to meet."

But before the words had well escaped his lips he heard the voice of his hostess behind him welcoming some new-comer in her most honeyed accents.—"Ah, dear madame, is it possible that my poor little dance can have induced you to break through your rule of going to bed at half-past nine? It is too great an honor that you do me—really too great an honor!"—and turning round to see who this distinguished guest might be, he became aware of Madame de Vaublanc's sour visage, above which, serene and beautiful, towered the head and shoulders of Mademoiselle de Mersac. At this sight M. de Saint-Luc's features, which had hitherto worn an expression of the deepest dejection, became suddenly cheerful and animated. He made a hurried move in the direction of the doorway; but here his progress was interrupted by Madame de Vaublanc, who was eagerly explaining to her hostess that she was not there for her own pleasure.

"I never go to balls, not even to those given by my most intimate friends, much less—that is, I really never enter

a ball-room. It was Mademoiselle de Mersac who persuaded me—she had no chaperon, and I did not wish her to be deprived of a little amusement—she does not have too much, poor child!—otherwise—”

“Then we are doubly indebted to mademoiselle,” returned Madame de Trémonville, sweetly. “It was already very amiable of her to join a party of which she will be the chief ornament, but since she has brought you too with her, madame, I have no more fear as to the success of my evening.”

“Oh, madame, your compliment is intended to be ironical, no doubt; ugly old women are no attraction in any *salon*.”

“Kindness and courtesy, madame, are attractive in persons of all ages.”

Saint-Luc waited patiently till these amenities should be exhausted, and Madame de Vaublanc should see fit to leave the gangway free. Meanwhile Mr. Barrington, being less scrupulous, had pushed his way past the old lady, with a brief, “Pardon, madame,” and having shaken hands with Jeanne, who received him cordially, was writing his name upon her card. He wrote it more than once, as Saint-Luc observed with jealous surprise. What could there be in this self-satisfied Englishman to make Jeanne, who treated all men alike with the same hauteur, unbend towards him as towards an old friend? Was it because he was a Protestant, a foreigner, a man whom she could never be asked to marry, that she allowed him to take her ball-card out of her hand, and only laughed when he held out her fan at arm’s length and pretended to criticise the painting upon it with an artist’s eye? Saint-Luc would fain have believed so; but there was a look of frank admiration in Mr. Barrington’s blue eyes which he could not but perceive, and which caused him a good deal of uneasiness. At length Madame de Vaublanc moved on into the room, and then his opportunity came. He had already bowed to Jeanne from afar, and had received a cold acknowledgment of his salute. He now stepped to her side as she swept past him. “Mademoiselle will accord me a dance, I hope,” he said, humbly.

She stopped at once, and drawing out her card, answered with that chilly po-

liteness which always froze poor Saint-Luc’s pretty speeches before they were uttered, “With pleasure, monsieur; which dance shall it be?”

He named a waltz half-way down the programme, and with a slight bend of her head, she had left him before he had found courage enough to ask for a second one. He fell back, almost inclined to laugh at his own timidity. The truth is that the Vicomte de Saint-Luc, who had led cotillons in the presence of royalty, who had danced with princesses, and whose audacity in pushing his advances towards any lady whom he might chance to honor with his preference was a matter of notoriety, was as diffident as any schoolboy in the presence of the girl whom he loved.

“I am an imbecile—a veritable imbecile,” he murmured impatiently, as he lounged up to do his duty to the lady of the house.

With her, at all events, he was quite at ease. She belonged to a species with whose habits and tastes he was thoroughly conversant; and he managed, without any effort, to dance with her and take his fair share of the conversation, while, at the same time, his whole attention was fixed upon Jeanne, not one of whose movements escaped him. Many other eyes besides his were turned in the same direction. Mademoiselle de Mersac did not often appear in Algerian ball-rooms; but when she did honor them by her presence she never failed to excite more admiration than anyone else in the room. Her beauty was of that superb kind which refuses to be ignored; it eclipsed the mere prettiness of other women as the moon outshines the stars, and extorted an unwilling tribute even from those who would gladly have depreciated it—for unfortunately the people who had been, or imagined themselves to have been, slighted by the imperious Jeanne formed no inconsiderable portion of any society in which she was likely to show herself. This evening her praises were sung with more cordiality than usual, for she was in an exceptionally gracious mood, and, contrary to her custom, had engaged herself for every dance. She refused no partner till her card was full; she waltzed impartially with Mr. Barrington, with M. de Choisy, the Governor-General’s aide-

de-camp, with little Martin, a sub-lieutenant in a line regiment, who was only admitted into Society because his uncle was a bishop—and with a dozen others. She wore a dress of pale primrose silk (it was her habit to affect costumes somewhat richer than those generally adopted by unmarried ladies), and had steel ornaments on her neck, ears, and hair, which flashed with every turn of her graceful head. She was incontestably the most striking figure in the room.

This did not please Madame de Trémonville, who had no liking for the part of second fiddle, and who, previous to the arrival of this magnificent rival, had flattered herself that she had nothing to fear from comparison with any of her guests. "Do you admire gigantic women?" she whispered to Saint-Luc. "For my part, I think excessive size is as much a defect in us as it is a beauty in you."

Saint-Luc, who stood six feet two in his socks, answered mechanically that he had no eye for proportions, but that those of madame were, without doubt, the standard by which the whole sex should be judged; and received a playful tap on the shoulder from his partner's fan, in acknowledgment of this novel and delicate compliment. Madame de Trémonville's green velvet and Brussels lace, her exquisite complexion, and her wondrous coiffure were altogether thrown away upon him. He had not even noticed the diamonds which encircled her throat and sparkled amid her golden locks.

"All paste," sneered Madame de Vaublanc, scrutinising these jewels from the corner where she had ensconced herself beside a congenial friend—"bought in the Palais Royal for a few hundred francs, you may be sure. Is it likely that that poor man would accept a small employment in Algeria if he could afford to give his wife such diamonds as those? Absurd!"

"Perhaps he did not buy them," suggested the other amiable matron; "perhaps they were a *present*. It is said that M. de Trémonville does not object to his wife's receiving occasional marks of esteem from her friends. They were talking of her the other night at the Palace—and between ourselves—" Here the good lady's voice is lowered

to so confidential a pitch that we can't quite catch what she says. Very likely we don't lose much. Communications of a somewhat similar nature are to be heard every night in all countries and in all classes of society. What is an old woman without daughters to do at a ball, except to take away the character of the young ones? Madame de Trémonville, whose conduct, it must be allowed, had more than once exhibited a target for the arrows of scandal to be aimed at, knew very well that ladies of Madame de Vaublanc's calibre could do her very little real injury; it amused her to know that they were on her track, and she liked to lead them on, and double, and baffle them when she was in the humor. Partly with this laudable object in view, and partly for her own gratification, she made a dead set at Saint-Luc during the early part of the evening, dismissing her other partners to dance with him again and again, till, seeing a large figure g hung out in front of the orchestra, he quitted her side rather abruptly.

"At last!" he muttered, as he made his way through the crowd to a small boudoir which he had seen Jeanne enter with Barrington at the end of the last dance. He found her seated on a low divan, the Englishman sprawling at her side, and presented himself with a bow. She glanced up at him enquiringly, then down at her card, and rising immediately placed her hand within the arm which he offered her; and so they re-entered the ball-room.

"You have danced a good deal this evening, mademoiselle," said Saint-Luc, with that strange difficulty in opening the conversation which he had never experienced in his intercourse with any woman except Jeanne.

"Yes; a good deal."

"More than usual, I think."

"Yes; rather more than usual."

"I fancied you did not care much for balls."

"*C'est selon*."

"I suppose you mean that it depends upon your partners," said Saint-Luc, with a tinge of annoyance in his voice. Her manner was disagreeable enough to justify some resentment; but it was more with himself than with her that he was vexed; for he felt that, somehow or

other, he was not showing to advantage.

"Naturally," she answered.

"Is that Mr. Barrington a good dancer?"

"Mr. Barrington? Yes, he dances well."

"He must differ then from the rest of his nation. Without vanity, I will venture to assert that you will find ten good dancers in France for one in England."

"Really?"

"Yes. There are exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, Englishmen are not made for society. They always seem to me to require the open air. Out of doors they have a certain rough good humor, which excuses a good deal of *gaucherie*; but put them in a *salon*, and they become insupportable."

"You have been in England, monsieur?"

"No; but I have met a great many Englishmen. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but frankly I do not like them. After all, the French and English are hereditary enemies."

"My mother was an Englishwoman; and, for my own part, I have always been proud of being half English," said Jeanne.

After that Saint-Luc thought he would change the subject.

"Is it an impertinence, mademoiselle," he said, "to congratulate you upon your charming toilette? I have seen nothing like it since I left Paris."

A very slight bend of the head, combined with a supercilious droop of the eyelids and an upward curve of the lips, seemed to imply, as plainly as politeness would permit, that Mademoiselle de Mersac *did* consider the remark an impertinence.

Saint-Luc felt this to be rather hard; it was so utterly at variance with all his experience that any lady should object to hear her dress praised. He was completely silenced, and bit his moustache moodily. It was Jeanne who spoke next.

"Shall we not dance?" she said, "the waltz is half over."

It really seemed the only thing to be done. In this particular, at all events, Saint-Luc felt that he could hardly give offence. His Parisian apprenticeship had lasted so long that he knew himself

to be a complete master of the art of waltzing; and as he piloted his partner smoothly and swiftly through the throng, never losing time, and never so much as brushing against another couple, he took some comfort from the thought that though it appeared impossible for him to open his mouth in Jeanne's presence without angering her, she could not, at least, complain of him as a partner.

When the dance was at an end, he got a little disdainful compliment for his pains.

"You have a right to criticise the dancing of others, Monsieur de Saint-Luc," said Jeanne; "your own is perfect." If she had added, "You are fit for nothing better than dancing," she could not have conveyed her meaning more clearly to the mind of her hearer.

The poor Vicomte was as much puzzled as he was hurt. He could not in the least understand the girl, nor what she was driving at. He would have liked to ask her point-blank what he had done to be so cruelly snubbed, and why she should regard a man who had never willingly offended her with such determined aversion. Had he done so, he would have risen several degrees in her estimation, and would probably have got an honest answer into the bargain; but he thought that conventionality debarred him from so straightforward a course—and, after a minute's consideration, he could find no better rejoinder than a rather aggrieved one to the effect that he did not care about dancing, and would not have been where he was that night, had he not been told that he would be rewarded by meeting Mademoiselle de Mersac.

"You do not like dancing?" said Jeanne, incredulously, passing by his reference to herself. "I thought you were such a famous leader of cotillons. *À propos*, who leads the cotillon this evening?"

"I suppose you know that I am to do it," answered Saint-Luc, with a little vexed laugh. "I should have preferred to refuse; but what could I do when that woman insisted? She is one of those people who are no more disturbed by a refusal than a rhinoceros by a discharge of small shot."

"If you do not like her, why do you dance so much with her?" asked Jeanne,

gravely. "You have scarcely left her side the whole evening, and now you compare her to a rhinoceros. I wonder what flattering likeness you will discover for me when my back is turned."

Saint-Luc was very patient, and very much in love; but this unremitting hostility was becoming too much even for him. "When you know me better, mademoiselle," he said, coldly, "you will find that I do not speak ill of my friends. As for Madame de Trémonville, she is no friend of mine. Here comes your partner for the next dance. I suppose I must not hope to be honored by another."

Mademoiselle de Mersac regretted that she was engaged for the remainder of the evening; and so, with a slight inclination of her head, passed back into the ball-room on the arm of the happy M. Martin, leaving Saint-Luc to meditate over the progress of his suit. He shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous wonder at his own infatuation as he made his way into the card-room, where three old gentlemen were playing whist with dummy; and there he remained, not caring to dance again, till the time came for him to fulfil his cotillon duties.

The cotillon, without which no French ball is complete, has failed to take root as an institution in England, probably because it has never been rightly understood in this country, where, indeed, it is usually considered to be a sort of organised romp, of which the principal features are the stationing of a lady in the middle of the floor with a looking-glass in her hand, the throwing of a ball to be scrambled for by a line of male competitors, and the affixing of a set of harness, adorned with jingling-bells, to the shoulders of four unhappy and self-conscious men, who are then driven round the room, feebly endeavoring to mitigate the absurdity of their position by an agonised imitation of the pawing and prancing of a spirited team. What Madame de Trémonville understood by a cotillon was something infinitely more intricate, more artistic, and more decorous than this. With its complicated figures, its crossings of hands, its frequent changes of partners, its involutions and evolutions, and its stately rhythmic measures which melted into waltzes, it was a performance

which required some study and management, and no one was expected to take part in it who was not familiar with its more ordinary figures, and who was not quick at catching up the new ones which were constantly being introduced into it. The inevitable looking-glass, the bouquets, and the badges were not omitted from the programme; but they were by no means its chief feature, nor did they lead to anything in the semblance of a romp. Not that Madame de Trémonville had any objection to the latter method of passing the time when her more intimate friends were gathered about her—on the contrary, she had a strong predilection for it, derived like her Ultramontanism, her penchant for *bric-à-brac*, and many other incongruous tastes, from quarters whence she obtained her notion of the prevailing fashion—but, in mixed society, she judged it best to earn a character for elegance rather than eccentricity.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?" she cried, seeking out Saint-Luc in the card-room, towards two o'clock in the morning, and rousing him by her thin falsetto voice from the reverie in which he had been plunged. "Does one go to balls to look on at a game of whist?"

"What pleasure could it have given me to remain in the ball-room and see you dancing with others?" returned Saint-Luc, in his politely perfunctory manner.

"Ah, bah! you were lazy. I would have danced with you if you had taken the trouble to ask me. In your absence, I have been amusing myself with your friend the little marquis, whom I found much improved by his travels. He will develop himself. I have great hopes of him. But now I am going to make you work, whether you will or no. Here is the list of our figures for the cotillon. With which would you advise me to begin?"

Saint-Luc took the strip of paper which she handed to him, and having perused it, briefly delivered his opinion as to one or two points in the programme; Madame de Trémonville listening to him with as much reverence as a newly-joined subaltern displays in listening to his colonel. In truth, Saint-Luc had long ago reached the highest grades in that service of fashionable so-

city of which the lady was but a hanger-on and exiled admirer.

Entering the ball-room presently, laden with the paraphernalia of flowers, ribbons, hoops, and so forth, necessary for the task set before him, he was surprised to see Jeanne seated upon one of the chairs which had been ranged round the room for the convenience of the dancers. Knowing how seldom she lingered at any entertainment after midnight, he had not counted upon seeing her again that evening, and perhaps the sight of her might have pleased as well as surprised him if the tenant of the chair next to hers had not been Mr. Barrington. As it was, he frowned uneasily. Of Barrington in the character of a possible husband to Jeanne he had no fear; difference of nation, religion, and language were sufficient guarantees against the chance of such a match being proposed; but he was jealous, furiously jealous, of the man who, without any apparent effort, had managed to make himself acceptable to Mademoiselle de Mersac during an entire evening, and who was even now bending over her with a familiarity which he—Saint-Luc—would never have dared to assume. Had he been a vain man he would have been mortified at the ease with which another had succeeded where he had so lamentably failed; but vain he was not—only envious and jealous, as was but natural under the circumstances.

Saint-Luc had reduced the leading of a cotillon to a science. He could direct its most intricate movements, and at the same time reserve a large portion of his attention for some other subject. He was able, therefore, to acquit himself to the entire satisfaction of his hostess, while watching with increasing pain and wonder the progress of the sudden intimacy which had sprung up between Jeanne and the Englishman. Observing the unconscious couple thus closely, he soon became aware of a phenomenon for which he was at first at a loss to account; namely, that, whereas Barrington was evidently in the best of spirits, and grew more talkative and merry with each successive figure, Jeanne, on the contrary, was as evidently dissatisfied, and became gradually graver and more preoccupied, till at last she ceased to speak to or notice her partner at all. It

was not till the cotillon was three parts over that Saint-Luc discovered the clue to this change of mood. A most decided frown upon Jeanne's straight brows and an impatient tap of her foot enlightened him. He followed the direction of her glance, and was just in time to catch the conclusion of a little scene which the rest of the company had been watching with more or less of satirical interest. Exactly in the centre of the room, before the eyes of all Algiers, Madame de Trémonville, having selected a flower from a bouquet which she held in her hand, was presenting it to Léon, who, with the sublime fatuity of which only a very young Frenchman can be capable, raised it to his lips before fixing it into his buttonhole. The figure which had just come to an end was that in which gentlemen are permitted to select their partners by the presentation of a bouquet, and it was in the above-mentioned way that the mistress of the house chose to manifest her recognition of the compliment paid her by the young marquis. Saint-Luc recollected immediately that Madame de Trémonville had invariably singled out Léon when she had been called upon to choose a partner, and the reason of Jeanne's displeasure became obvious to him. In her place he would have been disposed rather to laugh than to be angry; but, regarding Jeanne as he did with a reverential awe, as a being of infinitely greater purity and nobility than himself, he understood that, in her eyes, any semblance of flirtation with a married woman must be a heinous crime, and more with a view to saving her annoyance than to rescuing his young friend from any possible peril, he resolved to take an early opportunity of speaking a few words of friendly caution to Léon.

His own bouquet, which he ought by rights to have presented to some lady, lay unheeded on the floor at his side. He had not taken the trouble to offer it to anyone, seeing that the only person in the room whose good-will he valued in the least had shown him in the most unmistakable manner that his attentions were unwelcome.

But now humility was unexpectedly rewarded. For, the order of the dance being changed, and it being the turn of the ladies to choose the partners most agree-

able to them, who should come gravely up to the diffident Vicomte, with a little badge of red ribbon outheld between her finger and thumb, but Mademoiselle de Mersac?

Saint-Luc started, half-delighted, half-doubtful. For a second he thought the stately young lady who stood before him must have made some mistake; but no—there was the knot of red ribbon within an inch of his nose, proffered a trifle disdainfully, it is true, yet distinctly intended for him. He pinned it on his coat, too much bewildered to find any words, and mechanically placed his arm round Jeanne's slender waist. But before he had taken half a turn round the room, his partner let him know that she wished to stop. They were then exactly opposite the door.

"I am going away," she said in that quiet, commanding tone, as of a superior to an inferior, which she always used in addressing Saint-Luc. "If they can spare you for a few minutes, I should be much obliged if you would take me out to get my wraps."

"They *must* spare me," he answered joyfully, leading her out into the dim hall, where Madame de Vaublanc, with a wonderful peaked hood on her head and a multiplicity of cloaks and mufflers about her small person, was awaiting her charge. "If they want me, they must do without me. I should be perfectly willing to send them all to purgatory for the chance of doing you the smallest service."

"That will not be necessary," answered Jeanne, with a slight smile; "but it happens that I have to ask you to do me a small service—in fact, I brought you out here for that purpose."

"If it be in my power to do what you wish, mademoiselle, you may consider it an accomplished fact."

"It is certainly in your power," she said, and paused for a moment. Then she resumed, rather hurriedly—"You have great influence over my brother—more, I think, than I have, in some things. I want you to use it to keep him away from Madame de Trémonville. You will understand what I mean. You saw what took place to-night; and Léon is a young man; and—and I suppose all young men are the same. And he will listen to you, though I doubt whether he

would listen to me. I would not ask you to do me this favor," she concluded, "if it were likely to give you any trouble or inconvenience; but, so far as I can see, it will do neither. After all, you can scarcely have any *interest* in bringing my brother and Madame de Trémonville together."

For an instant the color rose to Saint-Luc's pale cheeks, and his eyes flashed; but he had perfect self-control, and it was without any show of anger, though more coldly than usual, that he answered, "I do not know from whence you have derived your opinion of me, mademoiselle; but it does not appear to be a high one. For the rest, you are quite right—I am not worth much; yet I am capable occasionally of acting from other motives than those of self-interest; and as to the subject of which you speak, I had already intended to take the liberty of saying a few words to your brother about it—so that you need not feel annoyed by the thought that you are under any obligation to me—however small—in the matter."

And as Jeanne looked at him a little doubtfully, he added, "Some day, mademoiselle, you will perhaps acknowledge that, whatever my faults may be, I am, at least, not untrue to my friends."

Jeanne, not being as yet convinced of the truth of this statement, and finding nothing to say in answer to it, merely bowed and turned to follow Madame de Vaublanc, whom M. de Trémonville was now helping into her carriage. But when she had taken a few steps, she wheeled round, and marching back to Saint-Luc, said abruptly—

"It is possible that I have been unjust to you, monsieur; if so, I am sorry for it. And I think I treated you rather rudely earlier in the evening; I am very sorry for that also, and I beg your pardon. Now you had better return to the ball-room, or they will wonder what has become of you. Good-night."

The apology was not a very graceful one, nor was it delivered by any means in a contrite tone; but, such as it was, Saint-Luc gladly accepted it, and went back to conclude his duties with a somewhat lighter heart. As for Jeanne, she left the house, telling herself that she neither liked the man nor trusted him, but that, upon the whole, she had per-

haps been wrong in letting him see so plainly what her feelings with regard to him were. She had, therefore, offered him her excuses—and what more could be expected of her?

At the door she met Barrington, who came up, hat in hand, and said eagerly, "You won't forget your promise, will you?"

"My promise?" she returned interrogatively. "Oh, you mean about the picture. No, I will not forget, and if the Duchess has no objection, I shall be happy to appear in it. When will you come and make your arrangements? To-morrow? Very well; then we will expect you at breakfast-time—twelve o'clock. Good-night."

She spoke indifferently enough, being at the moment occupied with reflections in which the Englishman and his artistic tastes had no share, but her voice had a perceptibly more friendly ring than that in which she had addressed Saint-Luc; and Barrington, as he lit his cigar, and strolled down towards the town, through scented orange-groves, and under the shade of olives and carob-trees, grey and ghostly in the starlight, laughed triumphantly to himself. "I was sure I should get her to sit to me," he thought. "Really, if people only knew it, the best way to gain anything is to ask for it. Most men don't understand that, and lose what they want because they wait for it to be offered to them. Heavens! what a splendid creature she is, and how mad that poor devil of a Frenchman is about her. I doubt whether *his* asking for what he wants would be of much use; yet he would have a better chance if he came straight to the point with her, instead of throwing himself down at her feet to be trampled upon. I could give him a hint or two, if I wanted him to succeed—only I don't."

CHAPTER VII.

BARRINGTON STUDIES THE PICTURE. ESQUE.

"COLOR," said Barrington sententiously, leaning back in his rocking-chair and pointing with the end of his cigarette to the liquid blue sky above him with lazy approbation—"color is one of the chief delights of existence. It is wonderful how few people realise that

truth. And yet all human beings are more or less under the influence of color, and are made happy by the sight of it, or dispirited by its absence, as they would know if they took the pains to analyse their sensations. The man who has the room next to mine at the Hôtel d'Orient is dying of consumption; his doctor has sent him here, without a single relation or friend, to get well—which he has about as much chance of doing as I have of becoming Pope; and he doesn't speak more than a few words of French, and he doesn't like foreign cooking, and he says the fleas bite him, and he wishes to goodness he was back in England. One can't help taking an interest in one's next door neighbor—though I must say I wish he didn't cough so much at nights; but that is not his fault, poor beggar!—So I generally look in after breakfast and try to cheer him up a little. Well, this morning when I went to see him as usual, I found him sitting at the open window, wirling a bunch of violets between his finger and thumb, and whistling as merrily as a cricket. I asked him what made him so cheerful, and he said he really didn't know, unless it was that there was a fine warm sun to-day. Stuff! Take the man's violets away from him, and plant him in his arm-chair in the middle of the Sahara, and do you suppose he would whistle? Not he! I knew, though he didn't, that it was the sight of the cobalt sea and the far-away purple hills, and the Moors in the street below, and the children selling flowers, and of a hundred subtle effects produced by refraction, that was making him happy; and I declare, when I looked at him, I wished with all my heart that his relations would come out here to him, and that he would not live to return to England. One feels nearer Heaven in such a climate as this; and, for my part, I never can understand how it is that there is as much crime in the South of Europe as in the North. Hang it all! you have no *right* to be wicked in a country where Nature is so kind to you. Thanks; I will take just one drop of that green Chartreuse, and then, if you will allow me, I will go and find your sister, and set to work."

Mr. Barrington was sitting in the verandah at the Campagne de Mersac.

Through the open windows of the dining-room at his back might have been seen a deserted breakfast table, whose snowy damask, heaped-up fruit, half-empty decanters, and profusion of flowers formed a combination of color which he had already duly appreciated while rendering justice to the merits of his friend's cook. At his side was a small table, on which stood a silver Moorish coffee-pot, two cups, and a liqueur-decanner, and beyond it, Léon, clad in a complete suit of white duck, reclined in an easy chair, puffing at his cigarette with a somewhat bewildered expression of countenance, having had some difficulty in following the foreign idiom in which the above harangue had been couched.

"One has no right to be wicked anywhere," he observed, with undeniable justice, in reply to the speaker's last words.

"Of course not; but don't you see what a difference surroundings ought to make? A man who at the end of his day's work finds himself in a dismal, filthy street, with the rain chilling him to the bones, and no object that his eyes can rest upon but what is hideous and melancholy, naturally betakes himself to the first place where he can get liquor enough to make him forget his misery—after which he goes home, and, by way of protest against the hopelessness of his existence, knocks his wife down and kicks her about the head.

"I do not think we do that in Algeria," said Léon; "but there are often cases of stabbing, especially among the Spaniards, whose knives are always ready. And as to the climate, you cannot judge of its effects till you have spent a summer here, and have felt the influence of a three days' sirocco upon your nerves. I can assure you that after twenty-four hours of it, you would be capable of taking your own mother by the hair if she irritated you; and, as a fact, there is far more violence at such times than ordinarily."

"Indeed? So it all works round to much the same thing in the end; and there is compensation in everyone's lot—or at least, a grievance, which is still pleasanter. All the same, I don't think I should mind living in Algeria; in fact, I think I should very much like it, and

I am not sure that I wouldn't do it if I were a free man, and hadn't my own poor acres to look after in England. I wonder now whether one could make a small farm here pay its way; it would be an excuse for running over for a few months every year."

Léon shook his head. "You would be robbed," he said. "Even if you lived upon your farm, it is not likely that you would make money by it, and if you were absent it is certain that you would lose a great deal. Besides, the life would not suit you, even for a few months. For me it is different. I have been accustomed to it from a child, and I have no dislike either to the heat or the loneliness of the summer. Some day I will take you out to the little farm where I breed my horses, beyond Koléah, and we will get up a boar-hunt to amuse you. You will be pleased with it at this season of the year, for it stands high, overlooking the Metidja plain and facing the Atlas mountains, and the air is strong and fresh, and though there is no cultivation just in the neighborhood, you can see the corn-fields and orange-groves beneath you, and the white houses of Blidah far away under the opposite hills; but in summer it is melancholy enough. Then the whole country is parched and burnt brown; there is generally a mist over the mountains, and most people find the silence oppressive. Nevertheless old Pierre Cauvin and I generally spend three weeks or so there in August, and sometimes Jeanne comes with us, and then we are as happy as children. Early every morning, and again at sunset, we gallop over the country for miles, and the young horses follow us in a troop, squealing and kicking up their heels, and we feel as if the whole world belonged to us. Ah, that is the life! I like the world and society and amusement, but I don't think I ever enjoy myself so well as when I am quite free, and away from civilisation. I suppose living so much among the Arabs has made me a little of a savage at heart. Jeanne, Mr. Barrington says he would like to buy a farm in Algeria, and I tell him he would lose his money if he did, and would hate the country and the climate into the bargain. It is not everyone who can transform himself into a Bedouin like you and me, *ma sœur*."

Léon had spoken in his own language, but Jeanne, who now showed herself at the window, with Turco at her side, turned to Barrington with a bright smile and addressed him in English, which she spoke quite correctly, but with just enough of foreign accent to lend it a charm not its own.

"You really think of buying land here?" she said. "How delightful that would be!"

Barrington was so much pleased and flattered, that if Léon had offered to sell him a few hundred acres offhand, he would very likely have consented to the bargain then and there; but before he had time to reply, Jeanne broke into a laugh at the absurdity of her own notion. "Of course you were not speaking seriously," she said. "Algiers is pleasant enough in the winter time, and when you have a comfortable hotel to lodge in; but to live in one of our rough farm-houses—that is another thing! I think you would not remain with us long. Now, when will you begin your picture?"

"Whenever you are ready," answered Barrington. "I thought, if you did not mind taking up your position in that chair at the end of the verandah, I might station myself in the garden below, so as to get in the marabout, which is really the most characteristic part of the house."

It was the house that this artful schemer had requested permission to delineate. He represented himself as an enthusiastic admirer of Moorish architecture, and only suggested as an innocent afterthought that a portrait of Mademoiselle de Mersac, seated on the balcony, would add life to his picture. He went off in search of his materials, and, on his return, found that he was likely to have a *tête-à-tête* interview with his fair model, Léon having slipped away to look after his farm duties.

"So much the better; two is company, three is none," he thought, as he set up his easel within a few feet of the carved balustrade beside which Jeanne was sitting in a low chair, Turco resting his great head on her knee, and blinking lazily from his shady position at the painter out in the sunshine.

"Surely you are placing yourself too close," Jeanne said, turning to look

down upon him; "you will only be able to take a very small corner of the house from where you are sitting."

"It is only a very small corner that I want," replied Barrington, without hesitation. "As far as general effect goes, these Moorish buildings are not striking; their beauty lies in their carved wood-work and arabesques and marble pillars, and, and, and—in detail, in short. If I were a dozen yards away, I couldn't possibly do justice to the detail—don't you see?"

"Could you not? I am very glad, at all events, that you are obliged to approach so near, for now we can talk," said Jeanne, unsuspectingly. "I am anxious to hear what you think of our little colonial society. Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Immensely," answered Barrington with a strong emphasis on the word. "I don't know when I have enjoyed a ball so much. Would you mind turning round a little, so that I may get your face quite in profile? I shall have to take one or two sketches before I begin the picture itself. Thank you very much. How could I do otherwise than enjoy myself when—when everybody was so kind and hospitable? And you—were you tolerably well amused?"

"Oh, yes," answered Jeanne, a slight cloud coming over her face, "it was very pleasant—at least for part of the evening. I got a little tired of it towards the end; but I am not very fond of balls."

"I am afraid you must have repented of your kindness in giving me the cotillon," said Barrington, executing a few rapid strokes, and surveying the result with his head thrown back. "I am not a first-rate waltzer, I know."

"First-rate, no!" answered Jeanne, candidly; "but you dance very well—remarkably well, indeed, for an Englishman. Besides, I am not exacting."

"I suppose we English *are* a clumsy people," remarked Barrington, with just a tinge of disappointment in his tone—for indeed he was considered an excellent dancer both in his own county and in London—"our education does not include a great many useful little accomplishments. As for me, I have perhaps had rather more advantages than other fellows—not that I am conceited about

it, or anything of that kind, you know—still I did learn to dance at Vienna."

"Did you?" said Jeanne, stroking Turco's head and gazing absently out to sea. "The Austrians are the best waltzers in the world, are they not?"

She was evidently so little interested in the subject that Barrington did not think it worth while to reply to her last question, and returned to his sketch with an uncomfortable impression of having vaunted himself without effect.

There was a silence of nearly five minutes, which Jeanne broke at last by taking up the conversation exactly where she had left it.

"You do not care to be thought a good dancer, do you?" she asked.

"I? Oh, I don't know—yes, I think I do. One always likes to do everything as well as one can."

"But dancing is such an effeminate thing! For women it is very well, but men have so many better ways of distinguishing themselves. I like Englishmen, because they are more manly in their amusements than Frenchmen. A man ought to be a man; and that is why I always tell Léon to imitate the English in everything except—except in a few small particulars. He talks a great deal about your riding and shooting, and says you are *de première force* in everything of that kind."

"Oh dear no! I don't think I am really what you could call good at anything. I can shoot pretty fairly some days, but not by any means always; and shooting, I believe, is my chief accomplishment. You see an idle man is bound to take up all sorts of different pursuits, and it would be odd if he couldn't succeed in any of them. I am a Jack-of-all-trades and master of none, as we say in England. Your brother thinks me a wonderful fellow because I can speak French and play the piano and paint a little; but your brother, I fancy, is rather inclined to magnify the talents of his friends. He is a little enthusiastic, isn't he?"

"Léon? Yes, a little: he is young," answered Jeanne in a tone of kind toleration, as though she and youth had nothing in common.

"At his age," resumed Barrington, with that sententiousness which some of his friends occasionally found rather try-

ing, "one receives impressions rather than forms judgments. A lad of twenty or twenty-one seldom sees far below the surface, and is very apt to make friends with associates who may do him incalculable harm before he finds them out."

"You are not speaking of yourself, I suppose?"

"Well, no; I do not push modesty quite so far. But frankly, I do think that your brother is getting into a set here which is not likely to do him any good. I hope I don't offend you by saying so."

"Not at all; on the contrary, you would do me a great kindness if you would tell me in what way you think he is in danger. He is his own master now," said Jeanne with a half sigh "but I have still more power with him, I believe, than any one else."

"Exactly. I knew that, or I should not have ventured to broach the subject. The fact is that, if I were you, I should try to keep him away from that fellow, Saint-Luc."

"You do not like M. de Saint-Luc?"

"No; I dislike him particularly. But it is not a question of liking or disliking. He might be the pleasantest fellow in existence, and yet a very bad companion for a lad just entering the world. He belongs to a class which I happen to know something of, and which includes a great many very agreeable and entertaining people; only unfortunately they have not got a vestige of a principle among them. The first time I saw M. de Saint-Luc, I knew at once what he was—a man who would do anything, except perhaps cheat at cards."

"I don't think he means any harm to Léon," said Jeanne, who had a dislike to speaking ill of the absent.

"Means!—well, possibly not; but example is more powerful than intention. Then there is Madame de Trémonville. From the little I saw of her, she is another person whom I should be inclined to warn any young brother of mine against."

"Why do you say that?" asked Jeanne sharply, wheeling round in her chair, and facing Mr. Barrington with an anxious look, which he saw, though he pretended to be still occupied with his work.

"I have no special reason," he an-

sweared—"I am afraid I must trouble you to place yourself in the same position that you were in just now. Thank you very much. I have no particular reason for condemning Madame de Trémonville; but for all that you may take my word for it that she is not a safe friend for an impressionable young man. When you joined us, he was saying how he enjoyed life at his farm in the country; if I were you, I would induce him to go out there now for a change of air."

"He would not do that," answered Jeanne. "And, besides, he has been so long away that we could not spare him again just at present. But it is kind of you to take an interest in him," she added, after a pause, "and I shall think over what you have said."

She dismissed the subject as a queen dismisses an audience; and Barrington, amused though he was by her unconscious imperiousness, was not bold enough to say any more. He worked on silently at the rough sketch which he had begun, indulging himself, from time to time, with a furtive study of the beautiful, composed face which showed no consciousness of his scrutiny. "I wonder what her future will be," he mused. "Not an altogether happy one, I should hope; I doubt whether happiness would be becoming to her. Those great melancholy eyes and that calm sweet mouth were made to triumph over adversity, not to lose their meaning in commonplace domestic bliss. Imagine her married to a fat Frenchman, and the mother of three or four squalling brats with cropped heads—oh, odious thought! No; she must have some more exciting—more romantic history than that. I think I should prefer her to remain unmarried—perhaps have an unfortunate attachment in early life, so as to subdue her a little, and soften down that occasional hardness of manner which is her one defect. Then she must have her share of trouble—that, no doubt, will be provided by our young friend Léon—and gradually withdraw from the world, giving herself up more and more to good works. Of course her house will always be open to receive an old friend, though—that I shall certainly require of her, and—"

At this juncture the subject of his day-dream interrupted him by remarking—

"It is very tiring to sit so long in the same attitude. Can you not draw the balcony for a few minutes, and allow me to move? Ah, here is M. de Fontvieille. *À la bonne heure!* Now I shall be obliged to get up and shake hands with him."

Old M. de Fontvieille, who had just appeared round the corner of the house, came forward, holding in his hand the broad-leaved Panama hat which the exigencies of the climate compelled him to wear rather against the grain. In the town, or when paying visits of ceremony, he affected the tall, very tall black hat of a bygone period of fashion, and at all times and in all places the rest of his costume was a model of scrupulous neatness.

His erect and dapper little figure was evidently not unacquainted with artful appliances in the shape of stays and padding; his tightly-fitting grey trowsers were strapped under a tiny pair of boots, so highly polished that it was impossible to look at them, on a sunshiny day, without blinking; and his grey moustache and imperial were carefully waxed.

As he bent over Jeanne's outstretched hand, he threw up at her one of those languishing glances which had done terrible execution in the days when the world was forty years younger. They were innocent enough now, those speaking looks from eyes which age had long since dimmed, and were meant to express nothing more than that respectful homage which M. de Fontvieille had never in his life failed to render to any member of the fair sex, whether old or young, plain or pretty. The old gentleman had retained the manner, as well as the costume, of a youth which had been prolonged beyond the limits of middle age, and ogled grandmothers and grandchildren with perfect impartiality.

"I have been paying my respects to Madame la Duchesse," he said; "and I have made her promise to come out into the garden shortly to enjoy this divine sunshine. She left me in the drawing-room, saying that she would put on her bonnet and return in two minutes. I waited for her half an hour, and then, as I was beginning to tire of my own company, I thought I might venture to step round and wish you good-morning. So you are about to be immortalised,

Jeanne? Will you do me the honor to present me to monsieur?"

Barrington rose and bowed, as Jeanne made the requested introduction, and M. de Fontvieille bent his grey head till it was almost in a line with his knees, and brushed the gravel with a backward sweep of his Panama hat.

"You are an amateur artist, monsieur?" said the elder gentleman. "I envy you your talent: you are in a country which should be the paradise of artists; and you have a magnificent landscape before you. May I be permitted to glance at your canvas?"

"Certainly," answered Barrington, standing back to allow the other to approach his easel; "but it is not precisely the landscape that I propose to paint. As you see by the rough sketch before you, I am attempting nothing more ambitious than a *souvenir* of this exquisite old building; and mademoiselle has very kindly consented to let me have a likeness of herself in the foreground."

"Ah, I perceive," said the old gentleman, peering inquisitively at the outline through his double eye-glass—"a study of the Campagne and mademoiselle; or perhaps I ought rather to say, of mademoiselle and the Campagne. Both charming subjects, monsieur, and I admire your taste in having accorded the largest portion of your space to the more deserving of the two."

"Mademoiselle is in the foreground," began Barrington explanatorily.

"Naturally. It would have been impolite to place her anywhere else," returned M. de Fontvieille, with a twinkle in his eye. "Do you paint in oils or in water-colors, monsieur?"

"In oils."

"Ah! and that requires many sittings, does it not?—a picture in oils."

Barrington answered vaguely that it was impossible to fix in advance the time required for the completion of any picture; and then, to his relief, the Duchess joined the group, leaning upon her stick, and M. de Fontvieille desisted from his queries.

The two old people went away together presently, and began a steady, slow promenade up and down over the gravel walks, while Barrington returned to his work, and Jeanne to her reflections.

"And how does the *affaire* Saint-Luc progress?" enquired M. de Fontvieille, as soon as he and his old friend were out of earshot.

The Duchess made a grimace. "As far as I can see, it does not progress at all," she answered. "You know how perverse Jeanne is; it is mere waste of time and temper to attempt to influence her. Happily M. de Saint-Luc is of a very patient disposition; and, moreover, he is desperately in love with the girl. I trust in time, and say nothing; but I wish the matter could be settled one way or the other. At my age, Time is an uncertain friend; I may have to part with him for ever before I am a year older, and then what is to become of Jeanne? Ah, the poor old Marquis! If he had not taken it into his head to marry an Englishwoman, how much trouble we might all have been spared!"

"Jeanne, for one, would have been spared the trouble of existence," observed M. de Fontvieille. "Her father's marriage may have been no blessing for her; but it has provided you and me, madame, with an interest for our old age. Does M. de Saint-Luc come here often?"

"No, not very often. He is ceremonious, and will not visit us without an invitation. Certainly he is invited tolerably frequently; but then, you understand, it is I who ask him, and he is not always well received."

"It is a pity," remarked M. de Fontvieille, meditatively, with a glance in the direction of the house, where Barrington and Jeanne were to be seen apparently engaged in animated conversation—"it is a pity that M. de Saint-Luc is not an artist."

"Ah, bah!" returned the Duchess, following his look and his thought; "there is no danger. Jeanne, if she is deficient in some good qualities, has at least that of common sense; and that Mr. Barrington (who *par parenthèse*, is a much better informed and more agreeable person than most of his compatriots) is no longer young enough to make a fool of himself. Everybody knows that mixed marriages always end in misery. If, however, you have any fears," she added with a short sardonic laugh, "I will tell Jeanne that the Englishman is an excellent *parti*, and that I have a high

opinion of him. That will dispose of him effectually."

"He is rich, they say."

"My dear monsieur, of what are you dreaming? If he had all the wealth of the Rothschilds, do you suppose that would make any difference? No, no! we have had enough of English marriages in the de Mersac family. But I tell you there is no danger at all. Come, let us talk of something else. I am weary of vexing myself, night and day, with the question of Jeanne's future."

"The future? My dear madame, we have reached an age—you and I—at which most mortals cease to have any control over future events, and retain very little over present ones. We have acted our part and said our say in this world, and must now stand aside to make room for a younger generation. All that we can do is to offer good advice—which we may be pretty sure will not be accepted. Did you act upon advice when you were young, madame? For my part, nothing short of coercion had any influence upon me; and Jeanne is not precisely a person to be coerced. Why, then, vex yourself? Jeanne will take her own way, and very likely it will not be a bad way. Only, if I were in your place, and if I were determined that she should marry M. de Saint-Luc, I should seriously recommend that gentleman to develop a talent for drawing. But I see that the subject is displeasing to you; pardon me if I have been indiscreet in pursuing it." M. de Fontvieille stood still in the gravel path, took off his hat, and bowed profoundly as he made this apology.

"Will you come now and see my sapphires?" he continued. "They are good stones—that I know; but I want the benefit of your taste as to the best setting for them."

M. de Fontvieille had for some years been the tenant of the neighboring villa, which the Duchess had taken upon her first arrival at Algiers, and which she had occupied up to the time of the old Marquis's death. He had filled the house with curiosities and works of art of one kind and another, being a well-to-do old gentleman, and having some difficulty in disposing of the superfluity of his income; but his chief craze was his collection of precious stones. These,

the possession of which was doubly dear to him by reason of many a well-remembered haggle and protracted bargain preceding their purchase, he kept in certain strong boxes fitted for that purpose, with velvet-covered trays, and exhibited, with just pride, to appreciative friends.

"What? More gems!" cried the Duchess. "You will ruin yourself, my friend; and, one of these fine mornings, your servant will murder you, and run away with your treasures. I will see the sapphires though: I am not too old to take delight in looking at pretty things."

So the two old people disappeared from the garden; and were a considerable time absent; for, once the boxes were unlocked, neither of them could resist going through the entire collection. When they returned, the western sky was flooded with a glow of orange light, upon which tiny golden cloudlets floated; the flower-beds were barred with long black shadows from the cypresses, and the air was sharp with the chill which in southern latitudes invariably heralds the sunset. Jeanne had left her post in the verandah, and was standing beside the artist, who had already packed up his easel, paint-box, and other belongings.

"Mademoiselle is going to introduce me to her live stock," said the latter.

"Oh, indeed," answered the Duchess. "Are you fond of animals, Mr. Barrington?"

"Devoted to them."

"*Ma foi!* then I envy you your taste. If I could share it my life would be far pleasanter than it is; but unluckily for me I have never had any love for menageries. That dog Turco is bad enough: he keeps me in constant terror by his habit of bouncing out unexpectedly from behind doors, and oversetting the unwary; but he is an angel in comparison with the wild boar, or with Jeanne's jackal, whom we call Jérémie on account of his ceaseless lamentations. Do you know what it is, monsieur, to be kept awake, the whole night through, by the howling of a jackal? But of course you do not. If a jackal howled under your window, you would take a gun, in the course of five minutes, and go out and kill him. That is also what I should do if I were a man; but being only an old woman, and timid of firearms, I have to

lie still, and listen to the senseless cries of that evil beast till I'm almost maddened, and—"

"I had no idea that you could hear him on your side of the house, madame," interposed Jeanne, apologetically. "If he disturbs you, we will send him away into the country."

"Useless, dear child! His empty kennel would remain, and neither you nor Léon would allow it to stand long unoccupied. I prefer present known evils to future indefinite ones. Would you believe, monsieur, that we once had a hyæna chained in the backyard for three days? On the fourth day he broke loose, and was found at night scratching at the graves in the churchyard. Imagine what a scandal! He was summarily put to death. As for that depraved Jérémie, I have become accustomed to him after a fashion; and how do I know what his successor might be? Very probably a porcupine, who would wander about the house, and who would be sure to take a delight in remaining motionless whenever I entered one of those dark rooms, so that I might take him for a divan, and seat myself upon him. But I must not keep you standing any longer in this chilly air. You will excuse me, I am sure, if I do not offer to accompany you to the yard."

And so the old lady vanished through the doorway, followed by M. de Fontvieille, who, after a moment's hesitation between dread of rheumatism and doubt as to the prudence of leaving Jeanne alone any longer with the Englishman, found the former consideration the weightier of the two, and yielded to it accordingly.

Barrington was very willing to excuse both the old people. He followed Jeanne across the courtyard to the stable, whose tenants squealed and hinnied, as only Arab horses can, at the entrance of their mistress; was presented to the unattractive Jérémie, to the wild boar, to numerous dogs, and finally to a pair

of beautiful soft-eyed gazelles, the male of whom no sooner espied the stranger than, with a grunt of defiance, he put his head down, dashed at him like an express train, and would probably have succeeded in producing a humiliating catastrophe, had not his mistress caught him deftly by the horns in mid-career, and held him captive in her strong white hands.

Shortly afterwards Barrington took his leave, having obtained permission to return on the following day, and set to work in earnest upon his picture.

In a letter which he addressed, about this time, to the same friend at whose correspondence we have already had a glimpse, occurs, *inter alia*, the following passage:—

"It is a great mistake to suppose, as many people do, that feminine beauty of form consists solely in rounded outlines, and that any appearance of strength is a defect in a woman. I hate fat arms, and flabby, dimpled, powerless hands. Nature no more intended hands and arms to look like that than she intended a prize pig to be so heavy that his legs will not support his weight. Women ought to be able to use their limbs freely. And if ever you meet a beautiful girl with strong wrists in whom you feel an interest, take my advice and buy her a gazelle—or if you can't get a gazelle, perhaps a billy-goat might do. Encourage the beast to charge at her, and teach her to catch him neatly by the horns when he is going full tilt. Of course he will bowl her over as clean as a whistle at first, but she mustn't mind that. Once she has acquired the knack of seizing him at the right moment, she will find the result will be worth any bruises he may have given her in teaching her the lesson; and it will be worth ten times the money you have paid for him to see the picture the girl will make as she holds the struggling brute in a perfectly firm grasp, but without any unbecoming exertion."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MORE THAN A ROMANCE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

ANNE MORGESON was not even a handsome woman, people said. Yet, once upon a time, one to whom God had granted sight looked at her, and drew her portrait in these words: "The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life."

She was a painter; she had achieved reputation in the eighteen years during which she had toiled, though that was of slight consequence so far as the fame was concerned—a great deal of importance in other respects, because it enabled her to give ease, comfort and luxuries to the brother and sister for whose sakes she had begun work.

Anatole Moore was a professional man and a renowned politician, holding a position high up on the ministerial benches. As for his private life, all I need tell you is that if he had possessed a wife and large family, of his own, his "hostages to fortune" could not have been more binding than the duties he had taken upon himself in the outset of his career—the care of his widowed sister and her offspring, and the olive-branches left by his deceased elder brother, numerous as leaves on any one vigorous tree in Vallambrosa.

The pair had an odd first meeting. Moore saved the life of Anne's brother, as he was making an excursion along a mountain-road in Tuscany. There was a runaway; Moore interposed; and the man was saved. The sister, having got out to walk up hill, was never in peril. This was the whole story.

Meantime, Gerald Morgeson had sprained his ankle in his leap, and could not walk. When everybody had come back to his or her senses, Moore speedily made himself the arbitrator of events. The injured gentleman was to ride his horse; he and the lady would follow on foot down the road, while one of the peasants took a short cut across the mountains, to an inn where the trio were stopping, and from whence a vehicle could be sent to meet them some three miles lower down.

The Morgesons knew Moore well by reputation, and he, of course, knew Anne's pictures and the position, socially considered, of the sister and brother. Moore had only arrived at the inn on the previous evening—the Morgesons had already spent a week there. He had seen their names in

the Visitor's Book, and they had this morning heard from the garrulous landlord of his arrival.

So Anne Morgeson and Anatole Moore walked on down the hill, he carrying her great white umbrella over his shoulder and her sketch-book in his hand.

Now and then fate flings people together between whom there is no process of "making acquaintance;" they know each other from the first moment of meeting. This was what happened to the pair of whom I am writing, though neither recognized the fact enough even to feel surprised that it should seem so natural for them, two strangers, to be thus brought into companionship.

They talked as clever, cultivated persons might be expected to do—of the scenery—of Anne's pictures—of his own duties and success—of Gerald Morgeson riding on in advance. They met again that evening and the next day; there was the uneventful intercourse such as might have befallen any travellers—then they parted. A telegram summoned Anatole Moore suddenly away. He was so hurried and anxious that he had no time to bid farewell to his new acquaintances, the brother and sister happening to be out of the house. He wrote a brief note—ostensibly addressed to Gerald Morgeson, but in reality intended for Anne, and departed.

In spite of the blow it might be to romance, I must tell you that in the confusion and worry of suspense produced in his thoughts by that dispatch, Moore had no leisure to give any definite place in his mind to this woman, and for months after, the rush of life left him no space for such indulgence.

The Morgesons returned to Paris, where Anne had long since established her home, and a whole year went by before she and Anatole Moore met again. It happened that during this time, Moore was able to be of service to a friend of Anne's, so a couple of letters passed between them, followed by nearly a twelvemonth of unbroken silence.

She lived her life and he lived his; not that they forgot each other, or that morning's walk down the Tuscany mountain, though the actual recollection perhaps seldom was dwelt upon by either, but it retained its sweetness, as a bunch of Roman violets that one has flung into a drawer

permeates every paper there with its subtle perfume.

So the year faded, then certain affairs called Moore to Paris. He drove one day out to Passy, where the Morgesons lived in a pretty house, embowered in trees, as rural and picturesque as if it stood leagues away from the great capital.

Anne never received visitors (unless it might be some very intimate friend,) except on a certain day, so the servant, to whom Moore was a complete stranger, unhesitatingly informed him that his mistress was not visible. Moore took a card from his pocket, and was writing a few lines of polite regret thereon—not even actively disappointed by the mischance—when Anne Morgeson, unaware that any person had rung, descended the stairs. He looked up and saw her. "The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life!" As he looked, he knew that he loved her—knew it for the first time.

She uttered his name and walked toward him, saying only:

"I am very, very glad to see you."

"And I am glad," was all he answered, as he kissed her hand after a foreign habit, caught I suppose, from the instincts of the French blood which came to him on his mother's side.

They went into a little reception-room, at the left of the square entrance-hall, and sat down. They talked of all manner of things, just as would have been natural to any pair of old friends, meeting after so long a separation; among other matters of two new pictures of Anne's, which had added greatly to her reputation; and of a measure which Moore had carried victoriously through Parliament after a great struggle, wherein he had borne abuse and suspicion, that changed, of course, to confidence and praise when success came.

Presently, Gerald Morgeson strayed in, easy, elegant and unimpressible as ever; and Anne was sorry that her graceful sister, Isabel, also, was not there to receive the guest's admiration; but the young lady was visiting friends in Brussels; and Moore bore her absence with resignation. I am not writing a novel, so I may pass over the events of the next few days—the dinner—Anne's reception-morning—Moore's presentation to her acquaintances and the like.

Nearly a week elapsed, then Gerald Morgeson went to England for a fortnight; his health demanded change—it usually did when agreeable people invited him to their houses. (Anne undertook two weeks extra work, going on with her ordinary toil the while, in order to afford him this indulgence, but that is a mere detail, scarcely worth mentioning.) He departed unex-

pectedly, and the day after, Moore called at the house unaware of his absence. By this time, the decorous servant perfectly understood that his mistress was always at home when Monsieur came, and presently she entered the room where Mercury had established him.

"I am glad to see you," she said.

"You told me so once—that was enough for all time," he replied, with an abruptness which might have surprised a third person, though Anne understood.

Then they looked a little oddly in each other's eyes, but there was no show of consciousness in Anne's face—there could be none; for she was still as ignorant as a child could have been of the change which had come over both their lives.

"I am quite alone," she continued, after that instant's silence, during which she was only wondering what made her so stupid and dazed this morning of all others, when a person with whom it was a real pleasure to converse had appeared. "Gerald went to England yesterday. I had been indulging in all sorts of dismal forebodings, but just now I received a telegram to say that he was safely arrived, so I am in one of my best moods—only I did not feel like work."

"Then I need not apologize for interrupting you," he said.

"Unless you wish to be aggressive and quarrelsome," she replied, with her beautiful smile—it was a beautiful smile always, though I think no human being ever saw its full glory save this man who sat with her in that shadowy room. "What have you to do by way of passing your evening?"

"Nothing whatever, as it happens."

"So much the better! Then you will come and dine and take me to the Italiens. It is the first night of Perelli's new opera, and he has sent me a box."

"But it is three hours to dinner," said he, with a half-laughing, half-woeful little grimace.

"How charming of you to complain, when I mean to show you the lovely autumn flowers in my garden, and only send you home in time to dress and let me go through the same painful ceremony," returned she, with a laugh so blithe that it was a wonder her own ears were not struck by its ring.

He did not speak a word of thanks—only his eyes shone with such a sudden glory that she thought he did; he just said, gaily:

"Do you mean that you don't like the operation?"

"Of course I mean that! Now you are shocked! It is why I almost always wear black—it saves so much trouble and thought."

"And I think it a pleasure," laughed lie, "there is nothing so soothing to the feelings as to know that one is well dressed." Then with a quaint pleading in face and voice: "But you'll not wear black to-night?"

"No," she answered simply, with a little surprise which held a certain pleasure. He comprehended that it struck her as odd that anybody should think enough about her to be solicitous as to what she wore.

They went out to visit the garden; a somewhat neglected place it would have seemed to most people's taste, but that lack of stiffness and order was exactly what made its charm to Moore.

And then there followed for them two heavenly hours wherein neither remembered that the world existed, though not a word was spoken to which that tyrant (hated of us all in our souls) might not have listened without finding an excuse to sneer or whisper. The sun shone through a soft golden haze; a low breeze murmured at intervals to the flowers, then was still; soft fleecy white clouds sailed slowly away toward the horizon—a trio of belated butterflies fluttered about like winged blossoms—in the distance, a sweep of plain, hills and spires closed in the scene. The grand dome of heaven swept down so near that earth seemed to end with the limit of their gaze, and in all the beauty and the peace so blessed to their tired souls, neither sight or sound gave warning of the awful blackness which lay just beyond, as it always does lie when we dare to be too happy—just beyond!

The charmed hours floated on to their close. Moore went away and came back; they dined—the first *tête-à-tête* meal with the woman one loves—I need not describe that to any man!

He found her waiting for him; she was dressed in white—some soft, yielding Eastern fabric that fell in graceful folds—the sleeves long and loose, which with every movement bared her arms to the shoulders—such perfect arms—such heavenly hands!

It was an odd freak of nature which gave Anne those exquisite hands; but to him they were a revelation of her double nature—those soft, white, dimpled hands which appeared never to have been meant for any use in life save to be kissed and prayed over—so out of keeping with her hard work, with the practical, yes, stern side of her character, which most persons would have deemed its whole.

Then they went to the opera and met acquaintances—since on such a first night no composer could be expected to bestow an entire *lodge* upon *Circe* herself. But everybody was sympathetic and agreeable, and everything a success, till sud-

denly Anne found herself so ill that she was forced to ask Moore to take her home. A strange dizziness and faintness such as she had never felt in her life came over her—a faintness like that of death. As she described the sensation, when, seated in the carriage, she could speak again, she seemed falling from an immense height, and could find nothing stable—like the suffering of a nightmare.

He bade her shut her eyes and give him her hands; she obeyed like a frightened child. He placed her head back against the hood of the vehicle, drew the folds of her burnous over her face and held her fast, gently, but firmly.

They drove up the Champs Elysees—away on out to Passy, but not a word was spoken, until when they had nearly reached her house, Anne raised herself, saying:

"I am better. The feeling has gone as suddenly as it came. Do you know, at first I really thought I was dying."

He could not speak for an instant; he grasped her hands again; she must have felt that his were like ice, felt, too, the shudder which shook his whole frame at her words.

The carriage drew up before her gates; he led her into the vestibule, and they parted with scarcely other than the utterance of a simple good-night. He went away, but this parting had revealed to him a truth of which Anne was as yet ignorant—she loved him—he knew it; how he could not have told—but she loved him!

He saw her the next day, and the next. On the third she had an unpleasant expedition to make across the Seine, into one of the oldest quarters of Paris, in order to visit a picture-buyer with whom she sometimes had dealings. What artists in their talk call "pot-boilers," were productions that often fell from Anne's brush, as might be expected when she had an elegant brother, and a pretty, helpless sister, for whose numerous needs—absolute needs which to her personally would have seemed unheard of luxuries, though she never thought so where they were concerned—she must provide by the toil of her own hands.

Moore asked if he might accompany her, and though she looked and felt surprised that any human creature should be desirous of taking trouble for her sake, she was pleased that he should go. So they drove away in the pretty Victoria, which she kept for Isabel's comfort, but might venture to use just now herself, since Isabel was in Brussels—across the river into dark, dismal streets, but neither could have told whither. A drive such as most of us have taken sometime—in a triumphal chariot, along a glorified road, through the world of dreams.

What did he tell her—how did he tell her?

Neither had the slightest idea. He was holding her hands again—he was looking into her eyes. I would not swear that there were any words for a time, but their souls talked all the while. I think there was no "love-making;" she realized as he did, that he had found in her the rounding and completion of his life; it was as natural he should claim her as that he should breathe.

They went into the picture-dealer's shop and Anne completed her bargain, while Moore waited. Three quarters of an hour later, the two were preparing to take their departure, when a side door opened and a person coming out almost touched Anne with his elbow.

The man instantly raised his hat as in apology and their eyes met. The same sick trembling which had shaken her a few nights before in the theatre seized her again. She caught at Moore's arm so suddenly that he turned toward her in alarm, exclaiming:

"Are you ill—what is it?"

"No, no," she said, with her eyes still on the face of the man who had just entered the room and who had stopped close beside her.

"I want to sit down for a moment—ask somebody to get me a glass of water."

Moore did not notice the stranger—did not even now, though so close, in his anxiety at the renewal of Anne's odd attack. The picture-dealer had moved to the other end of the shop, and was deep in colloquy with a newly entered customer, so that Moore had to traverse the whole length of the room, which was a long one, and wait then while his request for the water was complied with.

Anne was to all intents and purposes alone with this man, who had paused with such evil resolution in his face, that it was plain he meant, at any hazard, to speak with her. A man who must have been a good deal past forty—haggard, worn, wicked-looking, worse than that, with the evidences of all kinds of horrible degradation in his countenance; yet he was handsome even in his ruin, and he kept a certain appearance of elegance, though his attire had lost any claim to freshness.

"Anne?" he said, softly.

She put up her hands as you may have seen a person in a fever do when trying to rouse himself out of partial delirium, and whispered:

"It can't be—it isn't you!"

"It is I in the flesh," he answered, with a low laugh. "I saw you at the opera the other night. I meant to pay you a visit to-day—I had found your address."

"I thought you were dead," she murmured. "I thought it was your ghost I saw at the opera—"

"I know you did," returned he, "but you see I am alive. I came upon you too suddenly—after eighteen years of absence."

Even in this moment of horror, the firmness of Anne Morgeson's nature asserted itself.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed. "Go your way—you have no claim on me."

"Every possible claim," he said, in a slow, determined tone, "and there is not one I do not mean to exert if you drive me to extremities. Send that man away—I want to talk with you."

As he finished speaking, Moore came back with the glass of water, which he handed to Anne. He saw the stranger—touched his hat and said, politely but decidedly:

"The lady will be quite recovered in a few moments—we need not detain you," believing that the person had stopped, alarmed by Anne's paleness, to demand if he could be of service.

But he received without hesitation this answer:

"On the contrary, it is you who need not have the trouble to stop, Monsieur—I will take care of Madame."

"You insolent villain!" exclaimed Moore.

Before he could add a word, or the other have space for any retort beyond a sneering laugh, Anne started out of her chair, let the glass fall, and placed herself between the two with her face turned toward Moore—such an awful face—as changed as if since he crossed the room she had died from the effects of some horrible fright whose impress was frozen upon her features.

"Go away," she said, hoarsely; "it is my husband—I must speak with him."

His first fleeting fancy was that she had gone mad. Another glance at her countenance, and he realized the whole.

There is no language to describe what he felt. To use the strongest words, that heaven had given way under his feet and let him down into hell, even that means nothing. He thought that he stood there speechless, motionless, during a thousand years, but in reality it was only a few seconds.

"Go!" repeated Anne, in the same dreadful tone. "If you have any mercy—if you are human—go!"

And he obeyed; though he heard the stranger's insulting laugh ring out, and the fiercest spasm of wrath he had ever felt shook his soul, he obeyed—passed out into the street and stood there.

The very act of his leaving helped Anne still further on in the calmness of desperation which nerved her. She looked up at her husband and said:

"For eighteen years you have left me alone—for ten I have believed you dead! I will go home to America; there the law will set me free."

"And Isabel and Gerald?" sneered he. "You see I know everything about you! And the disgrace—the paragraphs in the papers—the scandal—all the rest of it! Bah, don't be an idiot! I only want money! I will leave you alone fast enough—but money I must have."

"I—"

"Wait! You are agitated—this happy meeting has been too sudden! See here—go home—I know where you live—this evening at eight o'clock I will come—is it agreed?"

She bowed her head.

"I can trust you," he added; "an honor I don't often show any body—but it is to your own interest! I have an engagement—good bye."

He was gone! Anne sank back in her chair and waited for a few moments, then she rose, passed out of the shop and entered her carriage. At the corner of the street Moore was standing; he dashed into the road; the coachman stopped.

"Anne, Anne!" he called, unconsciously uttering her Christian name—it had grown so familiar during their drive!

She raised her head—saw him close to the vehicle—his two hands clasped over the side.

"I hear," she said, in a slow, dead voice. "Let me go home."

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, "you can't leave me like this—you—"

"Don't!" she broke in with a piteous quiver in her tones. "Don't! I can bear anything except your pain."

"I must see you—you must tell me—let me help you!"

"Help?" she echoed, "I am eighteen years past help! Yes—I will see you! Let me go home—come in an hour."

He stepped back without a word—himself made a sign to the coachman—the carriage passed on—he had lost even the sight of Anne's corpse-like face—he was alone in the blackness.

When the limit she had set had expired—punctual to the moment—he presented himself at the house. It would have seemed that the wretched woman had remembered to give some order for his admission, because the servant allowed him to enter without demur, and was preparing to conduct him toward the salon; but Moore hurried past, mounted the stairs, flung open the door of the drawing-room and entered.

It was twilight now. In the dimness he saw Anne seated by a window at the further end of the apartment. She had thrown off her bonnet and mantle, perhaps half unaware; in some piteous feminine endeavor to have a care, even in that straight, for appearances, and sat looking out across the garden.

She turned at the sound of the opening door and saw him. For an instant she hid her face in her hands, then after a brief struggle, raised her head and spoke:

"Come here—I will tell you my whole story! Sit down—don't speak—don't look at me—and when I have done, forgive me if you can."

"There is no such word between us," he cried; "whatever the story may be, one of God's angels need not be ashamed to own it his—I say that and I am dumb."

She began as abruptly as a person begins mentally to go over old memories—sitting motionless—her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes raised toward his face, yet not looking at him—looking at nothing—seeing nothing save the unutterable misery of that past, whose records she told so briefly, and in a cold, monotonous tone which was more painful than tears and cries would have been.

"I was only seventeen," she began, "if that be any excuse, and I loathed him, handsome and fascinating as he was. I never knew why my stepmother forced me to marry him—I suppose that there was a secret under—that he had power over her and exercised it in that way. She said I had compromised myself; he had been at our house in the country and she went away! It is no matter—I did marry him. Three months later he took me off to California. I had a good fortune; he managed, I don't know how, by my signing papers, to raise money, though I was not of age. I bore—I lived—two years—Hush!" (for her listener groaned,) "I bore it—you can! Two years! I was beaten—I was dragged through degradation to which that was nothing—But I need not go over all this! I ran away—back to Maryland. My stepmother was dead; the two children, Gerald and Isabel, in my uncle's house. That man followed me—forged my uncle's name to a large amount and escaped. Well, they wanted me to have a divorce—I could not—right or wrong I could not! My uncle told me to go and take the children and I did! He married, died and left us out of his will. Then I worked—sewed—taught! I had a gift for painting; an old artist taught me. We came to Europe, and I kept my own name. Ten years ago I read of his death in an Australian paper, so I said I may grow an old woman in peace! And to-day—you saw him—Morton Danforth has come to life again." She was going on, when Moore stopped her by springing to his feet and exclaiming:

"Who? Say that name again!"

"It is my husband," she said, with a sudden pathetic fretfulness in her voice, as if his lack of comprehension wearied her; "Morton Danforth."

"And he is my relative," groaned Moore, "he ran away from England, when I was a boy, to escape the penalty of his crimes."

"It doesn't matter," she answered in the same tired, fretful way. "At eight o'clock to-night he is coming here! I have to think what I shall do—and I've tried and all I can think of is the wrong I have done you! Do forgive me—I didn't know—say that you forgive me!"

"Anne! Anne!"

He did not fall at her feet, as another man would have done—he did not so much as touch the folds of her dress—he only uttered her name in that cry of unutterable agony.

"I understand," she said, "and I thank you! Please to go—I can't bear any more—please to go."

He obeyed. He meant to come back—he would not leave her to meet that wretch alone. But he must not oppose her now; he was frightened lest any refusal should break up her stony composure into the partial madness which would be the most likely reaction from this apathy.

Moore stopped with a relative who had for many years made his home in Paris—a fractious old bachelor, who occupied his idle days by a mania for collecting rare china and the like rubbish. Into his sanctum Moore walked and said, abruptly:

"Tell me all you can about Morton Danforth."

Mr. Netly set down a priceless tea-cup (uglier than a lump of black clay) which he was wiping, uttered a resigned sigh, and said—just because a direct answer would the sooner set him free:

"He ran off about twenty-two years ago, after committing every crime in the calendar, forgery included—left his wife—"

"His wife!"

"Don't interrupt," quavered Mr. Netly, "you nearly made me smash Madame de Pompadour by your violence;" he meant a vase supposed to have belonged to that celebrated lady. "I hate telling things, but when anybody asks questions, I expect them to listen to the answer."

"Yes—I beg your pardon—go on! And his wife died—"

"I wish she had!" interrupted Mr. Netly, with all the venom of a weak, querulous man in his tone.

"What?"

"If you are deaf, Anatole, I can't talk to you—my chest won't stand it! I wish she had died—she would have been better off in heaven, and then she couldn't have bothered me as she did up to eight years ago! Why the money I have had to give her would have bought a collection as fine as—"

"Died. Only eight years ago? Impossible! Why—he—"

"Anatole, Anatole!" sighed his relative, "that French blood in your veins is a curse to everybody connected with you! If you don't believe me, open that *escritoire*—only be careful of the spring. You will find plenty of her letters—you can see the dates. Oh, don't jump about like that—you nearly knocked down Machiavelli!" Moore avoided the miniature statuette by a happy accident—plunged into the *escritoire*, regardless of the spring, and pulled out the bundles of papers till he found what he wanted; Mr. Netly, engrossed in admiration of his treasures, neither noticing what he did, or knowing when he left the room.

It was almost eight o'clock. Long before, the servant had brought lights—had warned his mistress that dinner waited—had given her tea when with a woman's ability to find excuses, she told him she had a headache and could not dine, and now she sat with her eyes fixed on the clock, counting the minutes which spread between her and the interview with her husband.

The door opened without warning—Moore was before her again.

"Anne," he cried, "you are free—that man had a wife living in England when he married you."

She did not understand at first. If he had brought her any fresh tidings of anguish she would have comprehended quickly enough, but words which promised relief had no meaning to her dulled senses.

While he was showing the letters, trying to render the matter plain to her, the servant appeared, saying:

"Madame, there is a person down stairs who says he came by appointment—"

"Let me see him," cried Moore, in English. "Stop here; I will be back soon."

He was hurrying away; her voice checked him; a sudden dread had struck her.

"No quarrel—you promise?" she half whispered.

"I promise."

The door closed—he was gone.

It might have been half an hour—it might have been half the night that Anne sat there—she could not have told. She was utterly worn out; she did not realize the significance of Moore's explanation; she could only entertain one collected thought—the dead man had come back to life to render existence loathsome by his shadow. The very putting her story into words, had so completely carried her into the past that its horror became such a living reality she could find no strength to resist its misery.

Then she heard Moore's voice once more :

"Anne, Anne. He is gone—he will never trouble you again, let him be dead to you as he has been during all these years."

Another man would have been led on to talk of his love—not so Moore; a woman, a mother could not have been kinder and gentler. He stayed with her for awhile; he enabled her at last to realize that the miserable creature she had believed her husband would never dare approach her, and must put the sea between him and Europe, through fear of punishment even yet overtaking his crimes. Then Moore went away, after making her promise to go at once to bed; she did, and slept that dismal, dead sleep which follows in the wake of mental prostration.

And the new day came, and Anne Morgeson rose with something of her customary strength restored. She had not reflected much—had been content to sit and remember that the black shadow which had drifted back over her life had been dissipated as suddenly as it came, and that this time it could never return. Her maid brought in a letter; she recognized Moore's writing. There she sat in the sunshine and read those pages—read them—fought out her battle and formed her resolve. Oh, my God, what men and women live through and can neither die or go mad!

When noon came, he appeared to receive his answer; he had written that he should so come and she was prepared to receive him. She walked into the room where he waited; she paused for no salutation; this was what she said :

"I cannot—maybe you will curse me, but I cannot! If I was his mistress I am a soiled, degraded creature, and not fit that you should take me. If I was his wife, and in God's eyes I was, because I believed myself so, while he lives I am his wife still, though his crimes were tenfold blacker than they are."

And he could not move her. Neither tenderness or rage were of avail. He could kill her and she told him that his misery would if he did not seek to spare himself and her—but swerve from her resolution she dared not. Had she dared relent she would—she told him that also ;

but to change was out of her power. Arguments were idle, though she admitted their justice. Another woman, under similar circumstances, she avowed would meet no blame from her if she married, but in her own case it could not be. Much as she loved him, and she acknowledged her love, it would have been no more possible for her to become his wife than to go back to the wretch who had cursed her girlhood by his sin.

And they parted—he to his home and his duties, to struggle, to upbraid, at times almost to hate, but always loving her still. And Anne, after a fortnight's illness, took up her old life apparently without a change, and when her brother and sister returned was so much her usual self, that they privately agreed between themselves that the servants in their account must have greatly magnified any little indisposition she might have endured during their absence.

Hard to end so? Ah, my friends, many a man and many a woman goes through sorrow just as black, and finds no lifting of the cloud save that which we call resignation can bring.

But it was not so with this pair, for two years later the man Danforth died, and in a few months Moore journeyed down to Italy where Anne was living.

I think Gerald and Isabel thought her very silly to marry at her age, but as each was on the eve of making a good match, they allowed her to be foolish without remonstrance.

It was only this last summer that I met Anatole Moore and his wife in one of the beautiful Pyrenean haunts I love. His hair was quite gray—it grew so within the first three months of that dreary waiting—but they are very happy.

Was Anne right or wrong to have forced such sorrow upon herself and him by her decision?

She believes that had she acted otherwise such complete happiness as is now her portion would never have been hers, and I believe so, too. As for Moore, I think he is so blest that he does not consider the matter at all, and if he did and could not decide, would content himself with looking in his wife's face and saying :

"The mouth of the goddess of Justice and the eyes of eternal life."

MY REFORM.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

CHAPTER I.

I ran up the steps, rang, and a servant admitted me into the house. I gave him my card for Mrs. Charles, and sat down in the parlor.

It was the back parlor,—a long room, furnished with Brussels and hair-cloth, well furnished, but stiff in arrangement, and dreary in atmosphere, being warmed by a furnace, dry and hot.

I walked the floor once or twice, glanced at the plaster casts on the brackets,—miserable imitations of things divine; I observed a guitar, and wondered who played upon it; I stood gazing from the back windows into the yards below, for a moment. All the time I was possessed by a nervous excitement which would not let me sit down quietly. Observing a pier glass in the front parlor, I went in to make a final inspection of my toilet. The room was not very light. As I stood regarding my personal appearance with, perhaps, a criticizing carelessness of satisfaction, I suddenly became aware of some one looking at me,—not at my broadcloth, my hair or my beard,—but at me. I was too old a soldier in social tactics to be discomposed,—embarrassing as was my position,—but went on stroking my whiskers, and taking as criticizing side views of my *tout ensemble*, as though in the sacred privacy of my dressing-room. Meanwhile I wondered who was looking at me. I had known intuitively that it was not Mrs. Charles. It was a lady. It was a young lady. *It was a person of individuality and power. So much I knew, instinctively, as I stood there.

Suddenly I dropped my gaze upon the reading-rack where there was an open book, and then, careful of my mastery in this strange encounter, I let my eyes follow a straight line to those other eyes,—dark, wide, steadfast, and below my level, as the owner sat upon a hassock, her head dropped back among the deep red draperies of the window.

When she had my gaze, she held it.

I struggled for the bow and murmured greeting.

She spoke,—

"Mr. Church?" and arose.

"That is my name," mechanically,—absorbed in her still face.

"You called to see Mrs. Charles?" going on with a low, flexible monotony. "She is not in; and left word with me, before she went out, that you would please excuse her, and call tonight."

I bowed, my eyes falling; feeling she knew that I had no business there, but wondering how she had known it. It was for Mrs. Charles's interest, as well as for mine, to keep our business to herself.

"Thank you,—good-afternoon," I said, dimly conscious of my own exit, as I went out.

In the street I walked on, mechanically, for a long way, not realizing what I was doing; absolutely knowing nothing but the sense of encounter which filled me. What I had been, what I had done in the last half-hour, I realized dimly; but how sharply, how keenly, I still saw and felt the eyes of that girl!

Who was she? I could remember nothing of her dress or her employment when I entered the room. Just as she looked at me,—into my heart and soul,—so I remembered only her identity apart from all surroundings. I was uncomfortable; I had been touched. That girl's eyes had looked me through, and her intelligence sunk a shaft into a portion of my being which I had guarded so jealously that I ignored it to myself, not wishing to hear my own knowledge of it.

She knew me. I found myself walking on impatiently, chafed, startled, pained to a revolt.

Who was she? I remembered her height; it gave me a sense of large proportions in my own corporal body; she must have been small and slight. Then I had a recollection of a gleam of red. That might have been the curtain,—or was it her dress? I must know who she was. I must ask Mrs. Charles. Ask her what? How should I

describe her? Ah! I could specify her messenger. That evening I should see Mrs. Charles, but meanwhile I had best get out of my uncomfortable mood.

CHAPTER II.

I went into Pieffs to dine. Two of my friends were there. We dined together, — I, drinking largely, — wretched, — dogged by the demons of my life. I had hoped them dead, — almost dared believe it, they had laid in such still coils about my heart so long. That they were there I never doubted, for I felt ever their coldness. But I had prayed they might not stir and sting me again.

I had drank considerable champagne before I went into Phelans for a game of billiards. It was that, perhaps, which made me think from every shadow of those brilliant rooms those dark eyes searched me out. I did not go to see Mrs. Charles; I was not fit. I took a friend with me to my rooms when I went home, because I did not want to be left alone.

Discriminatingly bathed and soda-watered, I made my toilet, in the morning, with a view of calling upon Mrs. Charles.

I wondered who I might see — half-dreadingly, half-hopingly — as I walked along. In the clear, bracing, winter air, I was half inclined to believe the last night's episode a feverish dream.

I ran up the steps of the house, rang the bell, and was admitted to the parlors again. *This time, I seated myself and looked the rooms through searchingly.* They were unoccupied, save by myself. But there was the hassock, and there was the reading-rack as they had been yesterday.

Suddenly there came a light, swift foot on the stairs. Mrs. Charles came fluttering in, pale and agitated.

"My husband! my husband! he is here! He must not see you! Don't stay a moment! Tomorrow I will write you a note!" she whispered.

I walked toward the door.

"Does he suspect?" I asked.

"He will, if he sees you. And he is so horribly jealous!"

I stooped down and picked something from the floor.

"What is that?"

"Nothing but a button. Send me word tomorrow."

"If I can; if he has gone."

I opened the hall door; she closed it. I passed down the steps, looking at my prize, a little gold button, found near the reading-rack. Was it hers? Upon it was finely engraved the name "Vivia Mars."

That name suited that face; it was vivid and strong. And I wanted to see it again, — wished for a sight of it with a strange, fascinated feeling, a feeling which absorbed and stupefied me as I walked along, thinking of it.

To the race-course that afternoon; to the opera that night. To Phelans the next morning; to a dinner-party of my club in the afternoon; to a ball in the evening. The next day I had some reporting to do; the day after a literary article for one of the leading magazines was demanded of me. Then I was at a political matinee, with a champagne supper. After that I remember nothing distinctly for three weeks.

There seemed a period of struggling with enemies, of being reproached by dead friends, of suffering strange bodily and mental torments, when I came to a slow consciousness of lying upon a sick-bed in a darkened chamber. I tried to raise my hand to my head, but was too weak. I had been ill a long time, then.

I lay still, thinking, — remembering the men of my companionship, and wondering who took care of me; and trying to get some clew to the time I had lain there.

I could not satisfy myself, and certain mute objects in the room seemed to taunt me with their superior intelligence. A Venus upon a bracket in the corner dropped her gaze knowingly to the carpet, and a little negro urchin in plaster kicked up his heels in an ecstasy of fun at my bewilderment; while there seemed a dreary waiting in the stillness of the room. Soon I fell weakly asleep again.

CHAPTER III.

I must have slept all night, for the sun was shining against the east windows when I awoke again. There were low voices in the room. I spoke, — my voice like the whisper of a reed.

"Who is there?"

A familiar face came to the bedside, — Fred Graham's.

"How are you, Archie?" he said earnestly.

"Have I been very sick?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"A tough siege, I tell you! We hardly thought we should bring you around."

"Ah?"

I lay still a moment, occupied with the stupendous idea of ending my days at that time.

"Who has taken care of me?"

"My sister and I. But Old Squills will be afool of me if I let you talk. Lie still and go to sleep now, like a good fellow."

Here I observed the negro urchin on the bracket grinning at me again.

"Where is your sister?" I demanded, resisting having the bedclothes tucked under my chin.

"Down-stairs. You must keep still, Church!"

"Well; take that confounded grinning monkey off that corner bracket."

From over the footpost I saw the inky image descend, the sooty heels kicking triumphantly in the air until the last. Then, with a feeling of relief, I fell into a dreamy doze, in which I half realized what was going on in the room, while I wondered at the inconsistent visions of my own weak brain.

I don't quite know whom I expected to see when I opened my eyes with a sudden desire of discovering Fred Graham's sister; but I was disappointed when my glance fell upon a tall, angular woman, with light hair, seated in a rocking-chair at the foot of the bed, composedly knitting. She looked like Fred, being tall, slender, and fair, but she was altogether of another class of beings from that gay, loose, erratic fellow. She was very strictly moral and unselfish, — a natural Sister of Charity, I had no doubt; but I sighed heavily as I looked drearily about the room, and wondered how long I should have to stay in that situation, under her care. She arose and came to the bedside.

"As soon as you are strong enough, I am going to have you removed to my house," she said. "You will get strong faster there."

She had really a sweet smile. My torpid heart began to warm toward her.

"You are very kind," I said. "I was just thinking how dreary it would be, lying here and getting well."

"Yes; but you must n't talk. Let me do that," she said. "No, it won't do for

you to stay here; you will get morbid and restless, and try your strength too soon. You will come and spend a month with me. I try to make my house pleasant, and it will be better for you to be there."

She would not let me talk, so I could only smile faintly in reply, and bend my head. She went on with low, pleasant talk, and I lay and watched her face, so homely, yet with such sweetness coming out in every line and wrinkle, and such strong goodness and sense in the direct gaze of her gray eyes!

But before I was strong enough to be moved, I had abundance of time in which to find all the imperfections in the wall and ceiling of the room, to count all the gilt spots on the paper, to get by heart the fresco pattern of the cornices. Also to discover at exactly what hour the morning sun fell aslant the head of Venus; and to wonder how many of my cronies had awakened with a headache; and to meditate upon the political success of those friends of mine who had kept open house for their set for two months past, one of whom was my host when I fell insensible from his dining chair. More I thought of, and fell from thought into long, refreshing naps, always lulled to rest by the monotonous click of Miss Margaret Graham's knitting-needles.

At the end of ten days I was strong enough to be put into a carriage and driven to her house. A large, commodious, wooden house on the Bloomingdale road, every room furnished for comfort and convenience, though the walls lacked Titians and Correggios, and the brackets held only a pot of geranium or a bulb-glass of hyacinth. I was put upon a leather-covered lounge before the library fire, and left to myself for an hour before dinner.

Something came over me as I lay there, — something sorrowful and sweet, — suggested, perhaps, by the song of the canary in the window; for once when I had been ill in my childhood, I had been nursed on a lounge before just such an open fire, with a happy canary singing in the window. It made me feel as if I had back that innocent childhood. I leaned back in my chair and looked into the glowing coals with a happy content.

"Mr. Church?"

It was a low voice which uttered the name close behind me, a voice so melodious that it need not have startled a woodland

bird. Yet it startled me,—thrilled me,—made the blood leap from my heart to my face. I turned my head and looked again into those eyes.

But they were tenderer at that moment; they did not hurt me as before. She smiled.

"Will you dine cozily in private here, or will you join us at the common table? Allow me to prescribe for your weariness, and suggest that you dine here."

"It would be very pleasant if you would make a *tete-a-tete* for me. Quite alone, I should be lonely," I said, smiling.

She shook her head.

"You must n't coax me into anything so pleasant; I am needed down-stairs. Making toast and tea, and serving it extemporaneously, is one of my fortes. I will show you, some time. Now a servant may bring you a very tiny mutton chop, a roll and butter, farina and cream. That is all. Your dinner is already ordered. It seems that you eat under orders for a while."

"Yes; and I do not object. I can eat anything, if they will only let me have enough of it."

"So hungry?" with a little grimace.

"Yes."

"I know; I had a fever once." Suddenly bending her head,—"If I can, I will smuggle you a Charlotte russe," said so confidentially, so animatedly, that a low, gleeful laugh broke from me. But she was gone when I would have thanked her with all the fervor of a half-starved, convalescing fever-patient.

Who was she? I asked myself again. Her atmosphere seemed sweet and healthy as before I had felt it pungent and racking. I waited impatiently for her coming. Pretty soon the door opened again, but this time it was only the servant with my dinner.

He put the tray on the table beside me, arranged the dishes, and asked me if I wished his attendance. I told him no; he went out and left me alone. I eagerly searched the pockets of my vest. Was it the one I had worn the day I called upon Mrs. Charles? It was, indeed; and there was my trophy,—the little, enchased button of gold. I read the name again. Yes, it was very like her.

Suddenly the door opened quickly, and Miss Margaret Graham came in. She was dressed for dinner.

"Are you comfortable, Mr. Church?"

she said. "I sent Vivian up to speak to you; I have been very busy. Do you wish for anything?"

"Nothing, thank you. Miss Vivian?"

"Miss Mars,—a young friend of mine. She is on a visit here. A kind, good girl; perhaps she may be company for you. She plays chess and backgammon, reads very nicely, and chats pleasantly. You will like her, I think. Are you quite sure that you need nothing?"

"Nothing at all," I said fervently, with a sense of satisfaction which she little suspected.

"Well, make yourself contented. We shall be up here in an hour, to spend the evening."

She left me to my dinner and my thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.

They came up in an hour,—Miss Margaret and Fred, Miss Mars, a gentleman and lady, and a little child. The gentleman and lady were Mr. and Mrs. Lovering; the child an orphan adopted by Miss Graham.

The little girl came shyly up to me and offered me some sweetmeats; I took her on my knee. Miss Mars, passing by, rested on my chair a moment, and whispered,—

"They had nothing I could bring you. Tomorrow you shall dine down-stairs, and shall not be restricted."

Her smile was so arch, her eyes rained down such a soft light, that I felt her to be beautiful. Yet, when she seated herself on a footstool, and sat looking gravely into the fire, I saw that she was not handsome,—indeed, that she was quite plain. The features were strong and inharmonious, the head oddly developed, and covered with masses of fair hair,—very luxuriant and wavy,—the heavy rings falling to the shoulders and clustering about the forehead. Her eyes had different colors, I found afterward. Sometimes they were gray, sometimes black, and sometimes hazel; and I have looked into them, when they seemed colorless as water. The mouth was large, not pretty in repose, but mobile to a fascinating extent. One was always watching for the look they liked to see, an expression that came rarely, but which charmed one irresistibly.

Her manner toward me was a study. I had been called a fascinating man; and she seemed so utterly unconscious of it, that, in

all sincerity, I was very doubtful of myself. As a man of true dignity, I was simply an utter failure. I fell to studying why she noticed me at all, for I felt at fault before her when I thought of myself at all. At first, this was not often, because she had a way of interesting me beyond myself,—of drawing me out without affecting my consciousness. In return she showed me her own heart and soul, so frankly, with such freedom from deception, or coloring of herself, that I felt my suddenly awakened consciousness with desperate pain. I watched her askant, as she read and worked near me, and felt how impossible it was for her to know me, as I knew her, without her starting from me in utter disgust and contempt. Her goodness was not negative, nor her purity the result of circumstances. She was utterly human in constitution, but her understanding brought her light and guidance; she relied upon herself as upon a rock. Once or twice I felt her eyes sifting me with that look I had seen in them first, but usually they were sweet, kind, sympathetic eyes which drew me, heart and soul, toward her.

I grew strong rapidly—more rapidly than I desired—my time of convalescence was so pleasant. I was able to go out for some days before the cold spring weather became sufficiently moderate to allow of the venture.

One morning I stood at the breakfast-room window, looking wistfully out into the falling rain, when Miss Mars came behind me.

"Are you disappointed by the rain?" she asked.

"Yes. I had hoped to go out today," I answered, turning to look at her as I liked to see her in a wrapper of black and crimson, a black ribbon knotting back her fair, clustering hair. She did not speak for some minutes, standing beside me and gazing absently into the street,—something grave and earnest in her face. I could not keep my eyes from her, but she did not mind my gazing.

The profile of her face had a peculiarity of expression which reminded me of a popular prima donna. Then thoughts of "Norma" and "La Traviata" suggested the question,—

"Do you like the opera?"

"I know nothing about it. I never witnessed an opera in my life."

I looked my astonishment.

"I will tell you why," she said. "I am peculiarly susceptible to such luxurious things, and avoid the temptation to become subject to their influence. I have never heard an opera, and I think that I never shall."

"Do you think it would harm you?"

"I believe that I should become inexpressibly fascinated, and be tempted to neglect other things on that account. Such a fascination would become injurious to a healthy state of living; and for so false a pleasure I should eventually sacrifice my self-respect," and she looked up at me with a smile.

I looked away from her frank eyes, and stood silent.

"It is a pity that it rains," she said, recurring to our first subject.

"Yes, I want to get out-of-doors," I said, with serious restiveness.

Her glance sought mine quickly,—then fell more quickly.

"I suppose so," she said gravely; then turned and walked across the floor, once or twice. I still stood by the window.

"I think it will be good weather tomorrow. I shall surely go out then," I observed.

She came back to the window, and stood, not looking at me, but with her face half hidden by her hand, as her elbow rested on the sash.

"Will you pardon me for what I am going to say?" she asked.

"You could say nothing that I would not pardon," I answered, surprised.

"Before you were ill, Mr. Church"—She stopped.

"What is it?" I said earnestly, and feeling myself growing a little pale.

"If there was anything before that time," she went on, and speaking as if with an effort, "that you desired to be rid of, yet had not the resolution to commence the struggle with,—it will be possible now to make the wish a resolution; because now all your old habits are broken off, and, to be resumed, must be deliberately taken up. Have you thought of this?"

"I have not."

"I wish you would think of it."

She was gone in an instant, leaving me astonished.

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly Fred came in,—late to breakfast.

"Hillo, Archie! moping?"

"No," I answered, with an effort to be at ease. "Admiring the prospect for today."

"You find fault with a rainy day!" he exclaimed. "You, with nothing to do but to be nursed and read to and cosseted by Vivia Mars! You are a confounded fool, Archie Church."

"Thank you."

"Oh, quite gratuitous,—that sort of thing,—on my part," he went on between the mouthfuls of beefsteak and muffin. "But if you knew anything, you'd know that you was a discontented noodle, Church."

I went slowly up to my room. There, alone, I had my thoughts. The morning wore away as I walked the floor.

By and by there came a knock at my door.

"Who is there?" I demanded, testy at being disturbed.

"Miss Graham says will you come down, sir?"

It was a servant's voice. I looked at my watch,—one o'clock.

"Is it dinner-time, Mary?" I asked, opening the door.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell Miss Graham I wish to be excused. I do not care for any dinner."

I was left alone again. I flung myself upon my bed, and lay with my face buried in my hands. By and by I heard a carriage stop before the house, and voices in the hall as the front door was opened and people passed up and down the steps. More company, I thought; or perhaps, the Lovings were going away; their visit was nearly out. Ought not I to go down and make my adieux? No, I was pale and wretched-looking, and my appearance would excite remark. They would believe me indisposed, and excuse me. I lay still.

The afternoon wore away. By and by there came another knock at my door. I rose and opened it. There stood Miss Margaret.

"Mr. Church, are you ill?" she asked.

"No—yes—a little. My head aches," I said composedly.

"Ah! you have taken cold. Come down—

stairs and have a dish of tea, and let me bathe your head in cologne."

"Thank you. I will come down," I said.

I arranged my toilet hastily, and followed her down-stairs into the parlor,—hoping Vivia was there. But the room was unoccupied.

"Sit here in this easy-chair," said Miss Margaret kindly. "I was afraid you were sick when you would not come down to see Vivia off, at noon, but"—

"What!" I exclaimed, sitting bolt upright under her soothing hands, "Vivia gone away?"

"Yes. Did n't you know? I sent Mary up to tell you."

"I thought she came to call me to dinner!"

"She contrived to make some blunder,—stupid girl! I might have known it when you sent down word that you did not wish to dine, and no word to Vivia. I thought she looked hurt."

"Where is she?" I exclaimed, starting up.

"At her boarding-house, East Fourth Street. Poor child, she works very hard at teaching music. And to think that she has no home!"

"What is the number?" I asked.

She gave it to me. In an instant I had determined to call upon Vivia. It was the house at which Mrs. Charles resided,—Mrs. Charles, a woman impure, handsome, treacherous, and false; a woman whose name was handled lightly in private by a certain set of men. I had known her well, to my shame.

And she was under the same roof with Vivia Mars! My breath came hurriedly at the thought. It betokened fear of danger, shame, and pain. I cursed the duplicity of the woman whose cunning and caution kept her in society and among those who were good and pure. And then what loathing of myself came over me!

But out of great pain I had worked some degree of absolution. I felt an intense hunger for truth and purity, and I was full of desperate resolves. As yet I had formed no plans regarding Vivia Mars; I only desired not to come to utter shame before her,—to raise some claim, through all the disgrace of my life, upon her respect. Yet in regard to that shame and disgrace I would not have deceived her one iota if the known truth to her had been death to me. I could

ask no tolerance for my past. I could only pray that she kept a certain faith in me until I could prove a better future.

CHAPTER VI.

When I met active life again, I faced it with brave resolves. I felt like a new man, with a fresh heart and soul; so tangible to me were my hopes that I half felt them realized. And with the conquest of my first temptation I gained new strength.

I shunned the men I had drank and gamed with. At the first invitation to drink, I refused flatly, and the news that I had deserted the ranks of the sporting-men of New York flew quickly through the set. I gave myself no time to heed jibe or chaffing. I vacated my rooms where I had lived so irregular a life, and took board in a pleasant, respectable family, where there was no tolerance of evil, but the pitying charity of kind hearts for the weakly unfortunate. I took up regular labor at reporting, and had work and a home, — two great bases of respectability.

Settled thus, I felt a certain comfort in myself and a confidence to see Vivia Mars. I passed by the house twice before I ventured to call. Then, as I went in, I met Fred Graham coming out.

I had asked for Miss Mars. The servant's message must have been waylaid, for after a moment Mrs. Charles came gliding into the room.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed, in a low, animated voice, as she glided into my arms. "Where have you been so long? I have been wretched about you."

"I have been ill," I answered, striving to disengage her hands from about my neck, gently enough not to anger her.

"Kiss me," she murmured, putting up her beautiful face.

Great credit as I take to myself for my conduct at that moment, I am not altogether sure but to the insecurity of my position (for I dreaded the appearance of Vivia) should it be credited. And then the late visit of Fred Graham had charged me with new intellectual vigor.

"I am afraid that some one will come in," I said with an anxiety which was not feigned. "Is that a real Turner?" I asked, going toward the mantel.

"You don't care for me," she began.

"Hark!" I said, "some one is coming." She laughed.

"No one is coming, nor can come until we hear their footsteps walking the length of the hall," she said. "Sit down here. I want to talk with you."

I sat down at a decent distance from her, and with my face to the door.

"I wish you would come here to board," she said, knotting the cords of her wrapper. "By the way, did you notice the young gentleman who went out as you came in? A tall fellow with a light mustache and curly hair?"

"I saw him," I answered.

"He's paying attention to a young lady here, — a Miss Mars. She confesses to be very much in love with him. We women get each other's confidences, you know. Come, I am in earnest about your coming here to board. Won't you?"

She left her seat, and before I could prevent her, had sunk upon her knees on a footstool beside me, and twined her arms about my neck. Her beautiful eyes shone coaxingly into mine, her soft curls fell against my cheek, — her fragrant breath began to steal away my self-possession. Involuntarily I yielded, clasped and kissed her.

As I raised my head I saw what she did not see, and tore her clinging arms from my neck as I sprang to my feet. A man stood in the open doorway, pale with rage. He came forward slowly; his eyes on mine, — a heavier, stronger man than I, but he had not the advantage of physical training. He sprang, — my clenched fist hit his chest like a battering-ram; he staggered, and I leapt past him into the hall, — the screams of the guilty wife and cries of interrogation from a dozen voices following me. I flung open the hall-door, and leaped into the street. Half a dozen strides, and I met Vivia Mars, — face to face. Her look of recognition changed to one of astonishment and affright as I dashed past her without a word.

CHAPTER VII.

My first desire was to blow out my brains; my second, to go to the ends of the earth: and, hardly knowing what I was doing, I took a cab and dashed to one of the depots, sprang aboard the cars bound for the little country town where were located the few

distant relatives I had, and was set down at the station, within twenty yards of them.

I made a great sham of being glad to see them, joked with my pretty cousins, romped with the children, ate of the royal country supper, played games in the evening, and went to my room to bury my head in my pillow and break into hard, dry sobs of passionate grief. My heart was strained to a pitiful pain. Drowning, I had clung to the life-boat, and my hold had been beaten off,—I was left to die miserably in sight of succor. Was there *nothing* in me to make my life cared for by any one? Bad as I had been, was there not even a little child to pity me for my helplessness, when I had made so strong an effort, lifted up my eyes so wistfully to the truth? No. Then let me curse God, and die!

It was April weather. I staid where I was,—having no desire to be in one place more than another, caring nothing for life in any instance; but as I have said, it was April weather, and out of the joy of the blue sky, the clear gold of the sunset, the sunshine, and the swelling of the earth, I drew a strange comfort. Worn and wasted with the strain of my life, I felt a sense of rest. I lay down upon the warm ground, among the clover and daisies, and strength for another effort gathered in my heart and soul. Physical stamina vitalized me. I held up my head at last, restored,—loving life through pure joy of living in this beautiful world.

But I shunned the city; not that I was not sure of myself, for my loathing of its false pleasures was as keen as my sense of better ones, but because the associations pained me,—my heart being sore with regret for what might have been, and sad tears ready to come to my eyes. I felt my life to a great degree wrecked, yet the bulk lay out in God's sunshine, having a certain enjoyment of its own, through his kindness, and a certain use, to those reading aright the signs of transgression.

Then this state gave way to growing energies. Walt Whitman never eulogized too much a vigorous body. Terrible master as it is, never was a better servant. I put it to task. My soul was earnest,—my brain throbbled questioningly,—my heart was fed with my labors. My literary articles began to attract attention; I gained a position; fame grew; I was at last a man among men.

Two years had passed. News of Vivian Mars had never come in my way, and I did not choose to seek it. If the strength and honor I had gained had for me a sacred sweetness, thinking that she might learn of it, I never wished to seek her approval. I had gained a certain distrust of my own management of fate. God was wise, I knew. I struck hands with Bayard Taylor when he said,—

"Vex me not with weary questions,
Seek no moral to deduce.
With the present I am busy,
With the future hold a truce:
If I live the life he gives me,
God will turn it to his use."

Yet I hardly dared trust myself to think of her as married. I felt that I needed her, cut of all the world. If she was the wife of another, I could only bow to God's will with an utter blindness. And then I knew that I was yet capable of great pain.

Summer again. The morning-glory vines pressed their great purple stars against my windows,—the birds swooped, twittering, through the avenues of the woods,—the bees buzzed among the clover,—the black-berry-vines trailed their white blooms along the stone walls under the blossomed locust-trees.

Often, in the beautiful mornings of those times, I used to walk to the station,—amusing myself with the excitement incident upon the arrival of the morning train. A great, yellow stage-coach usually trundled away to the village with all the passengers; but on one occasion two ladies were left. They passed down the green lane, in the direction of my home, and I followed at a distance, my heart beating, and I striving hard for self-possession to address them. By and by one of them turned, and saw me. I was very pale as I went up and took her hand,—the little, trembling hand of Vivian Mars.

"The mountain would not come to Mohammed, so what could Mohammed do but go to the mountain?" she said lightly, but every trace of color dying out of her face, and her lips trembling.

Miss Graham grasped my other hand.

"Yes: have you forgotten everybody that you ever knew, shutting yourself in among the valleys, and turning poet and philosopher?" she asked.

"I have not forgotten either of you," I

said. "I never dreamed of such a kindness as this, dear Miss Margaret."

"Well, you are to make much of us. We go back in the next train," she said. "To tell the truth, I came out half on Vivia's account, — to give her a breath of country air. You see how pale she is."

"I do, indeed."

We went to the house; had a luncheon of biscuits, milk, and honey, and then Miss Graham said, —

"Now let us see some strawberries growing."

So we went out into the strawberry fields. Miss Graham gathered strawberries with the zeal with which she did everything else, — wandering away, at last, and leaving me by Vivia.

We looked longingly into each other's eyes; she gave me her little pink-stained hands.

"Vivia, tell me truly why you came?" I said.

"I wanted you to know that I knew you," she said. "All this time" — she

stopped. "I am proud of you!" she said frankly.

"Is that all? When I love you so?"

"No," she said.

The birds swooped, twittering, under the trees, — the breezes brought us the scent of locust and blackberry blossoms, — the bees buzzed dreamily over the clover, and the strawberries glowed red among the grasses. Oh, how infinitely precious to me was my life!

By and by Miss Margaret came wandering back. I told her that Vivia was not going back in the next train, — that she was to stay at Locust Lodge for a week.

She smiled.

"Well, it will do you both good," she said.

Dear soul! she was with us when we were married, and when our boy was born, and, years after, when our little daughter died. We had life's bitter with its sweet, my wife and I; but we were at peace with God, and nought came amiss. "They that seek him shall find him."

Notes of European Travel.

BY MRS. E. E. EVANS.

I WAS struck at the outset of my tour with the great care taken to avoid accidents in railway traveling. In England there is an elevated foot-bridge built over the road at all crowded stations, which is accessible at both ends by a flight of stairs, and over which it is not merely a matter of choice but of necessity to pass, as officials stand ready to prevent any person not an *employé* from crossing the road on the level of the track. The first time I noticed this convenient arrangement I thought of the station at Lynn, Mass., where scarcely a year passes without the loss of more than one life, through unhindered attempts to find a safe way amid the bewildering arrivals and departures of trains.

I spent some time in a small village in Switzerland, where the railway station was a little beyond the town. I often walked over in time for the railway train, because it was some amusement to see the few travelers come and go, and then those rails seemed to me in my loneliness a connecting link between that foreign land and my home in America. There was only one road leading from the village to the station, and this road (contrary to the usual custom which places the railway either above or below the more primitive thoroughfare), crossed the track and continued into the country.

Probably there were not a dozen vehicles passing that point in a day, and the few trains were almost always on time, and could be seen approaching for a long distance on either hand, nevertheless, the road was guarded by gates which were closed as soon as the whistle was heard at the stations about a mile beyond, on each side. Even the two puppies, which relieved by their gambols the monotonous existence of the station master, were safely housed before the cloud of steam above the distant curve announced the coming train; though I heard before leaving that one of them had been run over by the cars, a catastrophe which probably led to redoubled vigilance on the part of the authorities.

I often think of the methodical care with which the duties of that little station were fulfilled in contrast to the recklessness exhibited in the neighborhood of my present home. The railroad here crosses one of the principal streets of the town at the foot of a long and steep hill,

which is the favorite resort for young people in winter for coasting purposes. Starting at the top, the adventurous youngsters dash down the hill gaining momentum as they go, and they are never better pleased than when they can cross the track without stopping, and after reaching the bottom of the valley go half way up the height beyond. There are no gates across the road at this dangerous point, no flag-man to signal a crossing train, and even the engine-bell is not rung in passing the foot of the street, although it is a thoroughfare for carriages, and one side the view of the track is completely shut in by houses and projecting banks. One man was killed there a short time ago, and if it were not for the Providence, that seems to wait upon small boys, many of them would perish every year; though in the matter of railroads and other equally decisive agencies, it would seem better not to trust too strongly to miracles.

But this is a free country, and we have not only a right to be smashed up by hundreds, through the carelessness of an *employé*, but also to smash ourselves individually, if we choose to stand in the way of a passing train.

On the Continent, not only is safety of life and limb insured by timely precautions, but anxiety of mind, that insidious destroyer of health and comfort, is in such matters prevented by the methodical disposal of travelers, however great their numbers may be.

In the first place, the ticket offices are approached by a railed passage, admitting only one at a time, and applicants must here stand strictly upon the order of their going. This preliminary being settled, and baggage having been deposited with the proper officials, the traveler can rest in peace in the waiting-room of whichever class his ticket entitles him to, until his particular train is announced, and the previously fastened doors are thrown open for his egress upon the platform of the station. Restaurants, supplied with a great variety of good food, both hot and cold, are always attached to the waiting-rooms, and time is allowed for the comfortable eating of a meal, whenever a train is announced to stop for that purpose.

But the cars themselves are, in some respects, not so convenient as ours. Each carriage accommodates from eight to ten persons, and as it

is seldom that one party of travelers can occupy all the seats, there is really less privacy in this confined space than in our longer cars. Besides the seats are at opposite sides, so that their occupants must stare each other in the face whether they will or not, and half the number must ride backward, which to many persons is very uncomfortable.

There are no sleeping cars, no water tanks, no closets on these trains, and thus a long journey is attended with some inconveniences which are obviated by the American plan. Once, on a German railroad, I traveled in a car having a small saloon attached, and I am not likely to forget the exception on account of an amusing incident which took place in consequence of the unusual construction of the apartment, one of the seats being interrupted for a short space to afford a passage through a sliding panel in the wall.

After the carriage was comfortably full a great burly man entered, to the surprise of all of us, who wondered how he intended to dispose of himself. He stood still in the vacant space for a few moments, then deliberately drew aside the skirts of his coat and stooped, as we supposed, to rest upon the arm of the nearest seat until there should be a vacancy. But instead of this, he sat down fair and square upon the floor, with, of course, the greater heaviness in his fall, because (being near-sighted) he had not noticed the cessation of the seats, and therefore had not anticipated so low a descent. It was one of the most comical scenes I ever witnessed! We all laughed, we could not help it, and the victim joined in quite heartily. But one young woman, a bride, on her wedding tour of a few miles with her husband, was so impressed that she gave herself up to an intensity of fun that I have never seen equaled. Such peals of laughter, so hearty and long-continued, and repressed for a time only to break out again with redoubled violence, would have driven most women into hysterics; and while enjoying the spectacle of such genuine mirth, I could not help admiring and almost envying the strength of nerve that would allow of such strong emotion without weariness or painful reaction. Her perfect simplicity of character, too, was an agreeable study in a world of artificial manners. The fear of annoying the hero of the incident never seemed to enter her head, and indeed, her enjoyment was so evidently void of any element of ridicule, that a much more sensitive person, than that big, good-natured gentleman, could have found no cause of resentment in its demonstration.

In Switzerland there are in use a few long cars for second and third-class passengers, with seats arranged in imitation of ours, but they are so plain in workmanship and so simply furnished as to offer no points of resemblance except in the general construction. Indeed, that agreeable combination of dark wood-work, rich upholstery, and stained glass, which decorate our most tasteful cars, are seldom met with in Europe, nor is such lavish expenditure in public conveyances necessary anywhere, though it would seem to be more appropriate abroad, where a dangerous and costly "smash up" is not an every-day occurrence as with us.

The seats of first-class cars are luxuriously stuffed and have arms and head-rests, but they are generally covered with plain drab cloth, and lay little claim to beauty of adornment. The second-class seats are not divided, and are covered generally with black haircloth; they are really more comfortable than the first-class, because when the carriage is not full there is a chance to lie down, whereas in the others one is obliged to sleep sitting upright. These carriages are warmed by tin cases covered with carpeting and filled with hot water. The third-class have bare wooden seats, the windows are not curtained and they contain no warming apparatus.

The great drawback to comfort everywhere is the prevalence of tobacco-smoke. It is true that there are carriages on every train where smoking is forbidden, as a printed notice on the door announces, but it is often impossible to find room in these for all who would fain escape being choked and sickened by the acrid fumes. On some railroads there are carriages especially for women, but these are occupied largely by mothers with young children, and sometimes, particularly at night, even tobacco-smoke is a lesser evil than an unventilated apartment filled with crying babies.

Besides, even these privileged places are sometimes separated by only a slight partition from the carriages where smoking is allowed, so that the fumes steal through the thin boards or are blown in at the open windows. Nor are first-class carriages exempt from the nuisance, as many a selfish traveler takes advantage of the absence of the guard to light his cigar, compromising the matter for his fellow passengers by putting his head partly out of the window, or he enjoys his weed more openly, after asking the permission which he knows they will be too polite to withhold. I thought before going abroad that I had seen a good deal of smoking and had supposed that I hated tobacco, but

after beginning my travels on the Continent, I concluded that my opportunities for observation in the matter had been very limited, while my dislike had been a very feeble emotion, indeed, compared with my later feelings.

The division of the trains into so many small compartments prevents one annoyance, which is a disagreeable feature of American railway travel. I mean the legion of peddlers of books, papers, candies, and fruit, who follow each other in quick succession, and disturb passengers through both waking and sleeping hours. There are book-stalls containing good selections in all large stations, and refreshment-rooms also, and when the train halts only for a few moments, waiters rush out with trays filled with glasses of foaming beer or cool wine for the benefit of thirsty travelers.

I was once a passenger on an excursion train between Zurich and Lucerne. The car, a long one, like those in this country, was filled with cheerful, well-dressed people of the middle class. Among them was a party of young men, evidently bent upon a day of pleasure. One of them carried slung across his shoulder, as other travelers carried their knapsacks and opera glasses, a miniature wine-barrel, holding about three gallons, made of polished wood with an ornamental silver faucet. Soon after leaving the station he began to draw upon its supplies, and greatly amused the whole company by extracting alternate glasses of red and white wine which he handed about very freely to all who would accept a draught, while he swallowed a glassful himself for every one that he gave to others. I was then new to the customs of the country and looked on with amazement, expecting every moment to see this man, if not all the others, pass the bounds of harmless frolic into the excesses of a drunken revel. But no such result followed, and though he was in sight all day, and was as generous with his wine barrel upon the steamer as he had been on the cars, there was no perceptible effect other than a perhaps slight increase of his natural jollity.

The custom of looking the carriages, which seems to us so strange, is really a precaution for safety, which is called for by their construction. The doors being in the middle, like those of an ordinary carriage, it would be very easy, through the rapid and often unequal motion of the train, for people and things to fall out if the doors were not secure. But in other respects the practice is sometimes productive of disagreeable and even dangerous encounters. I have heard of several cases where rudeness, almost amounting to insult, was offered to unprotected women,

which was stopped only by arrival at a station and an appeal to the guard by the offended party. Occasionally, too, a maniac or other desperate person is allowed to travel without sufficient restraint, and the lives of fellow passengers are thereby put in jeopardy. The guard is usually to be seen only while the train is standing at a station, there is no way of summoning him at other times, and no communication by means of a bell-rope between the cars and the engine, as with us. I knew of a recent instance in Germany, where a young lady traveled some distance alone in the same carriage with a strange man, who, after a long silence, began to unburden himself of various shawls and other wraps, then took off his hat, removed a wig of dark hair and replaced it by a yellow one, and added a false beard of the same color, remarking to the astonished girl that if she said a word on the subject to the guard or to any other person while they remained together, he would be the death of her. The guard looked in at the next station, but the man had wrapped himself again in his shawl and appeared to be sleeping, and the girl, though terribly frightened, thought it better to make no disturbance. Soon afterward the stranger left the car without taking any further notice of his companion, and who he was, whether a criminal escaping from justice or a detective on the track of a criminal, remained a mystery to her.

One of the pleasantest routes of travel anywhere in Europe is the Rhine. The steamers are small, and the favorite place of resort is, of course, the deck, which is divided in the center by the engine-house, the part forward being allotted to the third-class passengers, while the after part is occupied by all persons holding first and second-class railway tickets. This end of the deck is covered with an awning and furnished with comfortable seats along the sides, and camp chairs for those who wish to vary their position. The dinner-table is spread on deck, and tourists eat of the fish of the river upon which they are sailing, and drink of the fruit of the vines which grow upon the hills they are passing. Eating becomes an esthetic enjoyment when performed amid such surroundings, and I shall never forget the pleasure of my dinner on the Rhine. We sat down to the table as the boat was nearing the famous *Lurlei*, and every few moments some one would leave his seat to have a nearer view of a spot that charmed him, while several times all but the old travelers rose *en masse* to follow some enthusiastic Rhinelander to the other side of the boat to

see a ruined castle and hear its former history. To add to the grandeur of the scenery, a heavy cloud rolled suddenly over the heavens, and the storm came down in a shower of rain, while the lightning played around us, and the thunder echoed grandly from the towering rocks of the neighboring shore.

One peculiar charm in traveling abroad, and one reason, no doubt, why a foreign tour refreshes Americans so much is, that all the people one meets seem cheerful, and what the Irish so expressively call "easy-going." No one seems to be in a hurry, nor to regard the journey as a necessary evil, to be endured in view of the point to be reached. Men appear to be free from the anxieties of business and women from domestic cares, and though there must be secret sorrow in many a life it is repressed on such occasions, and a general desire seems to prevail to enjoy as much as possible the natural scenery and the pleasures of society.

I was pleased everywhere on the Continent by the friendly manner of the inhabitants, which were as far removed from intrusiveness as from excessive reserve. In their cordial greeting to strangers and their readiness to converse with whoever happens to be their neighbor in a public conveyance or at a public table, there is evidently only a recognition of a common humanity and of the duty to make time pass as agreeably as possible under all circumstances, without a thought of meddling in the affairs of the individual.

The English, as a rule, do not respond very cordially to such overtures, and are consequently not much liked as travelers. Americans please much better by the great simplicity and freedom of their manners, but in their conversation they do not always preserve that nice distinction between topics of general and private interest which constitutes the charm of foreign sociality. No one, in that part of the world, ever enters or leaves a dining-room, a railway car, or any other place where he is for a time in the company of others, without bowing and uttering a few words of comprehensive greeting and farewell. In many hotels in Germany the host enters the dining-hall, just before the covers are removed, and bowing to his guests, wishes them "a good appetite," and the same expression is in general use from each member of the family to all the others at the home table.*

In passing through some small villages I have been greeted by every one I met, but this custom has become obsolete in large towns where there is a great flow of travel. One day

in Florence I sneezed in the street, and an old Italian passing by exclaimed, "God bless you!" in his own tongue, and as though I had been a familiar acquaintance. It is certainly pleasant for a lonely traveler to be met everywhere as though he were an old friend, and to read kindness and good will in the smiles and nods of strangers, even when he can not understand a word of their language.

"Oh, well," she said, recovering herself with a laugh, "then you know what a fool I am. But I never meant you should."

"And I never dreamed of it before. I thought you had a soul above buttons," he said, gayly.

"Why, if you want to go to these things, Helen, go you shall."

"Well, no, Will, I don't exactly want to go. Only seeing them all off last night in their splendor put me in mind of it, and I must say I should like to see the scenes, and I should like to say I'd been, when we go back to Lofton. Mrs. M'Blair is always so overpowering, and such an authority, with the relics of her life in Washington, and the receptions and the officials' and all that."

"Relics, indeed! But you haven't any 'splendor,' you know, except your eyes and your color and—"

"Oh, nonsense, now, Will! That's just because you heard me saying I was pretty. Well," said Mrs. Eccleston, standing before the glass and beginning to braid her hair, "I am pretty,

chief clerk of a manufacturing house, to which he took a railway ride of twenty miles every morning; and hitherto the aim of his life had been to secure to his wife, in case of accident to himself, the little place where they lived, with its pretty lawns and gardens, piazzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under mortgage liable to foreclosure at the holder's will. He had come to Washington lately with a large claim of his firm on the Treasury—a claim concerning which he knew more than they did themselves, and of which, if he won it, he was to have a handsome percentage that would just about pay off his heart-eating mortgage, and of course he had entered into the business with all his powers. The firm, feeling his long faithfulness deserved some reward, had told him to take his wife and to stay at the best hotel at their expense, and he had done so; and the upshot of it all was that day after day was dragging by, and it was impossible to get a decision from the Treasury, and his wife's head was getting so turned by the fineries and gayeties about her that she was fairly giddy.

like some lovely sun-smitten cobweb strung with dew; or the last bride sweeping up her billows of tulle and half drowning the young groom under the foam of them as the carriage door slammed; or the old Spanish countess, who had apartments by herself in the hotel, dropping her ermine mantle as she hurried across the vestibule, till any one might see the marvel of "make-up" that she was in her white satin and her emeralds the size of hazel-nuts, and her rouge that counterfeited the very bloom of youth—she would have been more than human, we say, if the repeating vision of all these damsels and dowagers had not stirred a little envy in her soul, and made her wish, like Cinderella, for a share of all these pleasures and a sight of all these scenes in that gay world to which such toilettes were the every-day affair.

At first it had been a novelty to Mrs. Eccleston to observe the ladies in the drawing-room of the hotel after dinner, and to admire their dresses, to which her own was mere shadow, and at a later hour it was like sharing in the dissipation to see

the superb apparitions in the one moment ere they gathered up their bright trains and fled into night and darkness; then at last it seemed a cruel injustice on the part of fate that kept her, like the poet at the gate, outside of this paradise. And when a good old dowager in the hotel, who had taken a fancy to the sparkling little body, and had been quite carried away with her singing, had taken her out calling with her one day in her carriage, had asked her to receive some calls with herself, and had finally offered to procure cards for her and her husband to the ball at this Embassy about which every one was raving, the pretty creature had had a struggle with herself, not to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable, because she had nothing to wear—but to feel willing to resign it.

"I don't know about 'our condition,'" said her husband, in rather nettled reply to her last remark. "We are certainly getting along very well, and one man has as many rights as another in this country, and I dare say if you were in the thick of this society, and meeting these blanketed Treasury tyrants, it might materially hasten matters. I've no doubt of it."

"I—I don't know."

"I'm tolerably certain of getting the claim. It's been passed on favorably by two or three of the subordinates, and only waits the whim of the Great Moguls, I suppose. Perhaps they'd hurry up a bit if they met us sometimes?"

"And had an idea we were somebody."

"Well, what do you think?"

"I hardly—I'm sure it would be delightful. But—"

"No 'buts' about it. I'll settle this thing. You can have a dress made in a couple of days? Who's the crack dress-maker?"

"Madame Des Chenés," she said, hesitatingly.

"Very well. I'll have her send up some silks for you to look at."

"I—don't know," said his wife, again pausing, brush in hand, over the long and luxuriant hair that he admired so much. But her husband was already gone.

A couple of hours afterward a young woman from Madame Des Chenés's entered with a box of silks. The gas was lit, the shutters were closed, and piece after piece was gathered into dexterous folds by the cunning and accustomed fingers and held up to the glare of the chandelier for her to admire. She was not a very courageous little body, Mrs. Eccleston; she did not know how to send the girl away and take none of her wares;

and I can't help seeing it, can I? And it's no vanity—I associate with the neighbors just the same." And then she laughed her delightful laugh that showed all the pearly teeth aglitter, and her husband vowed in his soul that she should go wherever she wished, if it cost a farm! "A ball at the Embassy!" said Mrs. Eccleston. "Mrs. M'Blair never compassed that, with all her relics."

"And you shall," said her husband.

"Oh, there now, indeed, I'm not serious. I haven't the faintest desire for it. One can build castles without overt sin; but to go into those castles, in our condition, would be a real sin."

If any thing annoyed Mr. Eccleston it was when spoken to with such phrase as "in our condition," although his wife was quite ignorant of the fact. He was somewhat ambitious, and one form of his ambition was to make a good appearance in the world, and it vexed him, when the fact was brought home, to think that others could do more for their wives than he could do for his, while he knew the years were passing and her beauty would soon be dim. He was the

Sometimes Mrs. Eccleston really wished she had not come to Washington, the affairs of the toilette gave her such worryment. Her navy blue cashmere that at home would have answered for best all winter, here, she found, was equal only to the simplest sort of morning gown, and she had been obliged to wear at dinner her one black silk that had already been "made over," and that was as fine an evening dress as any body needed at Lofton, till her heart sank within her to see that it began to show symptoms of "shinyness;" and as for any thing more elaborate, that was quite out of the question, she felt, for her heart was set upon paying off that mortgage and getting a Brussels carpet in the parlor as much as her husband's was.

Yet she would have been made of sterner stuff than most charming young women are if, when she saw Mrs. Van Troll in the waiting-room, while her carriage was coming round to take her to the Secretary's, adjusting her cloak and letting out just one glimpse of the vert d'eau silk covered with point-lace and glistening with diamonds,

ONE VALENTINE, AND ANOTHER.

"If I could go!" sighed Mrs. Eccleston, her pretty pink cheek resting on her dimpled hand, and the long dark lashes of her lustrous eyes resting on the velvet cheek. "It's such a shame," she murmured, unconscious that she was talking aloud, "to be pretty and bright, and know how to do things, and talk French, and sing like a prima donna, and to be here, and never to have a chance!" She turned in sudden alarm to see her husband standing in the middle of the room.

she had no heart in the play; she felt in the depths of a guilty soul that she had no place with idle and wealthy merry-makers—she who kept only one "girl" at home. She was sure Will could not afford it. Every time the young woman held up a fresh combination a sense of impending disaster filled her with depression. She found herself unable to choose; the young woman found her difficult to please.

"What if madame allowed me to make the choice for her?" said the damsel at last, in despair of suiting her otherwise.

"And you will send it home to-morrow evening?" said Mrs. Eccleston, with relief, as if shifting the responsibility at last.

"Madame shall have the robe, gloves, slippers, laces, flowers, at nine o'clock to-morrow evening."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Eccleston, desperately; and the measures being taken, box and damsel disappeared.

"After all," said Mrs. Eccleston to herself, "I dare say I am making a great fuss about nothing. Why shouldn't I have a new dress? Other men's wives do; and I'm sure I earn it, every stitch of it, in the care and economy I practice at home. I'll go without butter and sugar a year rather than not have it. Perhaps it's the only chance I'll have in all my life, and I don't suppose one gown will either make us or break us."

Yet, for all that, she was very ill at ease; and although she accepted Mrs. De Berrian's kindness about the cards, it was with no elation; she felt a little as the day wore on as though it were only a nightmare, and half wished it were. True to the promise, however, at the appointed hour the young woman and the robe appeared, and at sight of it doubts vanished. It was indeed faultless—the most delicate shade of rose, with puffings of lisse above finger-deep ruffles of Valenciennes, and with long garlands of tiny white Scotch roses. Mrs. Eccleston was not slow to confess to herself that she had never seen any thing lovelier than she looked when she stood before the glass, the last fold laid in place, the last rose leaf picked out, like a blushing and just opening rose herself, the fair hair waving off the white forehead and massed low behind, the jewel-like eyes with their darkly pencilled brows, the transparent sweetness of the smile, the whole radiant grace and color set off by the radiant dress. "Helen of Troy looked just like you!" said her husband, in a rapture. "All you want now is diamonds."

"I wouldn't give a straw for diamonds. Tell me truly, Will, don't you feel that this dress is a great extravagance?"

"Extravagance! I'd give ten times the price for the sake of seeing you in it." And in his old dress-coat, that was yet in very good style, although it had never been worn since his wedding day, Mr. Eccleston escorted his wife to Mrs. De Berrian's carriage; and excited to yet more brilliant light and color by the sense of her beauty, her dress, and the idea of going out at an hour when she had always gone to bed, she made a triumphal entry at the Embassy.

Triumphant is no more than a fit word for it. Eyes no sooner saw pretty Mrs. Eccleston than hearts flew out to her. Almost before she knew it she was led from Mrs. De Berrian's side by a statesman who had always loomed up in her imagination like a demi-god; then she was waiting with a famous general; was taking ices with a titled foreigner, and talking to him in his native tongue; was promenading with another; was going down to supper with a third; and Mr. Eccleston had no opportunity to exchange another word with his wife till he took her back to the carriage. He was content, however, that night with watching her and watching the brilliant scene, the rooms embowered in exotics, the superb paintings in one, the china and bronzes in another, the magnificence of the throngs surging up and down the palatial stairways—all in a vague consciousness that this was at last the life to which they naturally belonged. He enjoyed it, on the whole, as much as she did, and with her the night had gone like a dream. "Well, my dear," said Mrs. De Berrian, "you are the fashion."

It was quite true; Mrs. Eccleston was the fashion. Cards, countless as the flakes of a snow-storm, were showered upon her; this and that member's wife was eager to have her company in calling; she received with a cabinet lady; she sang at *musicales*; she danced every where—for ten days. By that time the black silk was no longer fit for calling, nor, with all the constantly renewed garniture of fresh tea-roses and violets sent by her various admirers, would it do for any more *matinées dansantes*, and it was sent to the dress-maker's to be refurbished and made passable once more. Meanwhile the business at the Treasury was not yet concluded, although the decision might come on any day. Launched on the full flood of society, she could hardly withdraw and still remain in town; and unless she wanted the pink to become a uniform, it was necessary to have another dress. Indeed, it was necessary anyway, as Mr. Eccleston had found it hard work to keep his hands off a gay young attaché who had spilled claret punch in a broad purple splash and streak all down the front of it. And then Lent coming presently, she explained, in the fashionable parlance that she had learned, there would be but little more of the season at furthest—it was Ash-Wednesday, one week from St. Valentine's-day—Will's birthday. She had providently tucked her old wedding gown into the bottom of the trunk, on leaving, with a dim idea of possibly turning it to account. She took it to Madame Des Chenés. Once it had been white satin; the modiste thought it might pass for an ivory tint in the evening, and with train and shoulders of brocade in white and gold—

"Oh dear, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Eccleston, no, quite so much afraid of the deity as at first. "It must be just as cheap as it can be."

"Black velvet, then, would—"

"Damassé," said Mrs. Eccleston, emphatically,

"is good enough. Damassé and black illusion and blood-red roses." And then, at Madame Des Chenés's persuasion, she took a ready-made princess slip of black tulle and velvet stripes to wear over an ancient silk under-petticoat that she had forgotten she had till spurred to invention, congratulating herself meanwhile on the real economy that got so elegant and severe a toilette from so little.

Enriched with damassé and black illusion and deep red roses, the ivory-tinted old satin came home, with here and there a tiny strap of gold embroidery, and here and there a cascade of lace, and precious little of the original and voluminous material; and Mrs. Eccleston wore it that night, had it half torn off her back by the clumsy toes of a young officer just in from the plains, and rubbing up his dancing.

They were at breakfast next day, breakfast being served late in their own room, so as not to interfere with the beauty-sleep, and Mrs. Eccleston, in her wrapper, was alternating sips of coffee with an examination of the ruins of her damassé and black lace, and with a recital of what Count This and Baron That had said to her, and the last bits of scandal about Mrs. General the One and Mrs. Second Assistant Secretary the Other—for she had the Capitoline vernacular pat—with a certain mild exultation at her familiarity with persons that she had never expected to know at all, when, in the midst of the little feast, the colored lad brought up the mail. "I declare, it's St. Valentine's Day!" said she. "I wonder if I've any letters?"

Mr. Eccleston glanced up a moment with the mail in his hand as the door closed. Then he handed his wife some letters with local stamps on them.

"Valentines!" she said, gayly, breaking the seals.

Mr. Eccleston was not a jealous man; but all at once he remembered having heard that gay life was demoralizing, and a vivid sort of hating remembrance darted over him of that gay young attaché who spilled the punch. In the next instant his unspoken fear started out into doubt, and doubt became black certainty, as, with a wild, half-smothered cry, the letters whirled from his wife's hand, and she fainted. He had sprung round and caught his wife on one arm before she fell, but with the other hand he had caught those letters, and before he had laid her upon the bed he had glanced at their contents. It was Madame Des Chenés's bill, the hair-dresser's, the livery's. Horses at all hours; puffs, switches, pomades, combs and care; silk, gauze, tulle, Valenciennes, damassé, embroidery in gold thread, black Queen's Point, flowers, buttons, fringes, ribbons, slippers, gloves, making, and attendance—item for item, there they were. No wonder his wife had fainted. He wished he could too—for a moment wished it might be never to revive. Sum by sum, the whole amount was twelve hundred dollars. Exactly the amount of the mortgage on the dear little house at Lofton.

Mrs. Eccleston came to herself without any exertion on the part of her husband. He was sitting, when she opened her eyes, with his arms stretched along the table, and his head fallen between them. What was the use of struggling, he was thinking, when a dress-maker's bill and its accessories for three weeks could sweep away the home built from the savings and sacrifices of a lifetime? And this was only the beginning of it. The appetite, once whetted, would go on to their destruction. If he sent home and mortgaged the house for enough more to pay these bills, that ended it; life would be to begin all over again, and probably to the same result at last. They were now, practically, after a dozen hard years, just where they stood at first—without a roof to their heads! It seemed to him, in that sudden plunge from gayety to gloom, that it might be as well to stop the whole thing—life and love and work and worry—now. He was aroused by a strange sound at the other end of the room—a sort of sobbing groan. He looked up to see his wife bundling one thing after another into her trunk as fast as she could hurry them. "What are you doing?" he said.

"I'm—I'm going home to mother's," she sobbed. "Oh, you'll never want to look at me again! And I must go somewhere, you know."

"And you'd make it so much easier by leaving me all alone to bear it!" he cried. And with the words she tumbled over on the floor again.

"Oh, Will," she cried, with her arms about his neck, after she had come round the next time, "do you mean that you forgive me? I hadn't an idea that lace was real."

"Forgive you? You dear little fool, you are the one to forgive me. I ought to have known better. I ought to have known that clerks are not millionaires, and when the frog tries to swell to the size of the bull, he bursts. It was I," said Mr. Eccleston—"I that did it, with my own cursed folly. I spurred the business on, and gratified my pride more than your vanity. I've nobody to blame but myself. I don't blame you, my darling, one particle."

"Oh, but I do, Will, I do. I shall never forgive myself. I will dismiss Bridget, I'll go without—I'll do my very best to make it up, you dear, kind, patient boy."

"Nonsense! nonsense! I'll find some other way than that. But, Helen, do you know, in spite of the dismay, there was a little relief about this."

"Relief?"

"Yes. Don't be vexed. For one moment, just one moment, I thought your valentines were from that young attaché."

"It isn't possible. Oh, Will, I wish I'd never come—I wish I'd never come. How could you?—oh, how could you? Why didn't I think your letter was all wrong—was another valentine?"

"Mine? By George! I had forgotten I had a letter;" and he tore open the long official envelope with shaking fingers, to learn that the claim had been allowed, and the money awaited his dis-

position. "And my percentage is just twelve hundred dollars," he said.

"It would have paid off our mortgage," came the answer, through a flood of tears. "And now—"

"Well, well, that's better than it might have been, by a good deal. We've got each other, at any rate. And we haven't lost the house, as we might have done. We're as well off now as we were before, and have twelve hundred dollars' worth of experience to boot," said the tender husband.

One hour from that time, trunk packed and bills paid, they shook the dust of Washington from their feet and sought the snows of Lofton. And that is how the beautiful Mrs. Eccleston a year or two since disappeared so suddenly and so mysteriously from society.

POINT D'ALENÇON.

PART I.—ALICE DE LONGUEVILLE.

THERE are some towns in old Europe that never appear to change. They lie out of the highway of travel, and do not possess sufficient attractions of their own to induce the tourist to deviate from the beaten path. The inhabitants know little or nothing of the outer world, and their sphere of action is bounded by the walls with which many of these old cities are surrounded. Such are to be found in France, Germany, even Wales, without mentioning Sweden and Norway. Holland and Belgium, however, contain them in their greatest perfection. Belgium is the more interesting of the two, historically; and it is in one of her seldom visited cities that our story commences.

Courtrai is a very old city: part of the Roman wall still remains. Her feudal castle is nearly entire, though now applied to another purpose than that for which it was built; but at the time we write of—namely, at the beginning of the seventeenth century—the position of Courtrai, with respect to France, ren-

dered it expedient to keep the strong fortification in good repair, for it had endured many a siege, and more than once had fallen into the hands of its warlike neighbors. At the present day, it has many houses outside the walls, built according to the taste or fancy of the proprietors; but the majority of the intramural buildings have retained the massive architecture of the Middle Ages.

In the year 164—, a widow woman was sitting in one of the small stone-houses of the Béguinage. Her hands were busily engaged with her work, and a young girl sat at her feet, watching the deft movements of the old lady's fingers, who was talking away all the time that she was busily employed.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "your father was the youngest son of a noble French family, and was well brought up, wanting nothing as long as his father lived; but when your grandfather died, all the possessions descended to his eldest son, your uncle. The second son went into the army, and married one of the rich Regniers; but your father, who had just

left the University, could do nothing. His eldest brother promised to allow him a hundred francs a month until he got some post fitted to his birth and education; and his other brother and married sisters said that there would always be a place for him at their table whenever he felt inclined to visit them. At the end of three months, however, his brother appeared to pay his allowance grudgingly; talked about the increasing expenses of his growing family; wondered why your father didn't find something to do, and so forth; while his sisters were always going out when he paid them a visit—so that, in short, he felt that he was *de trop*, and one day he threw his noble birth to the four winds, exclaiming, what a stupid rule that was which forbade the well-born to work; came to this place, engaged himself to a manufacturer of tapestry, and set to work with a good heart to gain his own bread.

His family was scandalized at this act; he had brought disgrace on their name. A De Longueville to work! One of that ancient house a tradesman! From that day the doors of all his relations were closed to him. His letters of explanation were, possibly, not read—were certainly never answered—and all intercourse with the Marquis ceased entirely.

Three years after his arrival he married me, and that was the finishing blow to his disgrace; for you must know, my dear, that I am not of good birth. Good birth or not, I loved your father dearly, and was a true wife to him. He got on very well, and his scholarship stood him in good stead, for scarcely any one here could write, and very few could read. In the course of time he set up for himself, and all appeared to be prosperous and well.

It was not till four years after our marriage that you were born, and your father, as in duty bound, notified the head of the house of the fact, as he had previously done of his marriage; but, as

in the former case, no notice was taken of the event. I do not say it as a reproach to you, my dear child, but, from the day of your birth, nothing appeared to go well. First of all, a large fire broke out in the town, which destroyed a great deal of our merchandise. Then the French Government began to encourage the manufactories at Arras; and after that, worst of all, there were war, and levies, and taxes, without any trade doing whatever. We got poorer and poorer, and every thing seemed to melt away. Your father's courage, also, appeared to be gone, and he would sit all day long in his room, passively accepting the bad news that poured in upon him.

When you were eight years old, some French regiments swept into the town. I can see them now, with the gay Cavaliers—all plumes and lace, and gay colors, and large boots with great spurs—and fine ladies, in the train of the army. I took you to the window, and your father came also to look at the gay scene. Suddenly, I saw a deep flush come to his cheek, as a tall, handsome man rode carelessly by, apparently watching some workmen who were repairing one of the old gateways.

"Great heavens," cried he, "that is Armand, my brother, who knows that I live in this town, and has not come to see me—perhaps, knows my house, and will not look up as he passes it." He turned away from the window, and sat down with that despairing look that grieved me so much. For the remainder of that day he hardly spoke, and I knew that his thoughts were with the home of his childhood, and of the days when he and that cold brother played together, thoughtless of the future, little dreaming that the time would come when they should be alien to one another.

The following morning, he told me to dress you in your best clothes, and I remarked that he, himself, wore his *fiat*

day suit. He then told me that he was determined to make one effort to touch his brother's heart; and that was to present himself before him with you. "I feel," said he, sadly, "that I have not long to live, and God knows what will become of my child when I die. For, after all, she is a De Longueville," he continued. "She has never sullied the family name; her hand has never turned to any thing that he might call menial. As for myself, I have no right to allow my anger to stand in the way of my child's welfare; and, however bitter it may be to me to humble myself, I will undergo the ordeal."

You were a very pretty child then, my Alice. Your fair hair flowed over your shoulders, in long curls. Your dark eyes and eyelashes looked darker still by contrast with your fair complexion; and, as I kissed you before your father led you away, I thought that surely the stern Captain would be moved, and would take you to his heart.

It is now nearly ten years ago, yet I well remember every incident of that day, and how long the time seemed that you were absent. I was sick at heart at the thought that, perhaps, he might want you to go away with him ere my time was come, and what, then, was I to do? My whole life was wrapped up in you; I could not live without you. Nevertheless, I felt that if they desired your presence, I must let you go. Again: you might be the means of reconciliation between your father and his family. I felt that I would be content to sink unnoticed into my grave, if you and he could be admitted there. And thus the time wore on, and you came not back; so that I was sure that your uncle had kept you both, and that your father had forgotten me in his happiness, and that you, in your delight at seeing all the gay uniforms and the soldiers, would not think of time.

At length, you came back, and I saw

at a glance that the attempt had been unsuccessful. Shall I confess it?—a thrill of joy passed through my heart—a selfish sense of preserving my treasure. That soon vanished at the sight of the wretched look in your father's face. You only saw that something was wrong, as your father said, almost savagely: "Take off her fine things, and clothe her in rags. Fool that I was, to think that affection could conquer pride." I led you away, and when I returned he was sitting again at the window, gazing vacantly at the crowd that passed to and fro in the busy street.

He turned his head as I entered, and, in answer to my inquiring look, said: "I went up to him with our sweet child in my hand, and said, 'Armand, brother, don't you know me? I have brought your little niece, my child, to see you.' He turned fiercely round, and exclaimed, 'I have no brother here; he is dead, and he and his are blotted out of the records of our house.' I could have struck him, wife, but I felt little Alice's hand tremble in mine, and she pulled at me, saying, 'Let us go away, papa; I am afraid.' So I swallowed my wrath for her sake, and for that sake determined on one more effort. 'Brother,' said I, 'I ask nothing for myself; my time is short on earth, but when I am gone, will you befriend this little one? Will you take her to the home of her father's childhood, so that she may be brought up like the children of our house?' 'Yes,' interrupted he, 'so that she may act as her father did, and bring disgrace and dishonor on the name she bears. No, no; let her go and spin flax, and scrub the convent floors. I'll have none of her. I tell you, man, that I know you not,' he added, fiercely, as a crowd of his brother officers came up; 'begone, and never more offend my sight.' My first impulse was to humble him by proclaiming who I was, and to what I was reduced; but I merely walked quickly away. I could

not come home then; so Alice and myself wandered through the city, looking at the soldiers, who seemed to consider the place as forever their own."

It was not long after the events described by the widow had taken place, that the poor trader, broken in fortunes, broken in spirit, took to his bed, and would have died with a sigh of relief, had not the thought of his child racked his last moments. He knew that the good Béguines would admit his widow into their community; he knew that Alice would be safe under her care as long as she lived; but, after death, what was to become of her? His thoughts ever reverted to his own family. Nothing was to be hoped for from that of his wife, she being the daughter of a Spanish soldier, who had married a peasant girl. Surely, thought he, when I am dead and gone, they will forgive the father in the child!—they can not thrust her from the gates! He wrote an earnest appeal to his brother, the Marquis, who was rich, full of titles and honors, with a large family of his own, to which this fairy-like, bright child would, of a certainty, be looked upon as an acquisition—not regarded as an incumbrance. He dwelt upon their past affection; of the love he still cherished, spite of their broken intercourse; and implored him, in the name of their mutual father, to accept Alice as the only legacy that he could bequeath, and bring her up as his own daughter.

This letter he confided, on his death-bed, to his wife, enjoining her to give it to Alice, in case of the necessity for so doing ever arriving.

In less than a year after the above-mentioned scene between the mother and daughter, a violent epidemic devastated the territory of Hainault, which carried off upward of one-third of the inhabitants of Courtrai—Madame de Longueville among the rest. Alice was left alone.

Alone, in very truth!—alone in her grief, all solitary in her sorrow!—for old age is selfish, and the other Béguines were more careful to look after their own health and avoid contagion, than to comfort or console the poor, bereaved girl. So that, had it not been for a good old priest, she would have been the only mourner, as the sexton laid the remains of one she loved so well in their last resting-place. Her grief was silent, while the good father led her away from the scene of her calamity.

PART II.—MADAME COLBERT.

Louis XIV was King, and Colbert was his Minister. The ambitious monarch, having escaped from the iron grasp of Mazarin, had adopted the astute Colbert as his counselor. Philip IV held the Netherlands with a feeble grasp, and the frontier towns were as often garrisoned by French, as they were by the soldiers of the most Catholic monarch. The inhabitants, except during an actual siege, were not disturbed in their avocations, and having no hereditary attachment to either of the contending parties, took little or no interest in the result of a battle, provided they could follow their pursuits in peace.

At that time, the French had overrun Hainault, and were strongly fortified in Courtrai; and a deputation of priests, headed by their bishop, left that city for Paris, in order to lay certain grievances, under which their order was suffering, before the Court. Therefore, Alice gladly availed herself of their escort to seek her uncle, the Marquis de Longueville, and present her father's letter. The Marquis' *château* was at Clermont, a few leagues from Paris, and the good fathers had to pass through it on their way to the capital. The fair young orphan sold all the movables that her mother had left, reserving only some few relics of her dear parents, and, with

sad forebodings, set out on what was, to her, a long journey, and the only event that had hitherto broken upon her even course of life.

After a tedious pilgrimage—for traveling, in those days, was difficult and very wearying—the small cavalcade arrived at Clermont, and passed the night at the monastery—taking care, before departing, to leave Alice in good hands.

The poor girl could not sleep the whole of that night, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey. Her thoughts were continually reverting to that dreaded morrow, which was to decide whether she should be admitted into her family or not; and yet, while tossing and agitated, she feared the daylight.

Yet, as she stood, the following morning, at the portals of the *château*, there was no servile fear of greatness in her mind. She felt that she stood on the threshold of her forefathers; that she was of kin to those who were reared under that roof; and, as a lackey ushered her into the reception-hall, she trod the floor of the vast apartment as though she had been accustomed to it from childhood. It is true that she glanced around the walls, and looked with young curiosity at the old paintings, and the armor, and the great carved oak fireplace; but she no longer felt the dread of the past night, and, when the Marquis entered, stood up before him as proud as himself.

She gave him the letter, but, before he opened it, he looked long and earnestly at her face. He partly guessed the truth, as his brother's lineaments came back to his memory. He broke the seal and read slowly; but Alice, as she watched his countenance, saw no relaxation of that cold, haughty expression which his features possessed when he entered.

"This can not be!" he said, without a pause, as he finished reading the letter; "young lady, this can not be! Your father left us of his own will, asked no

advice, confided his intention to no one, and took that step which forever shut him out from this house. I have vowed never to know him or his. However, you are his daughter; you still bear our name. If you will change that name, and assume another, I will grant you an annual stipend that will be sufficient for your support during your life."

As Alice rose and stood opposite the Marquis, there was a marked resemblance between them. Her pale face was as rigid as his, her forehead was held as high, and her voice as firm, as she said:

"Is this your final answer to the letter?"

"I have no more to say."

Alice de Longueville bowed her head and walked through the broad hall, returning the salute of the seneschal with the air of a duchess; passed along the avenue that led to the great gates with the same composure; but once outside the domain and unobserved, the hot blood rushed to her cheek, even to her eyes.

She went back to the convent, and hid herself from all eyes. The whole of that day her looks were turned to the great oak-trees that surrounded the manor. She pictured to herself the time when her father had played there, a boy, and had hunted there as a man—and now he was in his grave, and she was forbidden to cross the threshold. All that morn and afternoon she sat at that window. The summons to dinner was unheeded, and a little before sunset an irresistible impulse urged her to see for the last time the house and park of her ancestors.

She made her way to the old ruined wing, with its fallen tower, and, sitting on the ivy-clad stones, watched the sinking sun. She was far enough from the inhabited part of the house to be free from interruption; and there she sat till the cold evening dew made her shudder,

and the full moon cast black shadows in the angles of the walls. She felt weak and faint: her long fast, joined to the excitement of the day, had been too much for her. She dragged herself slowly along the paths that led outward—growing weaker and weaker, until at length she found herself in the highway, clinging to some iron railings for support, and then all grew dark, and she knew no more. Before this house, which she had fondly hoped would be her shelter, and where she would find the calm peace of home, the poor orphan felt herself dying. Worn out and prostrated, she sank down with her face to the ground, and lay there utterly senseless.

In a short time the noise of wheels and horsemen was heard approaching, and soon a carriage drawn by four horses, and surrounded by an escort of cavaliers, came in sight. One of these latter reined up his horse suddenly, as he saw, by the light of the moon, the dark veil and black dress of Alice, as it lay on the light-colored gravel of the pathway.

"What is the matter, D'Arteville?" said a young and pretty woman, putting her head out of the window; and then, herself seeing the cause, she stopped the carriage, and alighted. "Great heavens! it is a woman that has fainted," said she, raising her in her arms, and looking around for some house. No sign of a habitation was to be seen; so, calling some of her people, she ordered them to carry the young girl into her carriage, and then, turning to M. d'Arteville, said: "Be so good as to stay here. I can see, by the beauty and the youth of this girl, that some one will claim her. You will tell them that Madame Colbert, the wife of the King's Minister, has taken her off to Versailles."

M. d'Arteville bowed acquiescence, and Madame Colbert got into her carriage, placed herself by the side of Alice, who had not recovered her senses,

and whirled away as fast as the four horses could go.

Marie, daughter of Jacques Charrons—the Lord of Menars and High Steward of Blois—had married the great Minister, Colbert. She not only brought him a considerable dowry, but, what was of greater consequence, a mind and understanding that, while superintending the brilliant *fêtes*, or inventing some new costume for that extravagant period, never lost sight of any thing that would aggrandize her husband's power, or increase his influence.

Early the following morning, D'Arteville, having learned a portion of Alice's history and conjectured the rest, repaired to Versailles, where he had an audience of the wife of the Minister. Her own physician had been immediately sent to attend the young girl, and he represented that there was no serious danger—only excessive weakness, the result of past nervous excitement. He recommended absolute repose for one day, and insured a cure for the following. So Madame Colbert determined to hear her story from Alice's own lips, and if it was as she supposed, she would take her into her household.

Alice's story was soon told, and she thankfully accepted the home that was offered to her. Her health was quickly restored, and the bloom that returned to her cheek, together with the vivacity of her manner, endeared her more and more to her newly found protector.

One morning early, the Minister sent to beg an audience, and was in such haste that he followed close upon the heels of his messenger.

"You see me in the greatest distress!" he said, so much excited as not to notice that Alice was in the room. "Mme. de Crespigny has married the Duke de Nevers."

"I know that; but what then?" answered Madame, in vain seeking the meaning of his speech.

"But he has given an entire trimming to her wedding dress, of Venice point-lace."

"Well, what's the harm of that?" said his wife, almost laughing.

The Minister continued with increased excitement: "And this lace cost thirty-six thousand francs; and what is worse, created a great sensation at the last Court ball."

"Very well," she again replied; but without smiling, although she could not conceive what all this would lead to.

"What, Madame, can't you see that all the ladies of the Court, yourself among the first, will send to Venice for your lace?"

"If that would vex you, you may rest assured that I shall not."

"You are speaking for yourself, Madame; but the other women will all go to Venice for their lace, and will drain France of her capital. France is not rich enough just now to allow our women to buy their dresses of foreigners; and all the money we send there enriches them and impoverishes us. We haven't one single lace manufactory to oppose that of Venice."

He rose to go, and his wife said, "Whoever should see the Minister's anxious face to-day, would little think that the cause is a bit of lace."

"Ah! Marie, Marie, after all, you are only fit to talk lace to."

He went out, and after he was gone, his wife said, bitterly, "I would give a great deal that he had not said that to me."

"You must make him repent of it, dear mistress," said Alice.

"But how?" said Madame Colbert.

"Is it possible to see this famous lace?"

"Certainly; the Duchess is my great friend."

"Well, then, quick, dear lady, give me but one line, so that the Duchess shall show me this magnificent and unique robe, and—but I will say nothing, until

I am certain of success—I fear—I hardly dare tell you—but if I can devote the labor of my life, as a recompense for your kindness, I will do it; therefore, I entreat you, for a word to the Duchess."

"You silly child. You will be tired. You want to go out."

"Oh, I shall not be in the least tired; I have only one desire, and that is to see this lace."

"I can easily satisfy you on that head;" so, taking up a rich tablet of ebony and gold, she wrote:

"DEAR ANTOINETTE—Accept this trifling *souvenir*, and let one of my women look at your Venice lace, the beauty of which has made so much noise in the world. Your affectionate

"MARIE COLBERT."

Alice seized eagerly the tablets, and flew out of the room. When she returned, instead of repairing to her mistress, she shut herself up in her apartment, begging that she might be left undisturbed for one week. Partly because she hoped something from the young girl's enthusiasm, and partly because her affection for her prompted the yielding to the whim, Madame Colbert gave orders that Alice's request should be respected—indeed, she respected it herself. At the end of the week, Alice re-appeared in her mistress' *boudoir*, and her face was radiant with joy.

"Madame," she said, "I address myself to you, to obtain a moment's audience with Monseigneur the Minister."

"Without letting me know the reason!" replied Madame Colbert. "Well, come along."

It was the hour when Colbert was scheming those vast plans which shed such lustre over the reign of Louis XIV. No one except his wife dared knock at his door at that moment; and, as they went along, Marie told her companion what a bold step they were taking.

At the noise of the door creaking on

its hinges, Colbert turned sharply round, with an angry expression; but, at the sight of his wife and the young girl, his brow cleared, for he was sure that only something very important would make Madame Colbert interrupt him. So, with a charming smile, he waited for his wife to speak, when, to her great astonishment, Alice broke the silence.

"Monseigneur," she said, opening the box, "will you do me the honor to examine this lace, and say if that of Madame the Duchess is superior?"

"It is the same!—the very same! Why, this is a miracle!" said Colbert, whose hand almost trembled under the light, vaporous material. "Where does this work come from?—who has made it? In what part of the world does that fairy live who can imitate so well?"

"It is no fairy, Monseigneur; only a poor young orphan, too happy to repay, by the work of her hands, the goodness that your wife has bestowed on her. Flemish by birth, I have often watched the working girls making lace, and learned all the mysteries of the trade. At Courtrai, I used to amuse myself by making new patterns and fresh stitches for the young girls, and they used to come to me if any thing difficult or out of the way was wanted. At last, it was only necessary for me to see a piece of work twice, in order to understand it; and if your Lordship will give me a building and some young girls, I will make a workshop of the former, and skillful lace-makers of the latter."

Colbert's quick intellect seized upon the idea at once; but he said, sadly:

"They will be made in France, and our grand ladies prefer to buy from the foreigner. What will compel them to buy this lace, when made?"

"*The Fashion*, Monseigneur!" said Alice. "Let the King command that the first lace that comes from the workshop shall be given to the Duchess, who will prefer her royal present to her Venetian lace; and the second to Madame Colbert. They will both wear them at all balls and public spectacles. If it does not become the rage, then I will close my workshop."

What she desired was accomplished. The Court was going to Alençon, and Colbert sent to Flanders for thirty young girls, whom he established at his *château* of Louray, near the city, with Alice de Longueville at their head, to whom he advanced 50,000 francs.

When the first pieces of lace were made, the King, instigated thereto by Colbert, appointed a day to inspect them, informing his courtiers that he would show them something better than Venice point. The King and the whole Court were delighted. The former ordered large sums to be given to Mademoiselle de Longueville out of the treasury, and commanded that no other lace should appear at Court.

And thus rose and prospered the famous Point d'Alençon; and Colbert said, as lace-making schools sprung up all over the country:

"Fashion is to France what the mines of Peru are to Spain."

And Alice became Comtesse d'Alençon.

Foreign.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

The military glory and ambition of the late Emperor of the French has come to nothing. Chalons is but a name, and Cherbourg might as well be for all the aid its proud navy rendered him in saving his Empire. Napoleon's triumphs are of the peaceful sort. All else has faded. But his sorrows at Wilhelmshöhe may now be assuaged by a contemplation of his enduring works in behalf of commerce, and the intercourse of nations. The Suez Canal, and the just completed tunnelled railway of the Alps, which was begun in 1857, are certainly grand monuments. On Christmas afternoon, the workmen on the French and Italian sides of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had come so near each other as to exchange greetings through the barrier of rock that still divided them, and on the following day (Monday) that barrier was itself removed.

This great work is eight miles in length, without a shaft, and the whole lies in French territory, the province of Savoy, which the tunnel undermines in that part of it, having been ceded by Sardinia (now Italy) to France, in compensation for her assistance in the war with Austria. It is among the possibilities that Germany, if finally victorious in the war, may cede Savoy to her old Italian proprietor. Yet no management of the Mont Cenis tunnel, short of inviscerally discriminating against French traffic can deprive France of the practical advantages which she sought to gain by piercing the Alps. Whether this tunnel will pay on the investment, is an open question. Its cost when completed and ready for business will be not less than \$20,000,000. Merchandise passing from England and France to all Europe south of the Alps will take that route of course; but except in the dead of Winter there will be thousands of tourists who will prefer a journey over the mountains for the sake of the sublime scenery there unfolded to their view. The construction of the St. Gothard tunnel, under German patronage, from Switzerland to Italy, will also cut into the profits of the French enterprise.

The Alps have been crossed even with great armies since the days of Hannibal, but the undertaking has been one of toil and danger. In 1805 the first Napoleon constructed a road through the pass of Mont Cenis, which was at a moderate elevation of some 5400 feet above the level of the adjacent country. This was thirty miles long and eighteen feet wide, and was built at a cost of 7,000,000 francs. It served for many years as the only highway between France and Italy; but within the last five years a railway has been built over the ridge, upon which a steam engine of peculiar construction slowly drags a single car. Were the Mont Cenis railway, which is distinct from the tunnel, to be continued, it is probable that a large majority of travellers for pleasure would cross the Alps by that line. It has proved much more successful than its promoters had expected. Its length from St. Michel to Susa is fifty miles (to gain the same distance which the tunnel makes in 7 3/4 miles). Some of its grades are steeper than anything known on American railways—in places, we believe as high as one foot in thirty feet—but very powerful and peculiarly constructed engines overcome it without difficulty and with perfect safety to passengers. In 1869 about 68,000 persons went over this route without loss of life or limb. Since its opening, about three years ago, only three interruptions to travel have occurred on the Mont Cenis railway, and those were caused by floods and snow storms, and not from any defect in the road itself. The line has demonstrated, in all except the matter of expense, that it is practicable to cross almost the highest mountains by surface roads with occasional cuttings. Could the successful demonstration of this problem have been anticipated thirteen years ago, when the Mont Cenis tunnel was begun, the latter work might never have been attempted.

The idea of piercing the mountain, and gliding from one country to the other in a few minutes' time, was first broached about twenty years ago, and, as a matter of course, was ridiculed by that large class of persons whose conception of what can be done is formed entirely in accordance with what they know has been done. The feasibility of the work was argued at length before the legislative bodies of both these nations, and the result was finally a contract for the work.

The route chosen was, of course, the shortest possible line through the vast mountain range, as the altitude of the peaks or the general ridge made no difference with the work. The old plan of sinking shafts from the top at intervals, and working from one to another, was pronounced impracticable, from the start, and a continuous boring from either end was determined upon as the only method of proceeding, the workmen being supplied with light and air as they retreated from the cheerful light of day and the wholesome atmosphere of the outer world. The place was found about fifteen miles from the old Mont Cenis road, where a tunnel of 12,220 metres, or a little less than eight miles in length, would pierce the mountain range and connect the town of Fournaux, near Modane, in the valley of the Arc, in Savoy, with Bardoneche, in the valley of the Doraripera, in Italy, by a railroad over which a train of cars of any desired length could run in a very few minutes. Between these two termini the tunnel passes under three mountains of considerable height even for Alpine peaks, known as the Col Frejus, the Grand Vallon, and the Col de la Kone, ranged in the order in which they are here named as we pass from France to Italy. The central summit is over 11,000 feet above the sea level, and by the old method of sinking shafts it would have required more time and labor to bore one of these than has been taken for the entire work.

It will require about six months more to complete the railroad which is to thread the tunnel and make a journey from France to Italy as easy as that across the German border.

Brigandage in Greece.

According to the Athens correspondent of the *Times*, brigandage in Greece continues as rife as ever. Monarchical government, constitutional administration, and British protection fail to establish security. Mr. Philon was carried off in the day from Livadia, the most important town of Continental Greece, after Athens, and he was obliged to pay £2100 to obtain his release. Mr. Philon and his friend were carried off through numbers of workmen returning home, who were saluted by the brigands in their exultation with unusually noisy "Good evenings." The brigands never thought it necessary to carry their prisoner farther than twenty-five miles. Their agents in the meantime carried on the negotiations for the payment of the ransom, and the sum of £2100 was paid to them in gold at a place they appointed on Mount Helicon, near Sourbi, only about six miles from Livadia.

University Tests Abolition Bill.

It was recently stated at a meeting, held at Cambridge, England, that the Government intend to make the University Tests Abolition Bill the first measure of the forthcoming session, exactly in the form of last year's measure, and if that is thrown out they will bring in a larger measure. The statement was made, it is said, on authority.

THE ORPHANS OF OLDHAM.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XXIX

LORD Heron went to Hazelhurst, as he had proposed, perhaps with some vague hopes that the story he had just heard, coupled, as it was, with some remote danger to his future inheritance, might influence the heiress to hesitate in completing her engagement, or possibly give it up altogether.

Certainly his visit broke into an hour of the most perfect enjoyment, that the engagement had yet given to the lady. A portion of the trousseau had arrived from Paris, in which was the all-important wedding-dress. She had invested herself in this sumptuous robe, in order to judge of its perfections, in time for such alterations as her taste or caprice might dictate, and was standing before a tall mirror, lost in self-admiration, when her lover rode up to the house.

With a flutter of vanity, thrilling in its self-absorption, she flung the long satin train far out on the carpet, and turning her head, like a bird pluming its feathers, took a proud survey of the frost-work of Brussels point, that gleamed over it—the spray of white lilacs, that trembled, with feathery lightness, among the soft festoons gathered up, from the richly plaited flounces, in one place, or drooped over them, like dashes of snow crystals, in another.

The lady had a Juno-like figure, and her fair, blonde beauty was almost subdued into loveliness through the soft mist of her bridal veil. No wonder that she was flushed with pleasure, while reviewing herself in the mirror; for a queen could scarcely have arrayed her person with more magnificence. She was afraid to disturb the perfect arrangement of her dress, though her hands fairly trembled to seize upon the snowy folds, again and again, that new combinations of splendor might be given to the portrait that seemed to embody, that moment, all the ambition of her life. Every minute she changed her position, and this gave new life to the picture in that tall glass. She moved sideways, backward, folded her arms, meekly, beneath the veil, then lifted her head, like a goddess, and swept half across the room, admiring the soft undulations

of her train, as it rustled after her in sumptuous waves of lace, flowers and shining satin.

"It is fit for an empress," said the maid, who had been watching these movements with clasped hands and admiring eyes.

"It is fit for a countess," answered the lady, drawing herself up, as if no higher title than that need to exist. "The eighth countess of Carew. Remember that, girl, every one of them mistress of Oldham."

"If it could only be at once," said the maid, who was so adroit in her flattery, that great liberty was sometimes allowed to her.

A cloud came upon the fair forehead of the heiress, under its faint shadows of lace.

"Ah, that is the worst of it. The hateful woman may live for centuries; but for that, I would not change places with the queen," rejoined the young mistress, dashing the flow of her train aside, with an impatient movement of the foot.

"Ah, here comes the young gentleman!" exclaimed the girl, looking out of the window. "What a grand figure he makes on horseback!"

Edna Norton ran to the window and looked out. That moment Heron lifted his eyes, saw her, framed there in all the white glory of her bridal garments, and the very heart turned faint in his bosom.

Edna caught the look and darted away, ashamed of having thus revealed herself, yet half tempted to go down and challenge the admiration of her betrothed.

"No!" said the maid, reading her thoughts, "That would destroy the effect. The wedding-dress should be seen first on the wedding-day; especially such a dress as that."

"Take them off," cried the lady, suddenly remembering that no wedding-day had been, as yet, urged upon her. "He must not be kept waiting."

Instantly the wedding garments were packed away in their boxes, and Edna Norton glided down to her pretty sitting-room, in a dainty white muslin, fluttering with blue ribbons. Perhaps he would not have noticed that she had worn anything more sumptuous at the window.

The young man gave no sign of the perturbation that had seized him, with that one glimpse of her bridal array, but he looked grave and anxious when she came in, receiving her with a smile indeed, but without the warmth of devotion she had a right to expect.

"I have been expecting you," she said, seating herself among the silken cushions of the couch, where space for two could easily be made. "One has so many things to say, especially after your dear mother has been here. Her heart is full of our affairs."

"Yes, I know. I have had an interview with her and my father, this morning."

"Indeed!" Edna's eyes sparkled under their drooping lashes. She guessed what that interview had been, but resolved to give no other sign.

"They told me something, this morning, that I only knew of vaguely before. Something that you have a right to understand, though it is hardly a pleasant subject." The young lady drew a deep breath. What was coming that he should speak so seriously?

"Something connected with my uncle, the late Lord Carew, and—and—"

The girl looked up, infinitely relieved.

"Oh, it is about the foreign woman. Why should you make that of consequence?—a dead scandal which hurt nobody."

The young man looked at his betrothed in blank amazement. That which he had hesitated to say in reverence to the delicacy of her sex, she spoke of, with something harder than indifference. Where had she obtained this knowledge?

"I think you scarcely understand," he said. "Certainly there was harm—great harm done to the poor lady."

Edna Norton laughed. That hard laugh that comes, so revoltingly, from the lips of a maiden, when she mocks at the fall of a sister woman.

"The evil that came was of her own choosing. What should she expect but degradation?"

"But her children? She had children, you know."

"That is the worst of it. I wonder such creatures can look their children in the face, when they get old enough to know."

Lord Heron arose, and walked about the room, restless and repulsed.

"Why do you speak to me of this? It can make no difference," she said.

"Perhaps you have not heard everything. This poor stranger, introduced so cruelly under the roof of Oldham, persisted, to the last, that she had been married to my uncle."

"Married to him!"

Edna Norton turned a shade paler, as she uttered these words, but recovered herself, with a short laugh.

"Married to him? She has taken plenty of time to search for the proof, I should say. Nothing was easier than a claim like this, when the only man who could positively deny it is dead."

"But if she spoke the truth, my father is no longer Lord Carew, nor am I the heir of Oldham."

"Ah?"

"It is this possibility that I wish to impress upon you."

"But it is not a possibility!"

"It is not a probability. Still her solemn assertion of the fact should not be concealed."

"But, Lord Heron, what was the assertion of such a woman without proofs? Surely, surely, no secret things have been found."

The girl spoke with a thrill of apprehension; in her eagerness she grasped the cushions of her seat, and crushed the silk in her hand.

"You have found no proof of this?" she continued.

"Not a particle!"

"Nothing but the old story—a woman who had disgraced a noble mansion—turned away with her children, before an honorable lady could make it her home. I wonder you can give the scandal so much importance."

"Nothing is unimportant to me that relates to the honor of my house, Edna; or that might hereafter lead to misunderstanding. But in one thing you are wrongly informed. This poor lady went away of her own accord. She was not driven from Oldham that my mother might come there. Lord Carew is too kind a man for that."

"Well, she went—in what way is of little importance after all these years. Now have you nothing more pleasant to talk about?"

The girl spoke lightly, as if glad to get rid of a subject that had annoyed her. He answered her with more gravity than she liked.

"Hardly—one cannot go from a painful subject at a moment's notice. This unhappy episode in our family history, wounds me deeply."

The lady gave her head a disdainful toss.

"Why will you dwell on it then?"

"Edna, will you answer one question?"

"A dozen, if you will not look so grave."

"If my uncle had proved to be an honorable man, as most men thought him, and this unfortunate lady could have been proved a lawful wife, when I first heard her true story yesterday, would that have made no difference in our relations? Remember, I should be without title or fortune then."

Edna Norton sat regarding him with wide open eyes, and a curve of unbelieving scorn on her lips.

"Lord Heron, you speak as if the thing could be possible!"

"Possible! Yes, strange things sometimes do come to pass; but I do not speak of this as among them. It was a wild question; but will you answer it?"

There was pleading in his voice—an earnestness that flattered her own active vanity, and stimulated the actress within her.

"A difference in our relations!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands—as if anything on earth could do that. "Can you suppose, for a moment, that your rank and wealth have the smallest part in the love I have confessed for you? Indeed, indeed, you must not judge me by common women. If you could only read my heart!"

In her eagerness the girl leaned toward him, her eyes half veiled but full of fire. Then, in her growing enthusiasm, her hands fell apart; her white arms were thrown about his neck, and her red lips were close to his. She did not feel the shrinking of revolt that held him back for a moment, the instantaneous thrill of self-reproach that followed it, or she must have rejected the kiss her own lips had provokingly challenged.

"Now—now, can you ever doubt me again? By this, and this—I promise, I swear to you that my love would be the same, though you were beggared to-morrow."

There had been a time when Heron, in the mere warmth and ardor of his youth, might have been grateful for the caresses she lavished on him; but now, they had killed his last hope. If she loved him with such passionate devotion, how could he find strength enough to break his engagement? Gently, but with the feeling of traitor, he unclasped her hands from his neck, and held them close in his own.

"I did not think you loved me so," he said, with a thrill of pain in his voice, that she misunderstood for a lingering doubt.

"But I do—I do! If there has been delay, I am not to blame."

"No," he said, rising and touching her hands with his lips. "You are all that is generous." Then he went away with a heart of lead in his bosom.

CHAPTER XXX.

BEATRICE had remained in the embrasure of the library window, listening against her will, to the story of shame that had been discussed so earnestly among the Carews. At first, she shrunk back in the window seat, and held both hands to her ears; but the trembling of all her

limbs seized upon her hands also, and drew them helplessly down to her lap. What was this story that sounded so like a dream; forgotten, but dawning upon her, thought by thought, like an actual memory? Had she ever heard of it before—or, stranger still, taken a part in it? Had she really seen a proud, tall man like Lord Carew—only grander and younger, standing in that great, dim library, with looks and stature and features enriching the gloom all around him—talking to a lady, to whose garments a little girl clung in terror, hiding her eyes because the man seemed to be an enemy who wanted to drive them into the darkness that was growing deeper and deeper outside?

The girl held her breath, and, forgetting where she was, listened intently, her eyes growing wilder, and her lips paler all the time. That voice—why had she never recognized it before? Surely, it had pierced her through and through, in that other life which was a dream and not a dream.

As the story unfolded itself, things grew more distinct before her. She knew that the lady was her own mother—young, beautiful, loving. Her passionate protest, her tears, her despairing gesture, when it became impossible to make herself understood, became real as any picture in the gallery outside.

Yes, this woman was her mother, not so sadly gentle as she had known her in that dear, Italian home, but proud, passionate, beautiful. No wonder she had changed so, driven out from the home love had given her—disgraced in some vague way that she could not understand, but that must have been terrible to have called forth such bitter sneers from the lips of a sister woman.

If this lady was her mother, then the Lord Carew they spoke of must have been her father. The letters she had found in her mother's desk had been dated at Oldham, and they bore English post-marks; but some were signed in initials, and some by a single name, which gave no trace of the family it might belong to. These letters had aroused certain haunting dreams in her mind, that no reasoning could dispel. They had driven her from Sorrento, in the first days of her orphanage, across the vast waters that seemed carrying her and Rufo into another world, and at last the wings of that awful storm swept them under the very roof of Oldham. That name, and another in the same handwriting of the letters, which she found in an old music book, were all the guides she had; yet, the girl knew that it was her mother's history she was hearing, and that some burden of disgrace lay upon it.

Long after Lord Carew had followed his wife

from the library, and everything there was still, Beatrice came out from the embrasure, where she had learned so much, a changed creature. Hour after hour, she had remained in one position, straining her memory, taxing her thoughts, and weaving events together, that she might thoroughly understand their relations to herself and Rufo. Had they in their very being brought sorrow and disgrace to the family on whose charity they were living? Was it a wrong to that family, and a stain on their pride, that she and Rufo existed at all? Had their stay at Oldham been a fraud on its charity? Who was she?—who was Rufo?

This question stung her like an asp. She sprang up from her seat, mad with the pain of it, and came out into the dim light of the library; for a few gleams of the red sunset hovered about the topmost carvings of the high book cases, but all the rest of the apartment was in gloom.

Thus it was that the girl remembered it. Every object came out clear and distinct, the turbaned figures in Eastern bronze, guarding the entrance, which was lifted from the hall by three broad steps. The stamped leather between the book cases, sending out gleams of gold, and above all, the antique chimney-piece, marvelous in its carving, through which the grand head of a first Lord Carew looked forth, beautifully sculptured from some rare wood, almost as hard as granite. The silver seances, on each side of the chimney-piece, crowded with wax lights, ready for burning. All these things seemed familiar to her now, as if a great volume of mist had been swept away from them, for in this atmosphere, where the daylight was crowded out by purple shadows, she had seen them, years before, when a cruel, domestic romance was being enacted.

Lost in thought, overwhelmed with dismay, the girl went up to her room; for, just then, she could endure to see no one, least of all, Rufo, or the Lady Jane. Once alone, she locked and re-locked the door. Then began to pace up and down, up and down, not passionately, but with a slow, thoughtful step, striving to find some way out of the mystery that surrounded her.

Who was she? How could she learn the truth? What were the proofs, that Lord Carew had spoken of, as likely to bring calamity on his house, if they were ever found? Did they mean to say that her mother, who had ever been as good as an angel, devout as a nun, had done anything of which her children should be ashamed, or was it that this man who wrote her letters full of loving adoration, had been, in some way, unworthy? To whom could she go for information or help? In what way relieve this great strain

upon her mind? Beatrice knew very little of law, even in her own country, but she understood well, that marriage was a holy sacrament of the Church, and without that, a household would be disgraced, even down to the children. Those three persons, in the library, had spoken of her mother, as if there had been no marriage between her and the man who had written those letters. How could it be? In all her wandering life, the girl had kept this little package of letters with her. There was very few of them, but enough to arouse dreams into an active desire. When she read them, in that pretty hill cottage, at Sorrento, a passionate desire seized upon her to find the writer; for they contained no proof that her father was not living, and in England.

The word Oldham, had the charm of fascination for her; it seemed as if it had been always sleeping in her brain. What was it, a city, a town or a home? How could she tell? England was far away, and Oldham was in England. That was all she knew, when that power of unrest seized upon her, and her wandering life began.

It seemed like a miracle, that she and Rufo should, in the very commencement of their vagrant life, have drifted into the very place she was seeking. But what was the result? Vague remembrances of the old house startled her at times, but that was all. No trace of the writer of those letters presented itself. There was nothing in the history of Lord Carew, that made his identity with that person possible, and he had been married before the letters were written; both Lord Heron and Lady Jane were older than herself. True, she had found a name in an old music book, written by a similar hand—a name that made her breath come quickly, as she read it; but it was not that by which she had known her mother. But now all this was explained. Her father had once been master of Oldham, and its fine estates; her mother had been driven from under its roof like a vagrant, with Rufo in her arms, and a little wailing creature, whom she recognized as herself, clinging to her garments. If she had been married, could a Lord of Carew have done that?

This awful disgrace, or measureless wrong, had fallen upon her mother, and she had brought the disgrace back, under the roof from which that mother had been expelled. The heir of Oldham loved her, the one disgrace of his name, the creature who had been a fraud upon his mother's bounty. Even then, he was, perhaps, sundering a solemn engagement in the mad hope of making her his wife.

The thought drove her wild. A choking sensation came to her throat, which she clasped

with both hands, as if pressure could deaden this new pain. Then she took some outer garment from a chair, across which it had been thrown, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As a wild bird flies, with strained neck, and ruffled plumage, through a storm, Beatrice betook herself to the moor, unconsciously beating down the tumult of her thoughts, with rapid motions of the body. On she went, through the bracken and coarse grasses, stopping, now and then, to tear her garments from a thorny gorse bush, or sweep a bramble from her path; but keeping on and on, without object or aim, until she paused in sight of the birch tree, towards which she made her way, feeling need of rest, as the unnatural strength of her passion was giving way. The very sight of the birch, under whose drooping branches she had stood, with Heron, pleading against herself, sufficed to turn the current of her thoughts, and leave her with scarcely force enough to reach the shelter it offered.

With her arm around the slender trunk of the birch, and the bright colors of her shawl gleaming through the drooping leaves, she was seen by Lord Heron, as he came, slowly riding, across the moor, after his visit to Hazlehurst. Down-hearted and sorely harassed, by his interview there, he had lingered on the way, almost hating the sight of a home, which he might, perhaps, be compelled to share with the girl, for whom he began to feel absolute repulsion. But the first glimpse of that slender form, under the birch, sent the blood so swiftly through his veins, that the bridle shook in his hand, and his horse leaped forward as if he, too, had been aroused by the beautiful picture she made, standing there, with her head uncovered, and the warm hues of her shawl but faintly subdued by the purplish twilight, gathering around her.

"Beatrice, Beatrice, are you here?" he cried, leaping from the horse, and drawing close to her. "I did not hope to meet you—almost despaired of ever seeing you alone; but now—now that I have you here with nothing but the sleepy birds to listen, and the soft moon, just coming up yonder, to look upon us, I will not part from you without some new assurance of love—without a promise that you will be my wife. That once made, with your whole heart, I will brave everything, break through all entanglements, announce this determination to my father, and end the misery of our false position."

"No—no—it would be madness, misery, disgrace! Do not come near me, I will not hear it!"

The girl flung out her arms, with a swift effort

to stop his approach. Her eyes, wide open and startled, were bright as stars; her cheeks red with burning flushes. The many colored shawl, which had fallen back from her head and shoulders, lay in a gorgeous heap around her feet, having left her hair in wild wave disorder. The young man stepped back in obedience to her impetuous gesture, and stood looking at her in blank amazement.

At last he spoke:

"Beatrice—Beatrice—what does this mean?"

"It means—it means—" she was trying to tell him the truth, but the Italian blood in her veins was all on fire with shame, her young voice broke, sobs rose to her throat, and drops of pain burned in her eyes.

"In heaven's name, speak to me—child, child—who has driven you to this state of desperation?"

He reached out his hand, but she avoided it and fled across the moor. He stood a moment, overwhelmed with astonishment, then mounted his horse and followed her through the dusky twilight, which was just silvered by the rising of a new moon.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!"

As this cry reached the girl she halted, and gathering up all the force of her courage, stood waiting for him.

"Beatrice, speak to me, am I not your friend, do I not love you?"

The face that she turned upon him in the light of that young moon, was like marble, all the flush was gone even from the set mouth.

"Lord Heron, I was in the embrasure of a window this morning, when you heard the story of an Italian lady who was driven from Oldham, that your mother's garments might not be contaminated by her presence—driven forth with two children, of your own blood, clinging to her. That lady was my mother. The children, Rufo and myself."

The young man sat upon his horse for half a minute, as if petrified there. At last he spoke, but his voice was hoarse—his look that of a man stunned.

"Is this thing true—great heavens, can it be true!"

"It is true," she answered, with mournful gentleness, in strong contrast with her recent passionate struggles. "For this reason you must never speak to me of love again. I can understand the shame of it."

"Shame!" answered the young man. "Oh, girl, how little you know of the love I have given you. Having resolved to yield up so much, can you doubt me now? Shame! Yes, I do feel it deeply, and with bitter humiliation; but it is

that any man of my blood should have so wronged a trusting woman."

"Lord Heron!"

The girl drew close to his stirrup and lifted her face to his. It was pale yet, as the moonlight lay full upon it, but he saw that her lips were quivering, that her eyes were full of wounding tears.

"You believe me, darling?" he said, thrilled with a generous rush of loving compassion. "You believe me?"

He stooped from the saddle to kiss her forehead; but she lifted her arms, drew down his head, and pressed her quivering lips to his.

"Yes, I believe you, and I love you, oh, how much better than my life; for your sake, I forgive my father!"

"That is my own brave love!"

"Not now," she answered, lifting her hand to prevent him leaving the saddle. "Ride on, Oldham is close by."

"So it is," he answered, "and I have something to say there, before my father goes to rest."

"Not to-night. Oh, not to-night, Lord Heron. For a day or two, this must be a secret."

They were close to the old mansion now, and parted before Heron could give the promise her words suggested.

For some hours Beatrice wandered up and down the grounds, so exhausted by successive waves of emotion, that she could hardly realize either the shame of her secret, or the triumph of love that had half obliterated it. A glow of triumph lay all the time in the bottom of her heart, but she could not put it into form just then; the sweet tumult of love, under which it was buried, turned all her resolves into dreams.

When she went into the room where Lady Jane was sitting, Rufo was there, looking stronger and more cheerful than she had seen him in weeks. He had found an old lute among the curious antiques in his wing of the building, and, having restrung it, was playing a quaint accompaniment to a plaintive little song that had interested the lady.

How happy he looked, half kneeling there upon the purple velvet cushion, like some gentle troubadour of the olden times. The drooping whiteness of his eyelids scarcely concealing the love-light underneath; born alike of the music and that precocious passion that illuminated his whole face, though he only dared to express in sounds, sweet as love itself.

The lady sat in her easy chair, leaning softly toward him, as a lily might bend itself for the dew and the sunshine that feeds it with whiteness and perfume. Her gentle heart thrilled to

the music, and something far more subtle than that which beamed upon her, when the boy lifted his eyes from the shelter of those long, shadowy lashes, or chanced, in a careless movement, to touch her hand.

Made wise by her own passionate experience, Beatrice saw all this, and resolved, for the sake of those two child-like lovers, that his secret shame and joy should be alike concealed. Why should she degrade the memory of her dead mother, only to destroy all happiness in the life of that gentle boy—drop him from a companionship with that fair creature, and cast him once more a vagrant upon the world?

Great temptations were struggling in the girl's heart, that evening. Why should she reject the love that would make her happy? Why reject the position which should have belonged to her mother? Under a bitter consciousness of the wrong that had been done that mother, she was in danger of forgetting the kindness heaped upon herself, and in this forgetfulness, felt but little sense of ingratitude.

Until now, she had honorably refused the love her soul thirsted for; because of the shelter and care that had been given her and Rufo. Now she could not feel that charity, so bestowed, should be counted against the life-long sufferings of a woman who seemed little less than angelic, when she remembered how pure and good that life had been.

In the first impulse of her suffering, she had told Heron of the disgrace that rendered mere humble worth a thing to be proud of in comparison. She had accepted that, grandly, as offering the best means of atonement for a great wrong. Was she to reject this, and wander forth upon the world again, to suffer—perhaps starve—when some day she might take the place of that proud woman, who, after driving her mother forth, had bestowed her charity half in scorn?

Reasoning in this way, Beatrice went to her room, half yielding herself to the temptation that took its strength from both love and resentment, with some little degree of revenge; for there was warm, passionate blood in the girl's veins, and the pride of two classes swelled in it, then, with antagonistic force.

When Beatrice reached her room, she sat down, completely worn out, with this fierce battle of thought and feelings. She could decide on nothing, then; right and wrong seemed to pass through her brain, confusing each other. As she sat, with both elbows supported on a little writing-table, gazing, vaguely, before her, as gleams of gold and crimson velvet drew her attention, lying near the window. She arose, wearily, to see

what it was, and, to her surprise, found the volume of Tasso, that she had taken down from among the Italian poets, that morning, and held in her hand, unopened, when Lord Carew and his son came into the library. In the wild commotion of her thoughts, when she flew from the room, this book had been brought with her, and dropped upon the floor, where it lay, gleaming, now.

At another time, she would have been greatly shocked, for it was a rare, manuscript edition, exquisitely wrought, and richly emblazoned in most of its vellum pages—a volume that she would not have dared to remove from the library. Yet, there it was, throwing out its red and gold, on the floor, where she had flung or dropped it, in a madness of sudden passion.

She lifted the book, carefully, from the floor, and laid it on the table, where a bronze lamp was burning. It had been unclasped, under her former rough handling, and fell open, there, in the lamp light, just under her eyes. As she folded her arms on the table again, the clasp of intricate, filigree gold, set with a glitter of small rubies, around a central emerald, that heightened the red stones with glowing green, seemed to fascinate her, dreamily, awhile, then sting her memory into vivid action. Somewhere, she had seen that clasp, or the mate to it, before—somewhere. In the cottage at Sorrento, in the desk, whence she had taken the Scarabio chain—yea, it was there she had seen the same binding, and a clasp of exactly such workmanship.

This was sufficient to arouse her interest again. She opened the book, turned over the pages, and examined the emblazonment of a picture here and there. Weary of that, she closed the book, then, growing restless, with fresh curiosity, opened it. This time, her eyes were riveted on a loose paper, that lay between the leaves, unfolded and pressed smooth, as if it had been unmolested, there, a long time. At first it had little meaning for her, partly in print, and partly in writing, it might have been some cast away document, left, carelessly, as a mark, by some former owner of the book.

At last her eye was caught by a name, written in faded ink—another—then she went blind, and must have been near fainting. Certain it is, she sat there for some minutes, pale as snow, and with her eyes closed; then the lids began to quiver, and great tears came, drop by drop, from under them. She had found the certificate of her parents' marriage.

At first it was incredible, then, as I have said, conviction came upon her, by slow degrees, and she grew faint under it. To what did this paper,

so long lost, among the emblazoned pictures of a book that had once belonged to her mother, portend? It would redeem the honor of her parents, that she understood, clearly. What then? Great heavens! What would be its effect upon the master of Oldham—on the man she loved?

She knew enough of English law, to comprehend that the eldest son of a nobleman was the heir of his titles, and entailed estates.

Rufo was that son. Oldham and all its possessions was entailed, and went with the title.

No wonder the girl grew faint, and that her limbs began to tremble. Still, she was capable of reasoning. One by one, the strong points of her brother's case forced themselves upon her, then came the other side. An honorable and not unkindly man, cast down from his high estate, loaded with debts he had been unconscious of forming. That haughty woman, stripped of her grandeur, and driven forth from Oldham as her mother had been. The girl was human, and many a sting to her own sensitive pride came back to her memory when she thought of Lady Carew. Why should the fate threatening this woman appeal to her sympathy? Had she given one thought of pity when the true mistress of Oldham was driven from under her husband's roof. Still, there had been some kindness, and the lady was Lord Heron's mother.

Lord Heron, the man who would have shared his rank and everything that he possessed, so generously with her, was no longer Heron—that title, with all pertaining to it, would be swept away from him and merged into the inheritance of her brother, Rufo.

As she thought of this, the paper in her hand grew hateful as a serpent. She looked at it, askance, as if it had indeed been one, and she feared to hold it or throw it down. What was all that it could bring her or her's, compared to the destruction of so many hopes, the overthrow of that one dear life?

With a swift impulse of destruction, she lifted the paper, and was about to thrust it into the flame of the lamp; but, instantly, the thought came upon her, that it was not her's to destroy. The paper fluttered from her fingers, and with a gesture of utter despair, she flung her arms across the table and buried her face upon them.

When the girl looked up again she was more composed, but deadly white. With the certificate grasped in her hand, she went down in search of Rufo.

The lad was just coming from the little sitting-room, where she had left him with Lady Jane. He carried the antique lute in his hand, and softly touched its strings as he went along.

Beatrice stopped in the shadows and looked after him, struck by the wonderful beauty that happiness had lent to his face. Never had she seen more vivid coloring than the blue of his eyes and the bright crimson of his cheeks.

As if haunted by some loving thought, a smile hovered about his mouth, as sunshine trembles on the redness of ripe cherries. The best idea that an artist ever had of the love-god, was embodied in that perfect face and graceful figure.

And this was the Earl of Carew.

A conflict of pride and revolt arose in the girl's heart, which yearned toward the boy, yet shrunk from him as the instrument whereby her lover was to be brought to the dust. With the paper in her hand she followed him into the gloom of that vast chamber, and closed the door.

"Rufo, Rufo, you seem happy."

"Yes, I am happy," he said, turning his bright eyes upon her, with that smile still on his lips. "She was in pain. I could see it by the shadows on her forehead, and my music lulled her to rest. I have been looking at her as she slept. Oh, Beatrice, can the angels be more lovely?"

Beatrice did not heed this sweet appeal. Her mind was bent on other thoughts.

"Come here," she said, holding the paper close to a lamp that burned on the table where he was placing the lute.

"This paper I have just found, it will make you an Earl, and give you great riches."

"An Earl?" questioned the boy, turning upon her, in amazement. "How could I ever be that?"

"It is easily done," she answered. "You have only to order Lord Carew, his wife and son, from the house, and declare yourself its master."

"Are you crazy, Beatrice?"

"I do not know. This day has been crowded with things that seem impossible. Perhaps I am insane—still, this paper is here, and that seems real."

"What is the paper?"

"It is one that proves the marriage of our father and mother."

"What then? Of course they were married. It needs no paper to tell us that."

Beatrice grew impatient.

"Rufo, I need not tell you more than this. Our father was the Lord Carew who died when we were children. That he was married, and had children, no one believed, or will believe, until this paper is placed before the world."

"And then?"

"You will be master here."

"And the others, Lord Carew, who has been kind to us—the proud lady?"

"They will be nothing."

"Ah, and Lord Heron, he who has—ah, I cannot say what he has not done for us—what of him?"

"Oh, Rufo, Rufo! Like the rest, he must give up everything, even the name we know him by."

"And the Lady Jane?"

The boy spoke almost in a whisper.

"She, too, must fall under the general misfortune. It is only you and I who will gain rank and riches, you and I, to whom they gave shelter and food, when we were perishing with cold and hunger."

"Who is it that expects me to do this?"

"The law—I think it is the law."

"Can the law waim me into a serpent?" said the boy, drawing his slender figure up to its proudest height.

"Oh, my brother, my dear, dear Rufo, you will not do it!"

"May the walls of this grand old house tumble down and crush me, if I ever claim it against them!"

Beatrice threw her arms around the boy, and rewarded him with a passionate outburst of tears and kisses. Then she pushed him into the great armed chair, and crowded herself by his side.

"Rufo, I have been told that these laws of England are strong as iron. That great men here cannot give up what it alets to them, even if they wish it. If we let anyone know of this paper we must bring ruin on our friends. It is only because it was hidden so long that they came here."

"Give me the paper—I will burn it," said Rufo. "Give it me."

Then Beatrice remembered what she could not force herself to tell Rufo, the cruel disgrace from which the paper might save the memory of her parents, and she could not force herself to part with it.

"No," she said, "I dare not burn it. To us the paper is better than all the rank or gold it can bring."

"But the law, the cruel law, that can make traitors of us," said the boy, anxiously. "How are we to escape that!"

"Rufo, we must go away!"

"Go away?" faltered the boy.

"To Italy, our own Italy. In our own cottage at Sorrento, the laws of England cannot reach us."

"What, leave Oldham?"

"We must, Rufo. Let us start now, to-night."

"Oh, Beatrice!"

"It must be at once, or we shall never have the courage to go."

"The courage! Oh, Beatrice, you do not know!"

"Know!" said the girl, kissing him on the forehead. "Rufo, *mea*, how can I help knowing when I love some one here, as you love the sweet lily yonder!"

"And you have the courage to go, without a word, a look—oh, Beatrice?"

"I have the courage to save a family from ruin, and my brother from eternal regrets."

"So have I!"

Rufo arose from the chair.

Then Beatrice remembered her penniless condition, and fell back, with clasped hands.

"Oh, me, I have no money!"

Rufo opened a drawer of the table, and took out a purse, heavy with gold.

"The Lady thrust it under my pillow one night. It was to buy anything I might want she said. I have not touched it till now."

Beatrice took the purse reluctantly; her courage was beginning to fail, for she felt that this was an eternal separation from all she loved at Oldham.

"They will think us ingrates," she said.

"No, something in their hearts will tell them how ours ache in going," answered the boy. "When you come down again, I shall be ready."

Beatrice went to her room. Then Rufo stole out into the corridor, and sought the little boudoir, where he had left Lady Jane sleeping.

Softly and sadly as the progress of a death

angel, he crossed the floor and knelt down on the cushion, still lying at the feet of that gentle girl, soft as the fall of rose leaves, his kisses fell on her hands, her garments, and the tresses of golden hair that fell upon her shoulder. She did not awake, but a soft, sweet smile, such as turn sleeping children into cherubs, dawned upon her lips.

The boy saw this through the tears that stole to his eyes, but hushed the sobs crowding to his throat, and gazed upon her till her pure, white face seemed to float in a sea of mist. Then he went out, heart-broken and wavering in his walk, how weak—how brave!

Beatrice found him ready when she opened the door of his room.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I know the way, two miles of slow walking will bring us to the midnight train. You are not strong, but we have plenty of time."

Rufo had the violin he had brought to Oldham in his hand, but even that seemed too heavy for his strength, and Beatrice took it from him. In doing this her hand touched his; it was hot with fever.

"Oh, Rufo, you are ill again. Am I killing you?"

"No—no—I am strong—come!"

Thus, the orphans of Oldham went out into the darkness of the moor again.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE PLEASURES OF HOTEL-BILLS.

BY A TRAVELLER.

IT may seem nothing short of a paradox to connect hotel-bills with pleasure. Are they not a centre round which cluster many miseries, as one bids farewell to any place, for instance, in the course of a foreign tour? Enjoyment without may have triumphed over discomfort within the hotel, so that one may have had a happy time of it, fresh enthusiasms of sight and sound lifting one above lower possibilities of annoyance. One has overlooked the bare cheerlessness, or the yet sadder splendor of Utrecht velvet, in one's rooms; the toughness and weary length of one's dinners; the uncertainties of rest at night; but how shall the day of payment bring pleasure also?

Besides, if a long bill is not bad enough in itself, other troubles usually "speed the parting guest." The big boxes of his wife and daughters are dashed down the stairs; his own smaller bags lie hid in every corner; the railway omnibus is crowded to suffocation, and bristling with sticks and umbrellas; hurry, vexation, and missing property are the order of the day. How shall the centre and symbol of these things, the hotel-bill, ever come to be coupled with the name of pleasure?

There are many things besides friends and port wine which gain by keeping. Only keep your hotel-bills long enough, and they shall illustrate both this rule and another worthy of notice; namely, that annoyances often rest in the memory much less than pleasures do. Look at this bill from a little inn on the Cenis Pass, recording how a light repast of omelettes, fruit, &c. was ordered for three travellers. I remember well the glories of the scene: the sky was rich deep blue, with great pure masses of snow tossed up against it, like domes and spires of an unearthly city; below, the cliffs of purple-gray rock rose harshly above the soft fields and woods. What a beautiful place it was! That is my first memory. Searching further, trying hard to remember every detail, I come to a dim recollection of three very hot, dusty people, who had been rattled all day over bad roads and dragged uphill at the weariest of slow paces; who counted every hour, wel-

comed every milestone, and were only too glad to get away from the mountain glories into any little cool room where luncheon might be eaten in peace. Nevertheless, this is not what I can easily remember; it is all but lost in the more enduring impressions of pleasure.

Thus it is with the hotel-bills from France, Germany, Spain, or Italy, which I keep in a book, and look over again and again. Of course at the time they were acquired one often thought them abominable; one did one's best at remonstrating with the landlord, and resisting the efforts of his subordinates to extract their "pour-boire," "buona mano," or whatever name they called their plunder. That does one little harm now. Look at this bill; it came from the cleanest and best scrubbed hotel I ever had the luck to find in a foreign town. One's neck was there endangered by the unaccustomed presence of a washing pail at every turn of the stairs. Yet that bill is dated from no little hard-named Dutch village; but from the soft-titled "Puerta del Sol," Madrid. The food, too, was excellent there: they gave one roast peacock, which tasted sadly like the common "fowl," and the *vin ordinaire* was a kind of thin port. Butter was not to be had at any price, but you might feed all day on fragrant golden melons. This is certainly an amusing bill: see here "Bulfight" with one *l*. Why in the name of good Spanish not write it "Corrida?" My ticket cost 22 reals (about 4s. 6d.) it seems, but then it was taken for a place "in the shade," not on the cheaper "sunny" side of the great arena, where the eager eyes have to be shaded with bright striped fans, for fear the dazzling sunlight should veil in merciful dimness a single detail of brutality. Picturesque enough the fans certainly are, like a great fluttering swarm of butterflies.

These bills, you see, are much better than any journal. A journal is merely a book which you carry about with you; it no more belongs to foreign countries than you do. But these are real autographs, genuine relics of the places, made and written there; language, paper, handwriting, all

native and characteristic. In your journal you always call a dinner a dinner; here you see inscribed the "diner" of one land, the "pranzo" of another, the "mittags-mahl" of a third. There is even interest in the inevitable wax-lights, when variously entered as "bougies," "candle," and "lichter." You may study the science of languages to great advantage in my hotel-bills: they are a polyglot dictionary, a hand-book of conversation for such useful terms as eggs, ham, rooms, washing, &c. You may in many cases learn from them the chief products of places in the way of food; for of course I had sausages at Bologna, "grissini" at Turin, grapes in South Tyrol, and so on; while as for wine, you may instruct yourself as to the native soil of many dozen varieties.

The bills I get least pleasure from are these long things, wonders of penmanship, from the Grand Hôtel, Hôtel du Louvre, Meurice, and other large houses in Paris where I have now and then lodged. At such hotels one feels in a big machine, ticketed and numbered, no personal interest taken in one's in or out goings, extravagances, or economies. One is the uninvited guest of a company or a committee.

By way of contrast, this scrap of a bill recalls much pleasanter memories, though I think the very paper must still smell of bad tobacco. It comes, you see, from Füssen, an out-of-the-way little place in the Tyrol. We arrived rather late, and found small, bare rooms, straw beds, whitewashed passages, and unshaded gas jets. One common "Speise-Saal" served all the house, and here our party met for supper. But the natives, peasants, coachmen, and farmers, were already in occupation, filling the room with clouds of horrible smoke, through which their placid countenances showed dim and

grave. The ladies among us coughed and plied their smelling-bottles, but, luckily, no tempers were lost, and we soon came to think it a capital joke.

Are you weary of my bills? or will you look at this pretty Italian one? "Pane, burro, formaggio, e frutto: una botiglie birra"—a very musical version of "cheese and ale." It comes from Chiavenna; and while they were shaking down on the wet ink all this sand, which is still rough to my finger, I wandered out to the churchyard, and saw a sight. There was a line of little chapels whose walls were covered with various artistic designs, double-headed eagles, cross-keys, and so on. These were made with curious ingenuity out of human skulls and human bones. It looked very ghastly, and ludicrous here and there, where the dusty bones were ticketed with the names of their living possessors, dead masters—what can one say? They were no ancient relics, kept for any reverence or piety; it was probably the ambition of any good citizen of Chiavenna his that skull should one-day grin as the centre ornament of some neatly designed panel.

Have I made out a fair case for my bills? Perhaps not; since you can only hear my poor, colorless fragments of translation from what they tell me. But try for yourself: keep all the hotel bills you get on any tour, and when the holiday and its pleasant journeyings are a thing of the past, sort and arrange its relics in the leisure times of your more or less wearisome working life. Put the bills in their proper order into a book; illustrate them with photographs, sketches, play-bills, newspapers, anything you like, and see if you are not repaid with fresh gleanings of pleasures past; see if you do not laugh and ponder over your book as I do over mine.

THE TIMELY LESSON.

HERE is the story as Amy gave it me:

My Aunt Mary and I had been having a quiet, pleasant time in the parlor all to ourselves. Such hours were happy ones to me, for Aunt Mary always reminded me of the wise person representing the kingdom; she brought out of the treasures of her heart "things both new and old." You must know that she was a widowed sister of my father, who often came and spent weeks under our roof, and sometimes months. We were all glad to have her with us, and sorry when her visit terminated. She was a busy, quiet creature, always bearing a look of suffering back of her kind and loving ways.

While in the midst of our conversation, Walter Huntly and my sister Kate came in; he looking sad, and Kate flushed with excitement. They were newly married, and were just now making preparations for housekeeping. Kate was saying: "I will not put up with a common ingrain carpet; I must have Brussels or tapestry, for Allie Lewis has both;" and the beautiful mouth that uttered the words pouted. Yes, actually pouted, with the noble form of her husband standing by her, a tower of manliness and strength, with dark hair and whiskers, and bright black eyes, with such a look of love beaming from them. And she was the possessor of this great wealth of love, and yet wreathed her rosy lips into a pout because she wanted a nicer carpet than her husband thought they could afford now in the commencement of their housekeeping.

"I wish you would come with me, darling, and look at it," urged Walter, gently. "I think the pattern a lovely one. But, of course, if you do not like it, we need not purchase it."

"No, I will not look at it. I must have the Brussels or tapestry—either will do—that I selected yesterday," responded Kate, quite warmly.

"Then you will not come with me?"

Kate shook her head.

"Let the matter rest to-day. Perhaps you will both see clearer to-morrow," said Aunt Mary, who

had sat quietly plying her needle without speaking until now.

Walter bowed assent, and with his usual affectionate parting passed from the room.

"I do think it is too bad," said I to Aunt Mary in an undertone. "Walter is so kind to Kate, and yet she will persist in her selfish notions. Now, if I possessed the love of such a man, I would put up with a rag carpet."

"Or a bare floor," suggested Aunt Mary.

Meanwhile, Kate still sat pouting. Her dainty little foot was beating an impatient tune on the rocker of her easy chair.

Aunt Mary folded up her work and laid it carefully away. Then she came and looked over my shoulder a few moments out of the window upon the western sunset, and as the departing rays fell upon her face, I thought I never saw her look half so beautiful as now. She stood thus awhile, seeming to draw strength from the imposing scene; then partially closing the blind to ward off the rays that fell so brightly upon her, drew her chair close up to Kate's.

"Kate," she said, "do you know I had just such a disposition as you have when I was young?"

"You, aunty? Were you as proud and self-willed as I am?"

"Yes, dear. And I wanted nice carpets, a fine piano, and all sorts of rich furniture, when I first went to housekeeping, just as you do."

"Oh! did you aunty? Well, now I would not care so much, only Allie Lewis has just had her rooms furnished, and she has Brussels on her parlor floor, and tapestry on her sitting-room floor, both of the finest quality, too. She was my girl friend, you know; and now if I do not keep up with her in my new life, I fear a coldness will take place between us, perhaps estrangement altogether."

"I had girl friends I wished to emulate, too, Kate. That was my plea in those days."

"And did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes, dear. I will tell you about it," said Aunt Mary, in a mournful voice. "I was married when about your age to a worthy young man, not unlike your Walter, darling, in disposition. His eyes were blue, his face was fair, and hair of a light brown color. His income was not large, but I believe it was larger than Walter's is. When we were married, I was a young girl with but little experience, much pride and more selfishness. I was not willing to commence at the beginning with my husband, but, on the contrary, wished to be a little ahead of many that had struggled through a long life of labor. When we were to set up for housekeeping, I must have as fine a house as any of my associates had. Fine carpets, a new piano—my old one I thought not fit to grace my new home. My husband at first urged a plainer style of living; but finding my head and heart set to have them, his next plan was to try some way to obtain means to keep up expenses. This he did by overtaxing his strength. He was a lawyer by profession, and many nights did he work until the morning dawn, not even partaking of rest in sleep,

that he might gratify my selfish pride. The strain upon him was too much; his health began to give way. Oh, how bitterly did I lament my folly, when too late to make amends! When I found I was going to lose my heart's idol, what were my fine things to me in comparison? If I could only have had his health restored, I would have lived thankfully with him in the humblest home. I sold my fine furniture to procure medical aid—the best in the country. We traveled for the restoration of his health, all to no avail. I then found my husband's life was worth more to me than all else in the world. Awhile he seemed to revive; but disease had taken too deep a hold upon a system that might not have yielded but for the aforementioned overtaxation. A few more weeks of pain and suffering, and my darling passed out into the eternal sunset, and I was left to wait for weary years, with my yearning, widowed heart, on this side. May my dear, loving Katie take warning in time," said Aunt Mary, fondly kissing her.

Kate threw her arms around her and murmured: "Poor, dear Aunt Mary, how I pity you!"

The tears that had fallen during the recital had scarcely dried upon Kate's cheeks when her expectant eye caught the sight of Walter coming. She hastily ran out, and down the walk to meet him. And as the two came into the parlor, a few minutes after, with their arms twined about each other, looking inexpressibly happy, I thanked my Heavenly Father in my heart for Kate's timely lesson.

E. ELLEN CHERRY.

THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

ENSHRINED in the heart of hearts of all Germans is the Fatherland. Wherever they may be, whether their exile is involuntarily or self-imposed, they still look back with an ardent longing to the land of their birth. And this love seems to cling with especial tenacity to the Rhine. So strong is this feeling that their most stirring battle-song is the "Watch on the Rhine;" and the cry—

"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine,
Who now will guard the river's line?"

found a response in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of brave men, who sprang to arms to protect their beloved river from real or fancied intrusion of the foe.

And this love of the Rhine is not without reason. It has been the scene of great historical events. Legend and tradition have added to its wealth of association. Upon its banks are placed some of the most interesting and most noted European cities; and it is withal most lovely in its physical aspects.

The American—coming from a country comparatively so new, where in the midst of civilization, nature still partially retains her savage character, and which history and poetry have yet to enrich with associations—the American. I repeat, entering one of the numerous outlets of the Rhine in the German sea, and ascending the river to its source in the Rhetian Alps,

will find himself almost in fairy land, with everything to wonder at, everything to admire.

The Rhine enters the North or German sea by numerous sluggish streams, forming the largest Delta in Europe. Here everything is strange to the traveller. The rivers and canals—even the sea itself—are higher than the land, and kept within their proper boundaries by immense dykes. Trees there are none, except occasional willows, solitary or in groups. The country is a flat, dead level. The houses have a quaint, unfamiliar appearance. There are windmills on every trifling eminence, seeming to challenge him with their huge arms. The countrymen and women look odd in their uncouth costumes; even the children have an old-fashioned appearance, making them seem different from the genus baby with which the traveller is acquainted at home.

In this delta will be found the towns of Amsterdam, world-renowned for the wealth of its merchants; Haarlem, noted for its ancient fortifications, its trade in flower-seeds and bulbs, and for the exceeding cleanliness of its streets; Leyden, lying between Haarlem Lake and the principal outlet of the Rhine, and Utrecht, not far distant, both the seat of celebrated universities; Rotterdam, a port second in importance to Amsterdam; and Hague, the capital.

The inhabitants of this region are especially famed for their neatness. Their houses are such marvels of housewifely care, that on their brightly-polished and carefully-waxed floors no one is permitted to step except he be unshod. Tradition has it that Frederick the Great, visiting the Netherlands incognito, once begged permission of a good housewife to enter her door without first going through the ceremony of removing his shoes. "I would not let you do it if you were King Frederick himself," was the reply of the unconscious dame. The king submitted, removed his shoes, and stepped gracefully and reverently into the domains thus consecrated to neatness.

In one village, the name of which I cannot now recall, no horses and carriages are allowed to pass through the carefully swept and garished streets lest they might leave some trace of the outer world of dirt. The very stables in this village, we have it on the authority of numerous travellers, whose words we have no occasion to doubt, are such patterns of cleanliness that they might well awake envy in a housewife of another nationality. The floors are kept scrupulously clean, the windows are draped with white curtains, and the cows,

which are stall-fed, have their tails looped gracefully up and tied with ribbons, lest in switching them about they should send floating through the air some particle of dust.

Canals form the principal roads, and boats in summer, and hand-drawn or wind-propelled sleds in winter, constitute the most common modes of conveyance. Skating is a universal and necessary accomplishment.

Passing thus through the Nether or Lowlands, we reach Germany, and already the country has changed. It is no longer a dead level. Hills and valleys make their appearance. Now and then a castle, or a more modern chateau may be seen from the river. The first town of any importance which we reach is Dusseldorf, which, without taking into account its mint, its hospitals, museums, manufactories, etc., is chiefly noted as having established one of the very best schools of modern painting.

Above Dusseldorf is Cologne. As we have ascended the Rhine, along with the levels, the dykes, and the ditches, we have lost Dutch cleanliness; and from the sights that greet the eyes, the smells that meet the nostrils, we are ready to believe the story that Cologne water was first invented in the city whose name it bears, as an antidote against the noisome stenches which everywhere pervade its streets. Cologne is, however, remarkable for some other things besides its good and bad odors. Situated on the western side of the river, it has connection with the eastern side by means of a bridge of boats. It has, moreover, a magnificent cathedral, which is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. Its foundation was laid in 1248, and the building is still unfinished.

We now find ourselves in the very heart of the Rheingau or Rhine province. This region is loveliness itself. Beyond the level of the lowlands, yet not yet attained to the height of a mountainous district, the surface of the country is broken and undulating. Being a thickly-settled region, agriculture is here carried to its utmost perfection. The cottages of the people—who are a happy, contented race, removed from actual poverty—are exceedingly picturesque with their vine-wreathed porches. Here and there are the ruins of ancient castles, which add to the charm of the scene.

The picture, "The Valley of the Rheingau," which will be found in the present number of the LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, gives a truthful and beautiful representation of this region. A vineyard is in the foreground; the river

Rhine in the middle distance stretches away in a winding course, between gently-sloping, vine-clad hills, until it meets the horizon. This region is especially noted for its wine; and we are told on good authority that a far larger quantity is imported to America purporting to come from this province than is made in it.

As we pass up the Rhine, we come to the celebrated "Seven Mountains," the chief of which group is Drachenfels, so called from its cave where the dragon was killed by the horned Siegfried. On its summit is the remains of an ancient castle, once the watch-tower and rendezvous of the robbers of the Rhine.

On the opposite bank of the Rhine stands the castle of Rolandseck, which has a romance of its own; while on a small island in the river is a building used as a convent.

Byron has described this portion of the Rhine in lines beginning as follows:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine."

Still higher up we come to the castle of Ockenfels, now a blackened ruin. But we cannot enumerate half the wonders and beauties of this region. There are castles and towers in abundance; even an ancient Roman town.

At Coblenz, well known both in the history of the middle ages and of a later date, the Moselle joins the Rhine. The Moselle is a merry laughing French river which only lately turned German.

At the juncture of the Nahe with the Rhine is Bingen, rendered immortal in the Hon. Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, "Bingen on the Rhine."

Near the mouth of this river (the Nahe), and opposite the castle of Ehrenfels, is a small square tower which is the scene of Southey's poem, "Bishop Hatto." The tower is mentioned and the characteristics of the river given thus:

"'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,' replied he;
'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep.'"

As we ascend the river, the interest grows deeper and deeper. There is legend upon legend; poem after poem; and the character of the scenery seems to bear out both tradition and poetry. Steep rocks take the place of gently sloping banks, and hills begin to assume the size of mountains.

Reaching Weisbaden we find it a watering-place of considerable repute, with its mineral springs, *Kursaal*, gaming-tables, bands of music, and crowds of people. But we are not seeking these, so we pass on, up the river, through an ever-changing, ever-beautiful landscape. We pass Mayence with its fortresses, its cathedral, and its statue to Gutenberg, modelled by Thorwaldsen. We pass Worms, made famous by a certain Diet long, long years ago. We would like to make an excursion to Heidelberg, romantically seated on the banks of the Neckar; and visit the "Wolf's Brunnen," where the enchantress Jetta was torn in pieces by a wolf. But the Neckar deserves more than a hurried notice, it being, as Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke asserts, the only river in Northern Europe surpassing the rivers of the United States in beauty of scenery.

Reaching Strasburg, on the western side of the Rhine, we find ourselves upon the battleground of the recent Franco-German war. Here was the border-land which Germans were called upon to rescue and to shield from outer foes. Here was the river line which must be guarded. This is a quaint old town with narrow, dirty streets, and queer shaped buildings, with steep-pitched roofs, and deep-set, small and narrow windows, some of these buildings dating back many centuries. Here, too, is a cathedral remarkable, among other things, for having the highest spire in the world. This cathedral was begun in the sixth century and finished in the seventeenth. It is hardly necessary to speak of its celebrated clock, of which every one has already heard.

We now find ourselves entering enchanted ground. We are on the borders of the Black Forest, which stretches back from the left bank of the Rhine as we ascend. Speaking of it literally, this region is noted for its extensive forests, its mines of silver, copper, zinc, lead, and iron, and for the Feldberg, a mountain nearly 5,000 feet high, the highest in Western Germany. Entering the domain of romance, we find this region peopled with fairies, brownies, goblins, giants, and pigmies. These live for the most part in the long disused mines, or in the wild recesses of the forests. Here are, or once were, dragons and other monsters, and robbers innumerable. And we find in reality the scene of many fierce encounters between feudal lords of the middle ages, who were probably little better than robbers, the ruins of whose mountain fastnesses still remain. Every foot of ground is sacred to history, legend, or poetry. Every rock has its attend-

ant good or evil spirit, every waterfall its sprite.

But we cannot tarry by the way. Still moving up the broad current of the Rhine we reach Basle on the borders of Switzerland, where the river takes a sudden right-angled bend. Now the stream is no longer available for steamers and large barges, and we must be content with smaller craft. From this time on we may expect to meet rapids, whirlpools, and falls. But every eddy, every hidden rock has its own history or mystery. It is in this portion of our journey that the Lorelei sits and sings to lure heedless travellers to their destruction down in the depths of the Rhine. The scenery becomes wilder and grander, and already we see the far-off forms of the mountains.

At last we reach Lake Constance, a lake forty-two miles long, and at an elevation of 1,250 feet above the level of the sea. On this lake is the city of Constance, a picturesque, fortified town, which has a historical interest.

Leaving the lake at its upper end, and still following the Rhine, we find ourselves in the midst of the mountains, with Switzerland on the right hand and Germany on the left. We have not yet attained the grandeur of the Alps, but the landscape is sufficiently magnificent. Pausing at the junction of the Upper and Lower Rhine, we hesitate which stream to ascend. But it makes little difference. Either will repay the traveller, taking him into the midst of the Rhetian Alps. Of course we have long since found it impossible to travel by water, but we still hold to the stream as to a clue which shall surely conduct us to grandeur yet unseen.

There at last are the Alps, arrayed in their unsurpassed magnificence, their needle-like peaks piercing the sky, cold and blue in the shadow, but breaking into a thousand points of light and color in the sun. Some of these have their individual names, many more are known only by the general name of the range. There are rocky precipices, immense glaciers and headlong torrents forming from the ice and snow, dripping and rushing down the mountain side, wearing away the earth, and tossing the rocks hither and thither in their courses. The waters of these streams finally flow into the Rhine and its tributaries, and go tumbling boisterously to Basle where they spread themselves out into a broad river, and move decorously and sedately through all the lovely Rhineland, till they reach the Netherlands, and, forgetful of their impetuous youth

and infancy creep out in a sluggish current to the ocean.

Germany is now behind us, and the Rhine is the German Rhine no more. We are in Switzerland. We see the chalets and cottages which dot the lower slopes of the Alps; we meet the simple peasants who cling with such fidelity to their native land, that the German love of Fatherland seems to dwindle into insignificance beside it, so that the *mal du pays* of the Switzer is known the world over. We see their quaint costumes; we watch them attending their herds among the mountain passes, and hear their songs reverberating from rock to rock.

We have followed our clue until we can trace it no longer. It loses itself on the summits of these everlasting hills, or floats in a vaporous veil about their heads. We have seen the old-world quaintness of the Netherlands, the beauty of Rhineland, the weird and bewildering graces of the Black Forest and the Upper Rhine; and now we pause awestruck and abashed before the grandeur and majesty of these Alpine heights.

Our one companion and guide has been "the Rhine, the German Rhine." Can we wonder at the place it holds in the hearts of those who dwell upon its banks?

I cannot do better, to express the admiration and awe in which this river is held than to give place here to a free translation of a German poem. Those who have read the poem in its original form, must pardon me with the exceeding liberty I have taken with it in putting it into an English dress:

"Of the Rhine, of the Rhine, my son, beware!
Its shores are a snare to thee!
Thy life will flow on too smoothly there,
And thy spirit too joyous be.

"There are men so rich in each manly grace,
And maidens so frank and sweet,
That they seem as though sprung from some noble
race;
And thy heart with theirs shall beat,

"By the river the castles will greet thy sight,
And the heavenward pointing spire;
On the mountains thou'lt climb to a dizzy height,
To look down to thy soul's desire—

"The beautiful stream where the Nixe dwells;
There the pale-lipped Lorelei shall wait,
In the place where the angry water swells,
To lure thee with songs to thy fate.

"But alas! what availeth this warning of mine?
Entranced by the beautiful river,
Still thou criest, in rapture and fear, 'To the Rhine'
Thou returnest no more forever!"